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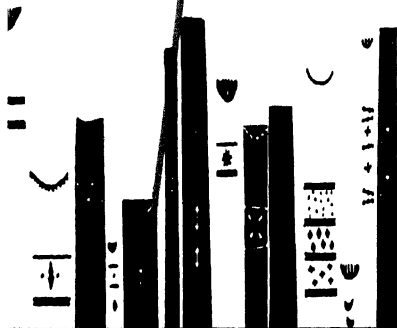
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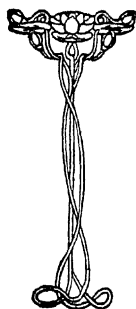
Va. *Robertson*

THE SPEAKER

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The Speaker

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IN teaching public speaking the final purpose must be to train the will. Without this faculty in control all else comes to nothing. Exercises may be given for articulation, but without a determined purpose to speak distinctly little good will result. The teacher may spend himself in an effort to inspire and enthuse the student, but this is futile unless the student comes to a resolution to attain those excellencies of which the teacher has spoken. That a student may become self-reliant is the chief business of the teacher. To suggest such vital things in a way that the student will feel impelled to work them out for himself, this is the art in all teaching. To tell a student all there is to know about a subject, or to present what **The Will** is said in such a way that the student thinks there is nothing more to be said, is to dwarf and stultify the mind. The inclination of most students is to depend upon the teacher with a helplessness that is as enervating as it is pitiable. Too many teachers, flattered by this attitude or possessed of a sentimental sympathy, encourage it. Thought, discretion, and courage are required to put a student on his own resources and compel him to stay there until he has acquired self-mastery.

Public speaking cannot be exchanged for so much time or money. It cannot be bought or sold; it comes, if it comes at all, as the result of a wisely-directed determination. The teacher's part is to exalt, enthuse, stimulate. He must criticize, certainly, but this is generally overdone. Like some teachers of English who can never overlook a misplaced comma, whose idea of English seems to be to spell and to punctuate correctly, there are

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The Speaker

teachers of public speaking whose critical eye never sees further than gesture, articulation, and emphasis. With this attitude toward their work, they become fault-finders rather than teachers. They nag, harrass, and suppress. The business of the teacher is to make the student see visions of beauty, truth and love, to open up to him these mighty fields that he may go in and possess them. To implant a yearning, an unquenchable, all-consuming desire to comprehend and to express the emotions of which his teacher enables him to get glimpses.

Exercises? Yes, all the student can stand without becoming a drone. Criticism? Yes, but no quibbling, no nagging. Criticism is something more than **The Teacher** fault-finding. The teacher exalts his profession, ennobles his art, and begets consideration for himself when he maintains the highest standards for himself and for his students.

Learning to speak well is, like forming character, a matter of self-discipline and self-culture. A good voice is a good habit; distinct articulation is a good habit; graceful and effective gestures are a good habit. Like

Habit all good habits, these are formed by a constant exercise of the will. The teacher's part is to get the students to hear his own voice, to observe his own gestures, and listen to his own articulation. These things cannot be accomplished overnight, and if attempted all at once may make the student too self-conscious; certainly this condition will result if his faults are continually insisted upon. The teacher's great opportunity is to enable the student to know himself, and to see that he is determined to develop his best self.

* * *

Sincerity in art! One sometimes doubts whether it exists. Take the special field of art with which the readers of this magazine are especially concerned. How many depend upon tricks to get their effects! How many struggle mightily to gain a laugh or "a hand," neglecting

the theme, the message, the spirit of that which they are professing to interpret. If that which we read is worth while, if it has anything vital in it, the effect will be stronger if the skill and personality of the speaker are kept in the background, and the audience is brought face

to face with the spirit of that which has
Sincerity been embodied in the lines. As some readers go through their lines they seem to be saying, Listen to my voice, observe my graceful gestures; isn't this a pretty gown I have? I'll win you with my smile. Most audiences are good-natured, and enjoy to the full such small vanities; moreover, we all like to see winning smiles, beautiful gowns, and graceful gestures; but it is a pitiable misnomer to call such exhibitions reading. But the more subtle forms of insincerity in this art are even more prevalent. To exaggerate some from of emphasis, to exaggerate a gesture or facial expression, to wrest a passage from its meaning, these, and many other devices for forcing immediate approval from an audience, are grossly insincere. There is still a broader plan on which our sincerity must be judged. To present this effectively I quote at length from Bliss Carmen's recent book, "The Poetry of Life." The essay sets a high standard, but by no other can enduring work be done. The fact that a reader has many engagements, or that a teacher has many pupils is no assurance of sincerity or the high grade of his work. "Munsey's Magazine" has a larger circulation than "The Atlantic Monthly;" the one, "hack stuff," to be suffered only a few minutes while waiting for a train; the other is literature. But, to quote from Bliss Carmen. He is discussing the poetry of life, but the same general principles apply to all art:

"As for sincerity, the poetry of life need not always be solemn, any more than life itself need not always be
Quoting sober. It may be gay, witty, humorous,
Bliss satirical, disbelieving, farcical, even broad
Carmen and reckless, since life is all these; but it

The Speaker

must never be insincere. Insincerity, which is not always one of the greatest sins of the moral universe, becomes in the world of art an offence of the first magnitude. Insincerity in life may be mean, despicable, and indicate a petty nature; but in art insincerity is death. A strong man may lie upon occasion, and make restitution and be forgiven, but for the artist who lies there is hardly any reparation possible, and his forgiveness is much more difficult. Art, being the embodiment of the artist's ideal, is truly the corporeal substance of his spiritual self; and that there should be any falsehood in it, any deliberate failure to present him faithfully, it is as monstrous and unnatural as it would be for a man to disavow his own flesh and bones. Here we are every one of us going through life committed and attached to our bodies; for all that we do we are held responsible; if we misbehave, the world will take it out of our hide. But here is our friend, the artist, committing his spiritual energy to his art, to an embodiment outside himself, and escaping down a by-path from all the consequences—what shall be said of him? The insincere artist is as much beyond the pale of human sympathy as the murderer. Morally he is a felon.

“There is no excuse for him, either. There was no call for him to make a liar of himself, other than the most sordid of reasons, the little gain, the jingling reward of gold. For no man would ever be insincere in his art, except for pay, except to cater to some other taste than his own, and to win approval and favor by sycophancy. If he were assured of his competency in the world, and placed beyond the reach of necessitous want, how would it ever occur to him to create an insincere art? Art is so simple, so spontaneous, so dependent on the disingenuous emotion, that it can never be insincere, unless violence is done to all laws of nature and of spirit. Since art arises from the sacramental blending of the inward spirit with the outward form, any touch of insincerity in it assumes the nature of a

horrible crime, a pitiable revolt against the order and eternity of the universe.

"It is not necessary, as I say, for art to be solemn and wholly serious-minded in order to be sincere. Comedy is quite sincere. Yet it is easy to usurp her name and play the fool for pennies, with never a ray of appreciation of her true character. Sincerity, then, is not the least averse to fun; it only requires that the fun shall be genuine and come from the heart, as it requires that every note of whatever sort shall be genuine and spring from the real personality of the writer."



On Time

BY JOHN MILTON.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on thy lazy, leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;
 When everything that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of Him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attir'd with stars, we shall forever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee,
 O Time.

The Knight in the Wood

BY E. LEICESTER WARREN.

(Lord de Tabley.)

The thing itself was rough and crudely done
Cut in coarse stone, spitefully placed aside
As merest lumber, where the light was worst
On a back staircase. Overlooked it lay
In a great Roman palace crammed with art.
It had no number in the list of gems
Weeded away, long since pushed out and banished,
Before insipid Guidos over-sweet
And Dolce's rose sensationalities,
And curly chirping angels, spruce as birds.
And yet the motive of this thing ill-hewn
And hardly seen did touch me. O, indeed,
The skill-less hand that carved it had belonged
To a most yearning and bewildered brain:
There was such desolation in the work;
And through its utter failure the thing spoke
With more of human message, heart to heart,
Than all these faultless, smirking, skin-deep saints,
In artificial troubles picturesque,
And martyred sweetly, not one curl awry.—
Listen; a clumsy knight, who rode alone
Upon a stumbling jade in a great wood
Belated. The poor beast, with head low-bowed
Snuffing the ground. The rider leant
Forward to sound the marish with his lance.
The wretched rider and the hide-bound steed,
You saw the place was deadly; that doomed pair,
Feared to advance, feared to return.—That's all.

“A Little Feminine Casabianca”*

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

(Arranged by Maude Herndon and Grace Kellam.)

[By permission of the publishers and the author we reprint two cuttings from stories in Emmy Lou. There are ten stories in the book, all of them excellent readings. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.]



THE Primer Class according to the degree of its precocity was divided in three sections. Emmy Lou belonged to the third section. It was the last section, and she was the last one in it, though she had no idea what a section meant nor why she was in it; and Emmy Lou went on wondering what it was all about, which never would have been the case had there been a mother among the elders of the house, (for mothers have a way of understanding these things.) But to Emmy Lou “mother” had come to mean but a memory (which faded as it came, a vague consciousness) of encircling arms, of a brooding tender face, of yearning eyes, and it was only because they told her that Emmy Lou remembered how mother had gone away South, one winter, to get well. That they afterward told her it was heaven, in nowise confused Emmy Lou, because, for aught she knew, South and heaven and much else might be included in these points of the compass. Ever since then Emmy Lou had lived with three aunties and an uncle; and papa had been coming a hundred miles once a month to see her.

But somehow the Primer year wore away; and the close of the first week of Emmy Lou’s second year at a certain large public school found her round, chubby self, like a pink-cheeked period, ending the long line of intermingled little boys and girls making what was known, twenty-five years ago, as the First Reader Class.

Her heart grew still within her at the slow, awful enunciation of the Large Lady in black bombazine who

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The Speaker

reigned over the department of the First Reader, pointing her morals with a heavy forefinger, before which Emmy Lous' eyes lowered with every aspect of conscious guilt. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that the Large Lady, whose black bombazine was the visible sign of a loss by death that had made it necessary for her to enter the school-room to earn a living, was finding the duties incident to the First Reader almost as strange and perplexing as Emmy Lou herself.

Emmy Lou from the first day found herself descending steadily to the foot of the class; and there she remained until the awful day, at the close of the first week, when the Large Lady, realizing perhaps that she could no longer ignore such adherence to that lowly position, made discovery that while to Emmy Lou "d-o-g" might spell "dog" and "f-r-o-g" might spell "frog," Emmy Lou could not find either on a printed page, and further, could not tell wherein they differed when found for her; that, also, Emmy Lou made her figure 8's by adding one uncertain little o to the top of another uncertain little o; and that while Emmy Lou might copy, in smeary columns, certain cabalistic signs off the blackboard, she could not point them off in tens, hundreds, thousands, or read their numerical values, to save her little life. The Large Lady, sorely perplexed within herself as to the proper course to be pursued, in the sight of the fifty-nine other First Readers pointed a condemning forefinger at the miserable little object standing in front of her platform; and said, "You will stay after school, Emma Louise, that I may examine further into your qualifications for this grade."

Now Emmy Lou had no idea what it meant—"examine further into your qualifications for this grade." It might be the form of punishment in vogue for the chastisement of the members of the First Reader. But "stay after school" she did understand, and her heart sank, and her little breast heaved.

It was past the noon recess. At last the bell for dismissal had rung. The Large Lady, arms folded across her bombazine bosom, had faced the class, and with awesome solemnity had already enunciated, "Attention," and sixty little people had sat up straight, when the door opened, and a teacher from the floor above came in.

At her whispered confidence, the Large Lady left the room hastily, while the strange teacher, with a hurried

"one-two-three, march out quietly, children," turned, and followed her. And Emmy Lou, left sitting at her desk, saw through gathering tears the line of First Readers wind around the room and file out the door, the sound of their departing footsteps along the bare corridors and down the echoing stairway coming back like a knell to her sinking heart. Then class after class from above marched past the door and on its clattering way, while voices from outside, shrill with the joy of the release, came up through the open windows in talk, in laughter, together with the patter of feet on the bricks. Then as these familiar sounds grew fewer, fainter, farther away, some belated footsteps went echoing through the building, a door slammed somewhere—then—silence.

Emmy Lou waited. She wondered how long it would be. There was watermelon at home for dinner; she had seen it borne in, a great, striped promise of ripe juicy lusciousness, on the marketman's shoulder before she came to school. And here a tear, long gathering, splashed down the pink cheek.

Still that awesome personage presiding over the fortunes of the First Reader failed to return. Perhaps this was "the examination into—into—" Emmy Lou could not remember what—to be left in this big, bare room with the flies droning and humming in lazy circles up near the ceiling. The forsaken desks, with a forgotten book or slate left here and there upon them, the pegs around the wall empty of hats and bonnets, the unoccupied chair upon the platform—Emmy Lou gazed at these with a sinking sensation of desolation, while tear followed tear down her chubby face. And listening to the flies and the silence, Emmy Lou began to long for even the Bombazine Presence, and dropping her quivering countenance upon her arms folded upon the desk she sobbed aloud. But the time was long, and the day was warm, and the sobs grew slower, and the breath began to come in long-drawn, quivering sighs, and the next Emmy Lou knew she was sitting upright, trembling in every limb, and some one coming up the stairs—she could hear the slow, heavy footfalls, and a moment after she saw the Man, the Recess Man, the low, black-bearded, black-browed, scowling Man, with the broom across his shoulder, reach the hallway, and make toward the open doorway of the First Reader room. Emmy Lou held her breath, stiffened her little body, and—waited. But the

The Speaker

Man pausing to light his pipe, Emmy Lou, in the sudden respite thus afforded slid in a trembling heap beneath the desk, and on hands and knees went crawling across the floor. And as Uncle Michael came in, a moment after, broom, pan, and feather-duster in hand, the last fluttering edge of a little pink dress was disappearing into the depths of the big, empty coal-box, and its sloping lid was lowering upon a flaxen head and cowering little figure crouched within. Uncle Michael having put the room to rights, sweeping and dusting, with many a rheumatic groan in accompaniment, closed the windows, and going out, drew the door after him, and, as was his custom, locked it.

Meanwhile, at Emmy Lou's home the elders wondered. But Emmy Lou did not come. And by half-past two Aunt Louise, the youngest auntie, started out to find her. But after searching the neighborhood in vain, returned home in despair. Then Aunt Cordelia sent the house boy down-town for Uncle Charlie. Just as Uncle Charlie arrived—and it was past five o'clock by then—some of the children of the neighborhood, having found a small boy living some squares off who confessed to being in the First Reader with Emmy Lou, arrived also, with the small boy in tow.

"She didn't know 'dog' from 'frog' when she saw 'em," stated the small boy, with derision of superior ability, "an' teacher, she told her to stay after school. She was settin' there in her desk when school let out, Emmy Lou was."

But a big girl of the neighborhood objected. "Her teacher went home the minute school was out," she declared. "Isn't the new lady, Mrs. Samuels, your teacher?" "Well, her daughter, Lettie, she's in my room, and she was sick, and her mother came up to our room and took her home. Our teacher she went down and dismissed the First Readers."

"I don't care if she did," retorted the small boy. "I reckon I saw Emmy Lou settin' there when we come away."

The three aunts grew pale and tearful, and wrung their hands in despair. The small boy from the First Reader, legs apart, hands in knickerbocker pockets, gazed at the crowd of irresolute elders with scornful wonder. "What you want to do is find Uncle Michael; he keeps the keys. He went past my house a while ago, going home.

He lives in Rose Lane Alley. 'Taint much outer my way, I'll take you there." And meekly they followed in his footsteps.

It was dark when a motley throng of uncles, aunties, visiting lady, neighbors and children went climbing the cavernous, echoing stairway of the dark school building behind the toiling figure of the skeptical Uncle Michael, lantern in hand.

"Ain't I swept over every inch of this here school-house myself and carried the trash outten a dust-pan?" grumbled Uncle Michael, with what inference nobody just then stopped to inquire. Then with the air of a mistreated, aggrieved person who feels himself a victim, he paused before a certain door on the second floor, and fitted a key in its lock. "Here it is then, No. 9, to satisfy the lady," and he flung open the door. The light of Uncle Michael's lantern fell full upon the wide-eyed, terror-smitten person of Emmy Lou, in her desk, awaiting, her miserable little heart knew not what horror.

"She—she told me to stay," sobbed Emmy Lou in Aunt Cordelia's arms, "and I stayed; and the Man came, and I hid in the coal-box!"



What He Got Out of It

BY S. E. KISER.

(From the *Chicago Record-Herald*.)

He never took a day of rest,
 He couldn't afford it;
 He never had his trousers pressed,
 He couldn't afford it;
 He never went away care-free,
 To visit distant lands, to see
 How fair a place this world might be—
 He couldn't afford it.
 He never went to see a play,
 He couldn't afford it;
 His love for art he put away,
 He couldn't afford it.
 He died and left his heirs a lot,
 But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
 In which he lies—his children thought
 They couldn't afford it.

The Play's the Thing*

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

(Arranged by Maude Herndon and Grace Kellam.)

It was the day of the exhibition. Miss Carrie, teacher of the Third Reader Class, talked in deep tones—gestures meant sweeps and circles. Since the coming of Miss Carrie, the Third Reader Class lived, as it were, in the public eye, for on Fridays books were put away and the attention given to recitations and company. No other class had these recitations, and the Third Reader was envied. Its members were pointed out and gazed upon, until one realized one was standing in the garish light of fame. The other readers, it seemed, longed for fame and craved publicity, and so it came about that the school was to have an exhibition with Miss Carrie's genius to plan and engineer the whole. For general material Miss Carrie drew from the whole school, but the play was for her own class alone.

And this was the day of the exhibition.

Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou stood at the gate of the school. They had spent the morning in rehearsing. At noon they had been sent home with instructions to return at half-past two. The exhibition would begin at three.

"Of course," Miss Carrie had said, "you will not fail to be on time." And Miss Carrie had used her deepest tones.

It was not two o'clock, and the three stood at the gate, the first to return. They were in the same piece. It was "The Play." In a play one did more than suit the part.

In the play Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou found themselves the orphaned children of a soldier who had failed to return from the war. It was a very sad piece. Sadie had to weep, and more than once Emmy Lou had found tears in her eyes, watching her.

Miss Carrie said Sadie showed histrionic talent. Emmy Lou asked Hattie about it, who said it meant tears, and Emmy Lou remembered then how tears came naturally to Sadie.

When Aunt Cordelia heard they must dress to suit the part she came to see Miss Carrie, and so did the mamma of Sadie and the mamma of Hattie.

"Dress them in a kind of mild mourning," Miss Carrie explained, "not too deep, or it will seem too real, and, as three little sisters, suppose we dress them alike."

And now Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou stood at the gate ready for the play. Stiffly immaculate white dresses with beltings of black sashes, flared jauntily out above spotless white stockings and sober little slippers, while black-bound Leghorn hats shaded three anxious little countenances. By the exact center, each held a little handkerchief, black-bordered.

Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou wore each an anxious seriousness of countenance, but it was a variant seriousness; for as the hour approached, the solemn importance of the occasion was stealing brain-ward, and Emmy Lou even began to feel glad she was a part of The Exhibition, for to have been left out would have been worse even than the moment of mounting the platform.

"My grown-up brother's coming," said Hattie, "an' my mamma an' gran'ma an' the rest."

"My Aunt Cordelia has invited the visiting lady next door," said Emmy Lou.

But it was Sadie's hour. "Our minister's coming," said Sadie.

Emmy Lou's part was to weep when Sadie wept, and to point a chubby finger skyward when Hattie mentioned the departure from earth of the soldier parent, and to lower that forefinger footward at Sadie's tearful allusion to an untimely grave.

Emmy Lou had put one utterance, and it was brief. She was to advance one foot, stretch forth a hand and say, in the character of orphan for whom no asylum was offered, "We know not where we go." All day, Emmy Lou had been saying it at intervals of half minutes, for fear she might forget.

Meanwhile, it yet lacking a moment or so of two o'clock, the orphaned heroes continued to linger at the gate, awaiting the hour.

"Listen," said Hattie, "I hear music."

There was a church across the street. It was a large church with high steps and a pillared portico, and its doors were open.

"It's a band, on'd marching," said Hattie.

The Speaker

The orphaned children hurried to the curb. A procession was turning the corner and coming toward them. On either sidewalk crowds of men and boys accompanied it.

"It's a funeral," said Sadie,

Hattie turned with a face of conviction. "I know. It's that big general's funeral; they're bringing him home to bury him with the soldiers."

"We'll never see a thing for the crowd," despaired Sadie.

Emmy Lou was gazing. "They've got plumes in their hats," she said.

"Let's go over on the church steps and see it go by," said Hattie, "it's early."

The orphaned children hurried across the street. They climbed the steps. At the top they tuned. There were plums and more, there were flags and swords, and a band led. But at the church, with unexpected abruptness, the band halted, turned; it fell apart, and the procession came through; it came right on through and up the steps, a line of uniforms and swords on either side from curb to pillar, and halted.

Aghast, between two glittering files, the orphaned children shrank into the shadow behind a pillar, while up-streamed from the carriages below an unending line—bare-headed men and ladies bearing flowers. Behind, below, about, closing in on every side, crowded people, a sea of people.

The orphaned children found themselves swept from their hiding by the crowd and unwillingly jostled forward into prominence.

A frowning man, with a sword in his hand, seemed to be threatening everybody; his face was red and his voice was big, and he glittered with many buttons. All at once he caught sight of the orphaned children and threatened them vehemently.

"Here," said the frowning man, "right in here," and he placed them in line. The orphaned children were apalled, and even in the face of the man cried out in protest. But the man of the sword did not hear for the reason that he did not listen. Instead he was addressing a large and stout lady immediately behind them.

"Separated from the family in the confusion, the grandchildren evidently—just see them in, please."

And suddenly the orphaned children found themselves

a part of the procession as grandchildren. The nature of a procession is to proceed. And the grandchildren proceeded with it. They could not help themselves. There was no time for protest, for, pushed by the crowd, which closed and swayed above their heads, and piloted by the stout lady close behind, they were swept into the church and up the aisle, and when they came again to themselves were in the inner corner of a pew near the front.

The church was decked with flags. So was the Third Reader room. It was hung with flags for The Exhibition.

Hattie in the corner nudged Sadie. Sadie urged Emmy Lou, who, next to the stout lady, touched her timidly. "We have to get out; we've got to say our parts."

"Not now," said the lady, reassuringly; "the program is at the cemetery."

Emmy Lou did not understand, and she tried to tell the lady.

"S-h-," said the person, engaged with the spectacle and the crowd; "sh-h-." Abashed, Emmy Lou sat, sh-h-ed.

Hattie arose. It was terrible to rise in church, and at a funeral, and the church was filled, the aisles were crowded, but Hattie rose. Hattie was a St. George, and a Dragon stood between her and The Exhibition. She pushed by Sadie, and past Emmy Lou. Hattie was slim as she was strenuous, but not even so slim a little girl as Hattie could push by the stout lady, for she filled the space.

At Hattie's touch she turned. Although she looked good-natured, the size and ponderance of the lady were intimidating. She stared at Hattie; people were looking; it was in church; Hattie's face was red.

"You can't get to the family," said the lady; "you couldn't move in the crowd. Besides I promised to see to you. Now be quiet," she added crossly, when Hattie would have spoken. She turned away. Hattie crept back vanquished by this Dragon.

"So suitably dressed," the stout lady was saying to a lady beyond; "grandchildren, you know. Even their little handkerchiefs have black borders." The service began, and there fell on the unwilling grandchildren the submission of awe. The stout lady cried, she also punched Emmy Lou with her elbow whenever that little person moved, but finally she found courage to turn her head so she could see Sadie. Sadie was weeping into

The Speaker

her blackbordered handkerchief, nor were they tears of histrionic talent. They were real tears. People all about were looking at her sympathetically. Such grief in a grandchild was very moving. It may have been minutes; it seemed to Emmy Lou hours, before there came a general uprising. Hattie stood up. So did Sadie and Emmy Lou. Their skirts no longer stood out jauntily; they were quite crushed and subdued. There was a wild, hunted look in Hattie's eyes. "Watch the chance!" she whispered, "and run."

But it did not come. As the pews emptied, the stout lady passed Emmy Lou on, addressing some one beyond. "Hold to this one," she said, "and I'll take the other two, or they'll get tramped in the crowd."

Slowly the crowd moved, and being a part of it, however unwillingly, Emmy Lou moved, too, out of the church and down the steps. Then came the crashing of the band and the roll of the carriages, and she found herself in the front row on the curb.

The man with the brandishing sword was threatening violently. "One more carriage is here for the family," called the man with the sword. His glance in search for the family suddenly fell on Emmy Lou. She felt it fall.

The problem solved itself for the man with the sword, and his brow cleared.

"Grandchildren next," roared the threatening man. "Keep an eye on them—separated from the family," he was explaining, and in spite of their protests, a moment later the three little girls were lifted into the carriage, and as the door banged, their carriage moved with the rest up the street.

"Now," said Hattie, and Hattie sprang to the farther door. It would not open. Through the carriage windows the school, with its arched doorways and windows, gazed frowningly, reproachfully. A gentleman entered the gate and went in the doorway.

"It's our minister," said Sadie, weeping afresh. Then Hattie wept and so did Emmy Lou. What would The Exhibition do without them?

Late that afternoon a carriage stopped at a corner upon which a school building stood. Since his charges were infantile affairs, the colored gentleman on the box thought to expedite matters and drop them at the corner nearest their homes. Descending, he flung open the door, and three little girls crept forth, three crushed little girls,

three limp little girls, three little girls in a mild kind of mourning. They came forth timidly. They looked around. They hoped they might reach their homes unobserved.

There was a crowd up the street. A gathering of people—many people. It seemed to be at Emmy Lou's gate. Hattie and Sadie lived farther on.

"It must be a fire," said Hattie.

But it wasn't. It was The Exhibition, the Principal, and Miss Carrie, and teachers and pupils, and mammas and aunties and Uncle Charlie.

"An' grand'ma," said Hattie. "And the visiting lady," said Emmy Lou. "And our minister," said Sadie.

The gathering of many people caught sight of them presently, and came to meet them, three little girls in mild mourning.

The parents and guardians led them home.

Emmy Lou was tired. At supper she nodded and mild mourning and all, suddenly she collapsed and fell asleep, her head against her chair.

Uncle Charlie woke her. He stood her up on the chair, and held out his arms. "Come," he said, "Come," he said, "Come, suit the action to the word."

Emmy Lou woke suddenly, the words smiting her ears with ominous import. She thought the hour had come; it was The Exhibition. She stood stiffly, she advanced a cautious foot, her chubby hand described a careful half circle. Emmy Lou spoke her part.

"We know not where we go."

The Dancing School and Dicky*

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

(Arranged by Maude Herndon and Grace Kellam.)

[From "The Little God and Dicky."]

[We have debated long and earnestly which of the seven stories in "The Madness of Phillip and Other Tales of Childhood" is the best public reading. As yet we have no decision; certainly six of them are among the choicest readings of child-life which may be found in American literature, where we have the real child in books. With the permission of the author and the publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, we reprint cuttings from two of these stories.]



HERE are you going?" said somebody, as he slunk out toward the hat-rack.

"Oh, out."

"Well, see that you don't stay long. Remember what it is this afternoon."

He turned like a stag at bay.

"What is it this afternoon?" he demanded viciously.

"You know very well."

"What?"

"See that you're here, that's all. You've got to get dressed."

"I will not go to that old dancing school again, and I tell you that I won't, and I won't. And I won't!"

"Now, Dick, don't begin that all over again. It's so silly of you. You've got to go."

"Why?"

"Because, it's the thing to do."

"Why?"

"Because you must learn to dance."

"Why?"

"Every nice boy learns."

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"Why?"

"That will do, Richard. Go and find your pumps. Now, get right up from the floor, and if you scratch the Morris chair I shall speak to your father. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Get right up—you must expect to be hurt, if you pull so. Come, Richard! Now, stop crying—a great big boy like you! I am sorry I hurt your elbow, but you know very well you aren't crying for that at all. Come along!"

His sister flitted by the door, her accordion-plaited skirt held carefully from the floor, her hair in two glistening, blue-knotted pigtails.

"Hurry up, Dick, or we'll be late," she called back sweetly.

"Oh, you shut up, will you!" he snarled.

She looked meek, and listened to his deprivation of dessert for the rest of the week with an air of love for the sinner and hatred for the sin that deceived even her older sister who was dressing her.

A desperately patient monologue from the next room indicated the course of events there.

"Your necktie is on the bed. No, I don't know where the blue one is—it doesn't matter; that is just as good. Yes, it is. No, you cannot. You will have to wear one. Because no one ever goes without. I don't know why.

"Many a boy would be thankful and glad to have silk stockings. Nonsense, your legs are warm enough. I don't believe you. Now, Richard, how perfectly ridiculous! There is no left or right to stockings. You have no time to change. Shoes are a different thing. Well, hurry up, then. Because they are made so, I suppose. I don't know why.

"Brush it more on that side—no, you can't go to the barbers. You went last week. It looks perfectly well. I cut it? Why, I don't know how to trim hair. Anyway, there isn't time now. It will have to do. Stop your scowling for goodness' sake, Dick. Have you a handkerchief? It makes no difference, you must carry one. You *ought* to want to use it. Well, you should. Yes, they always do, whether they have colds or not. I don't know why.

"Your Golden Text! The idea! No, you cannot. You can learn that Sunday before church. This is not the time to learn Golden Texts. I never saw such a child. Now take your pumps and find the plush bag.

Why not? Put them right with Ruth's. That's what the bag was made for. Well, how do you want to carry them? Why, I never heard of anything so silly! You will knot the strings. I don't care if they do carry skates that way—skates are not slippers. You'd lose them. Very well, then, only hurry up. I should think you'd be ashamed to have them dangling around your neck that way. Because people never *do* carry them so. I don't know why.

"Now, here's your coat. Well, I can't help it, you have no time to hunt for them. Put your hands in your pockets—it's not far. And mind, don't run for Ruth every time. You don't take any pains with her, and you hustle her about, Miss Dorothy says. Take another little girl. Yes, you must. I shall speak to your father if you answer me in that way, Richard. Men don't dance with their sisters. Because they don't. I don't know why."

He slammed the door till the piazza shook, and strode along beside his scandalized sister, the pumps flopping noisily on his shoulders. She tripped along contentedly—she liked to go. The personality capable of extracting pleasure from the hour before them baffled his comprehension, and he scowled fiercely at her, rubbing his silk stockings together at every step, to enjoy the strange smooth sensation thus produced. This gave him a bow-legged gait that distressed his sister beyond words.

"I think you might stop. Everybody's looking at you! Please stop, Dick Pendleton; you're a mean old thing. I should think you'd be ashamed to carry your slippers that way. If you jump in that wet place and spatter me I shall tell papa—you *will* care, when I tell him just the same! You're just as bad as you can be. I shan't speak with you today!"

She pursed up her lips and maintained a determined silence. He rubbed his legs together with renewed emphasis. Acquaintances met them and passed, unconscious of anything but the sweet picture of a sister and a brother and a plush bag going dutifully and daintily to dancing school.

He jumped over the threshold of the long room and aimed his cap at the head of a boy he knew, who was standing on one foot to put on a slipper. This destroyed his friend's balance, and a cheerful scuffle followed. Life assumed a more hopeful aspect.

A shrill whistle called them out in two crowded bunches to the polished floor.

Hoping against hope, he had clung to the beautiful thought that Miss Dorothy would be sick, that she had missed her train—but no! There she was, with her shiny high-heeled slippers, her pink skirt that puffed out like a fan, and her silver whistle on a chain. The little clicking castanets that rang out so sharply were in her hand beyond a doubt.

“Ready, children! Spread out. Take your lines. First position. Now!”

The large man at the piano, who always looked half asleep, thundered out the first bars of the latest waltz, and the business began.

Their eyes were fixed solemnly on Miss Dorothy’s pointed shoes. They slipped and slid and crossed their legs and arched their pudgy insteps; the boys breathed hard over their gleaming collars. On the right side of the hall thirty hands held out their diminutive skirts at an alluring angle. On the left, neat black legs pattered diligently through mystic evolutions.

The chords rolled out slower, with dramatic pauses between; sharp clicks of the castanets rang through the hall; a line of toes rose gradually towards the horizontal, whirled more or less steadily about, crossed behind, bent low, bowed, and with a flutter of skirts resumed the first position.

A little breeze of laughing admiration circled the row of mothers and aunts.

“Isn’t that too cunning! Just like a little ballet! Aren’t they graceful, really, now!”

“*One, two, three! One, two three! Slide, slide, cross; one, two, three!*”

There are those who find pleasure in the aimless intricacies of the dance; self-respecting men even have been known voluntarily to frequent assemblies devoted to this nerve-racking attitudinizing futility. Among such, however, you shall seek in vain in future years for Richard Carr Pendleton.

“*One, two, three! Reverse, two, three!*”

The whistle shrilled.

“Ready for the two-step, children?”

A mild tolerance grew on him. If dancing must be, better the two-step than anything else. It is not an alluring dance, your two-step; it does not require tempera-

ment. Any one with a firm intention of keeping the time and a strong arm can drag a girl through it very acceptably.

Dicky skirted the row of mothers and aunts cautiously. "Oh look! Did you ever see anything so sweet?" said somebody. Involuntarily he turned. There in a corner, all by herself, a little girl was gravely performing a dance. He stared at her curiously.

She was ethereally slender, brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-skinned. A little fluffy white dress spread fan-shaped over her knees; her ankles were bird-like. Her eyes were serious, her hair hung loose. She swayed lightly; one little gloved hand held out her skirt, the other marked the time. Her performance was an apotheosis of the two-step; that metronomic dance would not have recognized itself under her treatment.

Dicky admired. But the admiration of his sex is notoriously fatal to the art that attracts it. He advanced and bowed jerkily, grasped one of the loops of her sash in the back, and stamped gently a moment to get the time, and the artist sank into the partner, the pirouette grew course to sympathize with clay.

"Don't they do it well, though! See those little things near the door!" he caught as they went by, and his heart swelled with pride.

"What's your name?" he asked abruptly after the dance.

"Thithelia," she lisped. She was very shy.

"Mine's Richard Carr Pendleton. My father's a lawyer. What's yours?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Pooh!" he said, grandly; "I guess you know. Don't you, really?"

She shook her head. Suddenly a light dawned in her eyes.

"Maybe I know," she murmured. "I gueth I know. He—he'th a really thate!"

"A really state? That isn't anything—nothing at all. A really state?" He frowned at her. Her lip quivered. She turned and ran away.

"Here, come back!" he called; but she was gone.

"That will do for today," said Miss Dorothy, presently, and they surged into the dressing-rooms, to be buttoned up and pulled out of draughts and trundled home.

She was swathed carefully in a wadded silk jacket, and

then enveloped in a hooded cloak; she looked like an angelic brownie. Dicky ran to her as a woman led her out to a coupé at the curb, and tugged at the ribbon of her cloak.

"Where do you live? Say, where do you?" he demanded.

"I—I don't know." The woman laughed.

"Why, yes, you do, Cissy. Tell him directly, now."

She put one tiny finger in her mouth.

"I—I gueth I live on Chethnut Thtreet," she called as the door slammed and shut her in.

His sister amicably offered him half the plush bag to carry, and opened a running criticism of the afternoon.

"Did you ever see anybody act like that Fannie Leach? She's awfully rough. Miss Dorothy spoke to her twice—wasn't that dreadful? What made you dance all the time with Cissy Weston? She's an awful baby a—regular fraidcat! We girls tease her just as easy—do you like her?"

"She's the prettiest one there!"

"Why, Dick Pendleton, she is not! She's so little—she's not half so pretty as Agnes, or—or lots of the girls. She's such a baby. She puts her finger in her mouth if anybody says anything at all. If you ask her a single thing she does like this: "I don't know, I don't know!"

He smiled scornfully. Did he not know how she did it?

"And she can't talk plain! She lisps—truly she does!"

Was ever a girl so thick-headed as that sister of his!

"She puts her finger in her mouth! She can't talk plain!" Alas, my sisters, it was Helen's finger that toppled over Troy, and Diane de Poitiers stammered!

For two long months the little girl led him along the primrose way. The poor fellow thought it was the main road; he had yet to learn it was but a by-path. But the Little God was not through with him. That very night he reached the top of the wave.

He came down to breakfast rapt and quiet. He salted his oatmeal by mistake, and never knew the difference. His sister laughed derisively, and explained his folly to him as he swallowed the last spoonful, but he only smiled kindly at her. After his egg he spoke.

"I dreamed that it was dancing school. And I went.

And I was the only fellow there. And what do you think? *All the little girls were Cecilia!*"

They gasped.

"You don't suppose he'll be a poet, do you? Or a genius, or anything?" his mother inquired anxiously.

"No!" his father returned. "I should say he was more likely to be a Mormon!"



"A Model Story in the Kindergarten"*

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

(*Arranged by Maude Herndon and Grace Kellam.*)

[From "The Madness of Philip." McClure, Phillips & Company.]



IT was evident that something was wrong that morning with the children of the kindergarten. Two perplexed teachers were quieting the latest outbreak and marshaling a wavering line of very little people when the youngest assistant appeared on the scene.

"Miss Hunt wants to know why you're so late with them," she inquired. "She hopes nothing's wrong. Mrs. R. B. M. Smith is here today to visit the primary schools and kindergartens, and—"

"Oh, goodness," exclaimed a teacher, abruptly, ceasing her attempted consolation of Marantha Judd. "I can't bear that woman! She always reads Stanley Hall's last article that proves that what he said before was wrong! Come along, Marantha, don't be a foolish little girl any longer. We shall be late for the morning exercise."

Upstairs a large circle was forming under the critical scrutiny of a short, stout woman with crinkly, gray hair. This was Mrs. R. B. M. Smith, who, when the opening exercises were finished, signified her willingness to relate to the children a model story, calling the teachers' attention in advance to the almost incredible certainty that

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would characterize the children's anticipation of the events judiciously and psychologically selected.

The arm-chairs shortly to contain so much accurate anticipation were at last arranged and the children sat decorously attentive, their faces turned curiously toward the strange lady with the fascinating plumes in her bonnet.

"Nothing like animals to bring out the protective instinct—feebler dependent on the stronger," she said rapidly to the teachers, and then addressed the objects of these theories.

"Now, children, I'm going to tell you a nice story—you all like stories, I'm sure."

At just this moment little Richard Willets sneezed loudly and unexpectedly to all, himself included, with the result that his every-ready suspicion fixed upon his neighbor, Andrew Halloran, as the direct cause of the convulsion. Andrew's well-meant efforts to detach from Richard's vest the pocket-handkerchief securely fastened thereto by a large black safety-pin strengthened the latter's conviction of intended assault and battery, and he squirmed out of the circle and made a dash for the hall—the first stage in an evident homeward expedition.

This broke in upon the story, and even when it got under way again there was an atmosphere of excitement quite unexplained by the tale itself.

"Yesterday, children, as I came out of my yard, *what* do you think I saw?" The elaborately concealed surprise in store was so obvious that Marantha rose to the occasion and suggested:

"An el'phunt?"

"Why, no! Why should I see an elephant in my yard? It wasn't *nearly* so big as that—it was a *little* thing!"

"A fish?" ventured Eddy Brown, whose eye fell upon the aquarium in the corner. The *raconteuse* smiled patiently.

"Why, no! How could a fish, a live fish, get in my front yard?"

"A dead fish?" persisted Eddy, who was never known to relinquish voluntarily an idea.

"It was a little kitten," said the story-teller, decidedly. "A little white kitten. She was standing right near a great big puddle of water. And what else do you think I saw?"

"Another kitten?" suggested Marantha, conservatively.

The Speaker

"No, a big Newfoundland dog. He saw the little kitten near the water. Now cats don't like the water, do they? They don't like a wet place. What do they like?"

"Mice," said Joseph Zukoffsky, abruptly.

"Well, yes, they do; but there were no mice in my yard. I'm sure you know what I mean. If they don't like *water*, what do they like?"

"Milk!"

"They like a dry place," said Mrs. R. B. M. Smith.

"Now what do you suppose the dog did?"

It may be that successive failures had disheartened the listeners; it may be that the very range presented alive to the dog and them for choice dazzled their imaginations. At any rate, they made no answer.

"Nobody knows what the dog did?" repeated the storyteller, encouragingly. "What would you do if you saw a little white kitten like that?"

Again a silence. Then Philip remarked gloomily, "I'd pull its tail."

"And what do the rest of you think?" inquired Mrs. R. B. M. Smith, pathetically. "I hope *you* are not so cruel as that little boy."

But fully half the children had seen the youngest assistant giggle at "that little boy's" answer, and with one accord came the quick response, "*I'd* pull it too."



Fishin'?

(From the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.)

Settin' on a log
 An' fishin'
 An' watchin' the cork,
 An' wishin'.

Jus' settin' round home
 An' sighin',
 Jus' settin' round home—
 An' lyin'.

"Ardelia in Arcady"*

(Arranged by Maude Herndon and Grace Kellam.)

[From "The Madness of Philip," by Josephine Dodge Daskam. McClure, Phillips & Co.]



WHEN first the young lady from the College Settlement dragged Ardelia from her degradation, she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policeman.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady, invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice, cool bath?"

"Naw," said Ardelia, in tones rivaling the bath in coolness.

"You wouldn't? Well, wouldn't you like some bread and butter and jam?"

"Wha's jam?"

"Why, it's—er—marmalade. All sweet, you know."

"Naw!"

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," said the young lady, helplessly. "I thought all little girls liked—"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm goin'! Is it the Dago picnic?"

The young lady shuddered, and seizing the hand which she imagined to have the least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away—the first stage of her journey to Arcady.

Later arrayed in starched and creaking garments which had been made for a slightly smaller child, Ardelia was transported to the station, and for the first time introduced to a railroad car. She sat stiffly on the red plush seat while the young lady talked reassuringly of daisies and cows and green grass. As Ardelia had never seen any of these things, it is hardly surprising that she was unenthusiastic.

The Speaker

"You can roll in the daisies, my dear, and pick all you want—all!" she urged eagerly.

"Aw right," she answered, guardedly.

The swelteringly hot day, and the rapid unaccustomed motion combined to afflict her with a strange internal anticipation of future woe. Once last summer, when she ate the liquid dregs of the ice-cream man's great tin, and fell asleep in the room where her mother was frying onions, she had experienced this same foreboding, and the climax of that dreadful day lingered yet in her memory.

At last they stopped. The young lady seized her hand, and led her through the narrow aisle, down the steep steps, across the little country station platform, and Ardelia was in Arcady.

A bare-legged boy in blue overalls and a wide straw hat then drove them many miles along a hot, dusty road, that wound endlessly through the parched country fields. Finally they turned into a driveway, and drew up before a gray wooden house. A spare, dark-eyed woman in a checked apron advanced to meet them.

"Terrible hot today, ain't it?" she sighed. "I'm real glad to see you, Miss Forsythe. Won't you cool off a little before you go on? This is the little girl, I s'pose. I guess it's pretty cool to what she's accustomed to, ain't it, Delia?"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Slater. I'll go right on to the house. Now, Ardelia, here you are in the country. I'm staying with my friend in a big white house about a quarter of a mile farther on. You can't see it from here, but if you want anything you can just walk over. Day after tomorrow is the picnic I told you of. You'll see me then, anyway. Now run right out in the grass and pick all the daisies you want. Don't be afraid; no one will drive you off this grass!"

The force of this was lost on Ardelia, who had never been driven off any grass whatever, but she gathered that she was expected to walk out into the thick rank growth of the unmowed side yard, and strode downward obediently.

"Now pick them! Pick the daisies!" cried Miss Forsythe, excitedly. "I want to see you."

~~Ardelia looked blank.~~

~~"Huh?" she said.~~

"Gather them. Get a bunch. Oh, you poor child!"

Mrs. Slater, she doesn't know how!" Miss Forsythe was deeply moved and illustrated by picking imaginary daisies on the porch. Ardelia's quick eye followed her gestures, and stooping, she scooped the heads from three daisies and started back with them. Miss Forsythe gasped.

"No, no, dear! Pull them up! Take the stem, too," she explained. "Pick the whole flower."

Ardelia bent over again, tugged at a thick-stemmed clover, brought it up by the roots, and laid it awkwardly on the young lady's lap.

"Thank you, dear," she said, politely, "but I meant them for you. I meant you to have a bunch. Don't you want them?"

"Naw," said Ardelia, decidedly.

Miss Forsythe's eyes brightened suddenly.

"I know what you want," she cried, "you're thirsty! Mrs. Slater, won't you get us some of your good, creamy milk? Don't you want a drink, Ardelia?"

Ardelia nodded. When Mrs. Slater appeared with the foaming yellow glasses she wound her nervous little hands about the stem of the goblet and drank a deep draught.

"There!" cried the young lady. "Now, how do you like real milk, Ardelia? I declare you look like another child already! You can have all you want every day—why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale before them; her eyes turned inward, her lips tightened. A blinding horror surged from her toes upward, and the memory of the liquid ice-cream and the frying onions faded before the awful reality of her present agony.

Later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery hair-cloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor she heard them discussing her situation.

"There was a lot of Fresh-Air children over at Mis' Simms's," her hostess explained, "and they 'most all of 'em said the milk was too strong—did you ever! Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She will, too."

Ardelia shook her head feebly. In a few minutes she was asleep. When she awoke all was dusk and shadow. She felt scared and lonely. Now that her stomach was filled and her nerves refreshed by her long sleep, she was in a condition to realize that aside from

The Speaker

all bodily discomfort she was sad—very sad. A new, unknown depression weighed her down. It grew steadily, something was happening, something constant and mournful—what? Suddenly she knew. It was a steady, recurrent noise, a buzzing, monotonous click. Now it rose, now it fell, accentuating the silence dense about it.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!" then a rest.

"Zig-a-zig! Ziz-a-zig-a-zig!"

"Wa's 'at?" she said.

"That? Oh, those are katydids. I s'pose you never heard 'em, that's a fact. Kind o' cozy, I think. Don't you like 'em?"

"Naw."

Another long silence intervened. Mr. Slater snored, William smoked, and the monotonous clamor was uninterrupted.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!"

Slowly, against the background of this machine-like clicking, there grew other sounds, weird, unhappy, far away.

"Wheep, wheep, wheep!"

This was a high, thin crying.

"Burrom! Burrom! Brown!"

This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled.

"Wha's 'at?" she asked again.

"That's the frogs. Bull-frogs and peepers. Never heard them, either, did ye? Well, that's what they are."

William took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Come here, sissy, 'n I'll tell y' a story," ~~he said, lazily.~~

Ardelia obeyed, and glancing timorously at the shadows, slipped around to his side.

"Onc't they was an' ol' feller comin' 'long crosslots, late at night, an' he come to a pond, an' he kinder stopped up an' says to himself, "Wonder how deep the ol' pond is, anyhow?" He was just a leetle—well, he'd had a drop too much, y' see—"

"Had a what?" ~~interrupted Ardelia.~~

"He was sort o' rollin' 'round—he didn't know just what he was doin'—"

"Oh! Jagged!" ~~said Ardelia, comprehendingly.~~

"I guess so. An' he heard a voice singin' out, 'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep.'"

William gave a startling imitation of the peepers; his voice was a high, shrill wail.

"'Oh, well,' s'he, 'f it's just knee deep, I'll wade through,' an' he starts in.

"Just then he hears a big feller singin' out, 'Better go rround! Better gorrround! Better gorrround!'

"'Lord,' says he, 'is it s' deep 's that?' Well, I'll go round then.' 'N' off he starts to walk around.

"'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!' says the peepers.

"An' there it was. Soon's he'd start to do one thing they'd tell him another. Make up his mind he couldn't, so he stands there still, they do say, askin' 'em every night which he better do."

"Stands where?"

"Oh, I d' know. Out in the swamp, mebbe."

Again he smoked. Time passed by.

Suddenly Mr. Slater coughed and arose. "Well, guess I'll be gettin' to bed," ~~he said~~. "Come on, boys. Hello, little girl! Come to visit us, hey? Mind you don't pick poison vine."

Mrs. Slater led Ardelia upstairs into a little hot room, and told her to get into bed quick, for the lamp drew the mosquitoes.

Ardelia kicked off her shoes and approached the bed distrustfully. It sank down with her weight and smelled hot and queer. Rolling off she stretched herself on the floor, and lay there disconsolately. At home the hurdy-gurdy was playing, the women were gossiping on every step, the lights were everywhere—the blessed fearless gas lights—and the little girls were dancing in the breeze that drew in from East River.

In the morning Miss Forsythe came over to inquire after her charge's health, accompanied by another young lady.

"Why, Ethel, she isn't barefoot!" she cried. "Come here, Ardelia, and take off your shoes and stockings directly. Shoes and stockings in the country! Now, you'll know what comfort is."

To patter about bare-legged on the clear, safe pavement was one thing; to venture unprotected into that waving, tripping tangle was another. Ardelia stepped cautiously upon the short grass near the house, and with jaw set felt her way into the higher growth. Suddenly she stopped; she shrieked:

"Oh, gee! Oh, gee!

The Speaker

"What is it, Ardelia; what is it? A snake?" Mrs. Slater rushed out, seized Ardelia, half rigid with fear, and carried her to the porch. They elicited from her as she sat with feet tucked under her that something had rustled by her "down at the bottom"—that it was slippery, that she had stepped on it, and wanted to go home.

"Toad," explained Mrs. Slater, briefly. "Only a little hop-toad, Delia, that wouldn't harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine years old, like you."

"She's a queer child," Mrs. Slater confided to the young ladies. "Not a drop of anything will she drink but cold tea. It doesn't seem reasonable to give it to her all day, and I won't do it, so she has to wait till meals. She makes a face if I say milk, and the water tastes slippery, she says, and salty-like. She won't touch it. I tell her it's good well-water, but she just shakes her head. She's stubborn 's a bronze mule, that child. Just mopes around. 'S morning she asked me when did the parades go by. I told her there wa'n't any, but the circus, an' that had been already. I tried to cheer her up, sort of, with that Fresh-Air picnic of yours tomorrow, Miss Forsythe, an' s'she, 'Oh, the Dago picnic,' s'she, 'will they have Tong's band?'"

"She don't seem to take any int'rest in th' farm, like those Fresh-Air children, either. I showed her the hens an' the eggs, an' she said it was a lie about the hens layin' 'em. 'What d' you take me for?' s'she. The idea! Then Henry milked the cow, to show her—she wouldn't believe that, either—and with the milk streamin' down before her, what do you s'pose she sait? 'You put it in!' s'she. I never should a' believed that, Miss Forsythe, if I hadn't heard it."

"Oh, she'll get over it; just wait a few days. Good-bye, Ardelia. Eat a good supper."

But this Ardelia did not do. Mr. Slater ate in voracious silence. William never spoke, and Mrs. Slater filled their plates without comment. Ardelia had never in her life eaten in silence. Through an open door the buzz of the katydids was beginning tentatively. In the intervals of William's gulps a faint bass note warned them from the swamp.

"Better gorround! Better gorround!"

Ardelia's nerves strained and snapped. Her eyes grew wild.

"Fer Gawd's sake, talk!" she cried, sharply. "Are youse dumbies?"

.

The morning dawned fresh and fair; the homely barn-yard noises brought a smile to Miss Forsythe's sympathetic face, as she waited for Ardelia to join her in a drive to the station. But Ardelia did not smile.

At the station Miss Forsythe shook her limp little hand.

"Good-bye, dear. I'll bring the other little children back with me. You'll enjoy that. Good-bye."

"I'm comin', too," said Ardelia.

"Why—no, dear—you wait for us. You'd only turn around and come right back, you know."

"Come, back nothin'. I'm goin' home."

"Why—why, Ardelia! Don't you really like it?"

"Naw, it's too hot."

Miss Forsythe started.

"But Ardelia, you don't want to go back to that horribly smelly street? Not truly?"

"Betcher life I do!"

"It's so lonely and quiet," pleaded the young lady. Ardelia shuddered. Again she seemed to hear that fiendish, mournful wailing:

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

They rode in silence. But the jar and jolt of the engine made the music in Ardelia's ears; the familiar jargon of the newsboy:

"N'Yawk evening papers! Woyld! Joynal!" was a breath from home to her little cockney heart.

They pushed through the great station, they climbed the steps of the elevated track, they jingled on a cross-town car. And at a familiar corner Ardelia slipped loose her hand, uttered a grunt of joy, and Miss Forsythe looked after her in vain. She was gone.

But late in the evening, when the great city turned out to breathe, and sat with opened shirt and loosened bodice on the dirty steps; when the hurdy-gurdy executed brassy scales and the lights flared in endless sparkling rows; when the trolley gongs at the corner pierced the air, and feet tapped cheerfully down the cool stone steps of the beer-shop, Ardelia, bare-footed and abandoned, nibbling at a section of bolognia sausage, cake-walked insolently with a band of little girls behind a severe policeman, mocking his stolid gait, to the delight

The Speaker

of Old Dutchy, who beamed approvingly at her prancing.

"Ja, ja, you trow out your feet good. Some day we pay to see you, no? You like to get back already!"

"Ja, danky slum, Dutchy," she said airily, as she sank upon her cool step, stretched her toes and sighed:

"Gee! N' Yawk's the place!"



Mereil

BY MARGARET HOUSTON.

(From *Ainslee's Magazine*.)

"Let go my hand!" (A start of quick surprise.)

"How could you dare?" (A flash of angry eyes.)

And yet her hand in mine all passive lies.

"How rude you are!" (The rose-blush fully blown.)

"I trusted you!" ('Twould melt a heart of stone.)

And yet the little hand rests in mine own!

Oh, dainty Meriel—little April day!

However warmly pouting lips cry Nay,

That little hand shall rest in mine—always!

The Old Man and "Shep"

(A true story.)

BY JOHN G. SCORER.



IT was on the morning of the second day of the new year. The mercury hovered a few degrees above zero. The winds that swept down from the North were keen and biting, and the mist-like snow fell fitfully. An old man, his once tall form bent by the burdens and sorrows of sixty odd years, his step slow and shuffling, his clothes unkempt and tattered, his long beard flowing down upon his breast, his eye still bright and in his face lingering traces of refinement, made his way along the deserted street. He was accompanied by a dog, whose long, shaggy hair indicated a blooded ancestry. So emaciated was his form that even through his shaggy coat could be seen the outline of his bony frame.

The two, master and dog, hobbled into the city's outdoor relief department. The dog at once curled himself up on a rug near a radiator and was soon asleep, dreaming, perchance, of other and more prosperous days, with "a virtuous kennel and plenty of food." The old man stood for a time warming his benumbed fingers at the radiator. Presently one of the clerks approached and asked him who he was and what he wanted.

"I am John Owens," he replied; "and I want to go to the infirmary. I am ill, homeless and penniless."

"All right, my man," said the clerk, and at once wrote out a permit.

The old man took the permit, read it over carefully, and said: "It says nothing about the dog. I want one for the dog, too."

"We can't give you one for the dog; we have no place out there for him. You'll have to leave him behind."

"Leave my dog behind? No, sir," said the old fellow, straightening up his bent form. "He's the only friend I have in this world. Why old 'Shep' has been my only friend for the last eight years. I had money, friends and influence when he was a pup, and he had a

The Speaker

better bed and better food than I have had for many a year. I had my carriages once, and a man to drive them, too. I know it sounds strange, now. Sometimes it seems like a dream. But never mind. When I woke up from that dream I had only my wife Martha, my son George, and 'Shep.' Every one else turned from me.

"My wife was a good, brave soul, but our reverses broke her down, and on one spring day we laid her away beneath the daisies and the myrtle. Soon after that my son George was taken from me by that stern monster, death, leaving me alone—alone, with no friend but 'Shep.'

"Where do I sleep? Why, my boy, anywhere. You don't know how many warm stairways there are. 'Shep' and I do, though, and we curl up together in them when the officer on the beat isn't looking. Yes, poor fellow, he's lame; had his leg broken. He got that trying to keep me out of the way of a coal wagon two years ago, when I slipped on the icy street.

"Here's your permit, mister. I won't go out there unless 'Shep' goes with me. He can't. Well, good-bye, good-bye, sir. Come on, 'Shep.' You can't stay there all day. Just as much obliged," and the two passed out into the cold again.



Who Knows

The Lily lifts to mine her nunlike face,
But my wild heart is beating for the Rose;
How can I pause to behold the Lily's grace?
Shall I repent me by and by? Who nows?
—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

The Negro

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

(Adapted from the speech delivered at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition.)



ONE-THIRD of the population of the South is of the negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value of manhood of the American negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition that will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or a State legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy farm or truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal, "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back, "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel at last, heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my

The Speaker

race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongues and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight millions of negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasure from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your buckets among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your

surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this you can be sure in the future as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to the graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defence of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defence or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Efforts or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent. interest. These efforts will be twice blessed—"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upward, or they will pull the load downward. We shall constitute one-third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one-third of its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one-third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, repressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic.

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercise of these privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more

than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera house.

Here bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South, you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race; only let this be constantly in mind, that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, letters and art, much good will come, yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good, that, let us pray God, will come, in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of the law. This, this, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.



The Guillotine

BY VICTOR HUGO.

(This is a part of the speech in defense of his son, under the circumstances set forth in the oration.)



ENTLEMEN of the jury, if there is a culprit here, it is not my son,—it is I!—I, who for these twenty-five years have opposed capital punishment,—have contended for the inviolability of human life,—have committed this crime for which my son is now arraigned. Here I denounce myself, Mr. Advocate-General! I have committed it under all aggravated circumstances; deliberately, repeatedly, tenaciously. Yes, this old and absurd *lex taliones*—this law of blood for blood—I have combated all my life—all my life, gentlemen of the jury! And, while I have breath, I will continue to combat it, by all my efforts as a writer, by all my votes as a legislator! I declare it before the crucifix;

before that Victim of the penalty of death, who sees and hears us; before that gibbet, in which, two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed the divine!

In all that my son has written on the subject of capital punishment and for writing and publishing which he is now on trial—in all that he has written, he has merely proclaimed the sentiments with which, from his infancy, I have inspired him. Gentlemen jurors, the right to criticize a law, and to criticize it severely—especially a penal law—is placed beside the duty of amelioration, like the torch beside the work under the artisan's hand. The right of the journalist is as sacred, as necessary, as imprescriptible, as the right of the legislator.

What are the circumstances? A man, a convict, a sentenced wretch, is dragged, on a certain morning, to one of our public squares. There he finds the scaffold! He shudders, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is young yet—only twenty-nine. Ah! I know what you will say,—“He is a murderer!” But hear me. Two officers seize him. His hands, his feet are tied. He throws off the two officers. A frightful struggle ensues. His feet, bound as they are, become entangled in the ladder. He uses the scaffold against the scaffold! The struggle is prolonged. Horror seizes the crowd! The officers,—sweat and shame on their brows,—pale, panting, terrified, despairing,—despairing with I know not what horrible despair,—shrinking under that public reprobation which ought to have visited the penalty, and spared the passive treatment, the executioner,—the officers strike savagely. The victim clings to the scaffold and shrieks for pardon. His clothes are torn,—his shoulders bloody,—still he resists. At length, after three-quarters of an hour of this monstrous effort, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony,—agony for all, be it understood,—agony for the assembled spectators as well as for the condemned man,—after this age of anguish, gentlemen of the jury, they take back the poor wretch to his prison.

The people breathe again. The People, naturally merciful, hope that the man will be spared. But no,—the guillotine, though vanquished, remains standing. There it frowns all day, in the midst of a sickened population. And at night the officers, re-enforced, drag forth the wretch again, so bound that he is but an inert weight,

—they drag him forth, haggard, bloody, weeping, pleading, howling for life,—calling upon God, calling upon his father and mother,—for like a very child had this man become in the prospect of death,—they drag him forth to execution. He is hoisted on the scaffold and his head falls! And then through every conscience runs a shudder. Never had legal murder appeared with an aspect so indecent, so abominable. All feel jointly implicated in the deed. It is at this very moment that from a young man's breast escapes a cry, wrung from his very heart,—a cry of pity and anguish,—a cry of horror,—a cry of humanity. And this cry you would punish! And in the face of the appalling facts which I have narrated, you would say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to Pity, saintly Pity, "Thou art wrong!" Gentlemen of the jury, it cannot be! Gentlemen, I have finished.



Robespierre's Last Speech

BY MAXIMILIAN MARIE ISIDORE
DE ROBESPIERRE.

[Before his execution, Robespierre addressed the populace of Paris in part as follows:]



THE enemies of the Republic call me tyrant! Were I such, they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold, I should grant them immunity for their crimes, and they would be grateful. Were I such, the kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support; there would be a covenant between them and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny,—whither does their path tend? To the tomb, and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what faction do I belong? Yourselves? What faction since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You, the people, our

principles, are that faction—a faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the Republic has been my object; and I know that the Republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? Oh! my life I abandon without a regret. I have seen the past; and I foresee the future. What friend of this country would wish to survive the moment when he could no longer serve it,—when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most abject, or fears the most absurd, over-ride the sacred interests of humanity? In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that I have sometimes feared that I should be sullied, in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarcation between themselves and all true men.

Question in history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O Frenchmen! O my countrymen! Let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, de-grade your souls and enervate your virtues! No, Chau-mette, no! Death is not “an eternal sleep!” Citizens, efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funeral crepe, takes from suppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: “Death is the commencement of immortality!” I leave to the oppressors of the People a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth,—“Thou shalt die!”

The Speaker

Secession

BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

[Delivered at the Georgia State Convention, January, 1861.]



R. PRESIDENT: This step of secession, once taken, can never be recalled, and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow will rest on the convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvest shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolation of war upon us; who, but this convention will be held responsible for it? And who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate? Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us. What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be calm and deliberate judges in the case; and what cause or one overt act can you name or point, on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? And what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you today name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. While, on the other hand, let me show the facts (and believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North; but I am here

the friend, the firm friend, and lover of the South and her institutions, and for this reason I speak thus plainly and faithfully, for yours, mine, and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness), of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country. When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened by the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities they may have done so; but not by the sanction of government; for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another act; when we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolitic act, do not destroy this hope, and perhaps by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South American and Mexican were; or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation which may reasonably be expected to follow.

But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the general government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the executive department. So, of the judges of the Supreme Court, we have had eighteen from the South and but eleven from the North, although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in

The Speaker

the free States, yet a majority of the court has always been from the South. This we have acquired so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the legislative branch of government. In choosing the presiding presidents (pro tem.) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the general government. Attorney-generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the free States, from their greater commercial interest, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world-markets for our cotton, tobacco and sugar on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors and comptrollers filling the executive department; the records show, for the last fifty years, that of the three thousand thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the Republic.

Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting government. From official documents we learn that a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of the government has uniformly been raised from the North.

Pause now while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Look at another necessary branch of government, and learn from stern statistical facts how matters stand in that department. I mean the mail and post-office privileges that we now enjoy under the general government as it has been for years past. The expense for the transportation of the mail in the free States was, by the report of the Postmaster-General for the year 1860, a little over \$13,-

000,000, while the income was \$19,000,000. But in the slave States the transportation of the mail was \$14,716,000, while the revenue from the same was \$8,001,026, leaving a deficit of \$6,704,974 to be supplied by the North for our accommodation, and without it we must have been entirely cut off from this most essential branch of government.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North; with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what, we ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of right, justice and humanity? And as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots, in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government—the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most aspiring in its principles, to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shown upon. Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety, while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I neither lend my sanction nor my vote.



Birds

Birds are singing round my window,
 Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
 And I hang my cage there daily,
 But I never catch a bird.
 So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
 And they sing there all day long;
 But they will not fold their pinions
 In the little cage of song!

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Death of Hypatia

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

["Hypatia was a mathematician of Alexandria, who taught her students the philosophy of Plato. Orestes, governor of Alexandria, admired the talents of Hypatia, and frequently had recourse to her for advice. He was desiring of curbing the too ardent zeal of St. Cyril, who saw in Hypatia one of the principal supports of paganism. The most fanatical followers of the bishop, in March, A.D. 415, seized upon Hypatia as she was proceeding to her school, forced her to descend from her chariot, and dragged her into a neighboring church, where she was put to death by her brutal foes. Canon Kingsley's historical romance has done much to make her name familiar to English readers" (Classical Dictionary). Raphael Aben-Ezra, a former pupil, converted to Christianity and returning to Alexandria, seeks audience with Hypatia to tell her of the Nazarene. Broken and discouraged, she still holds to her philosophy, but finally consents to hear what Raphael has to say of Christianity. It is almost time for her lecture at the school, so she makes an appointment for Raphael the following day. She sends him from her until then with the words with which this cutting begins.]



ES, come. . . . The Galilean. . . . If
he conquers strong men, can the weak maid
resist him? Come soon. . . this after-
noon. . . . My heart is breaking fast."
"At the eight hour this afternoon?" asked
Raphael.

"Yes. . . . At noon I lecture. . . . take my
farewell, rather, forever, of the schools. . . . Gods!
What have I to say? . . . And tell me about Him
of Nazareth. Farewell!"

"Farewell, beloved lady! At the ninth hour you shall
hear of Him of Nazareth."

As Raphael went down the steps into the street, a
young man sprang from behind one of the pillars and
seized his arm.

The Speaker

"Aha! my young Coryphæus of pious plunderers! What do you want with me?"

Philammon, for it was he, looked at him an instant, and recognized him.

"Save her! for the love of God, save her!"

"Whom?"

"Hypatia!"

"How long has her salvation been important to you, my good friend?"

"For God's sake," said Philammon, "go back and warn her! She will hear you—you are rich—you used to be her friend—I know you—I have heard of you. . . . Oh, if you ever cared for her—if you felt for her a thousandth part of what I feel—go in and warn her not to stir from home!"

"Of what is she to be warned?"

"Of a plot—I know that there is a plot—against her among the monks and parabolani. As I lay in bed this morning in Arsenius' room they thought I was asleep—"

"Arsenius? Has that venerable fanatic, then, gone the way of all monastic flesh, and turned persecutor?"

"God forbid! I heard him beseeching Peter, the reader, to refrain from something, I cannot tell what; but I caught her name. . . . I heard Peter say, 'She that hindereth will hinder till she be taken out of the way.' And when he went out in the passage I heard him say to another, 'That thou doest, do quickly!'"

"These are slender grounds, my friend."

"Ah, you do not know of what these men are capable."

"Do I not?"

"I know the hatred which they bear her, the crimes which they attribute to her. Her house would have been attacked last night had it not been for Cyril. . . . And I knew Peter's tone. He spoke too gently and softly not to mean something devilish. I watched all the morning for an opportunity of escape, and here I am! Will you take my message, or see her—"

"What?"

"God only knows, and the devil whom they worship instead of God."

Raphael hurried back into the house. "Could he see Hypatia?" She had shut herself up in her private room, strictly commanding that no visitor should be admitted.

. . . "Where was Theon, then?" He had gone

The Speaker

out by the canal gate half an hour before, and he hastily wrote on his tablet:

"Do not despise the young monk's warning. I believe him to speak the truth. As you love yourself and your father, Hypatia, stir not out today."

He bribed the maid to take the message upstairs; and passed his time in the hall in warning the servants. But they would not believe him. It was true the shops were shut in some quarters, and the Museum gardens empty; people were a little frightened after yesterday. But Cyril, they had heard for certain, had threatened excommunication only last night to any Christian who broke the peace; and there had not been a monk to be seen in the streets the whole morning. And as for any harm happening to their mistress—impossible! "The very beasts would not tear her," said the huge negro porter, "if she were thrown into the amphitheater."

Whereat the maid boxed his ears for talking of such a thing; and then, by way of mending it, declared that she knew for certain that her mistress could turn aside the lightning and call legions of spirits to fight for her with a nod. . . . What was to be done with such idolators. And yet who could help liking them the better for it?

At last the answer came down, in the old, graceful, studied, self-conscious handwriting:

"I dread nothing. They will not dare. Did they dare now, they would have dared long ago. As for that youth—to obey or to believe his word, even to seem aware of his existence, were shame to me henceforth. Because he is insolent enough to warn me, therefore I will go. Fear not for me. You would not wish me, for the first time in my life, to fear for myself. I must follow my destiny. I must speak the words which I have to speak. Above all, I must let no Christian say that the philosopher dared less than the fanatic. If my gods are gods, then will they protect me; and if not, let your God prove his rule as seems to Him good."

Raphael tore the letter to fragments. . . . The guards, at least, were not gone mad like the rest of the world. It wanted half an hour of the time for her lecture. In the interval he might summon force enough to crush all Alexandria. And turning suddenly, he darted out of the room and out of the house.

"Stay here and stop her! Make a last appeal," cried

he to Philammon, with a gesture of grief. "Drag the horses' heads down, if you can! I will be back in ten minutes." And he ran off for the nearest gate of the Museum gardens.

On the other side of the gardens lay the courtyard of the palace. There were gates in plenty communicating between them. If he could but see Orestes, even alarm the guard in time! . . .

And he hurried through the walks and alcoves, now deserted by the fearful citizens, to the nearest gate. It was fast and barricaded firmly on the outside.

Terrified, he ran on to the next; it was barred also. He saw the reason in a moment, and maddened as he saw it. The guards, careless about the Museum, or reasonably fearing no danger from the Alexandrian populace to the glory and wonder of their city, or perhaps wishing wisely enough to concentrate their forces in the narrowest space, had contented themselves with cutting off all communication with the gardens. At all events, the doors leading from the Museum itself might be open. He knew them, every one. He found an entrance, hurried through well-known corridors to a postern through which he and Orestes had lounged a hundred times. It was fast. He beat upon it; but no one answered. He rushed on and tried another. No one answered there. Another—still silence and despair! .

. . He rushed upstairs, hoping that from a window above he might be able to call the guard. The prudent soldiers had locked and barricaded the entrances to the upper floors of the whole right wing, lest the palace court should be commanded from thence. Whither now? Back—and whither then? And his breath failed him, his throat was parched, his face burned as with the simoon wind, his legs were trembling under him. His presence of mind, usually so perfect, failed him utterly. He was baffled, hetted. His brain, for the first time in his life, began to reel. He could not recollect nothing but that something dreadful was to happen—and that he had to prevent it, and could not. . . . Where was he now? In a little by-chamber. What was that roar below? . . . A sea of weltering heads, thousands on thousands down into the very beach; and from their innumerable throats one mighty war-cry—"God, and the Mother of God!" Cyril's hounds were loose. . .

He reeled from the window, and darted frantically

The Speaker

away again. . . . whither, he knew not, and never knew until his dying day.

Philammon saw Raphael rush across the streets into the Museum gardens. His last words had been a command to stay where he was, and the boy obeyed him, quietly ensconced himself behind a buttress, and sat coiled up on the pavement ready for a desperate spring.

There Philammon waited a full half-hour. It seemed to him hours, days, years. And yet Raphael did not return; and yet no guards appeared.

What meant that black knot of men some two hundred yards off, hanging about the mouth of the side street, just opposite the door which led to her lecture-room? He moved to watch them; they had vanished. He lay down again and waited. . . . There they were again. It was a suspicious post. That street ran along the back of the Cæsareum, a favorite haunt of monks, communicating by innumerable entries and back buildings with the great church itself. . . . He knew that something terrible was at hand. More than once he looked out from his hiding place—the knot of men were still there; . . . it seemed to have increased, to draw nearer. If they found him, what would they not suspect? What did he care? He would die for her if it came to that—not that it would come to that; but still he must speak to her—he must warn her.

At last, a curricule, glittering with silver, rattled round the corner and stopped opposite him. She must be coming now. The crowd had vanished. Perhaps it was, after all, a fancy of his own. No; there they were, peeping round the corner, close to the lecture-room—the hell-hounds! A slave brought out an embroidered cushion, and then Hypatia herself came forth, looking more glorious than ever; her lips set in a sad, firm smile; her eyes uplifted, inquiring, eager, and yet gentle, dimmed by some great inward awe, as if her soul were far away aloft, and face to face with God.

In a moment he sprang up to her, caught her robe convulsively, threw himself on his knees before her.

“Stop! Stay! You are going to destruction!”

Calmly she looked down upon him.

“Accomplice of witches! Would you make of Theon’s daughter a traitor like yourself?”

He sprang up, stepped back, and stood stupefied with shame and despair. . . .

She believed him guilty then! . . . It was the will of God!

The plumes of the horses were waving far down the street before he recovered himself, and rushed after her, shouting he knew not what.

It was too late! A dark wave of men rushed from the ambuscade, surged up round the car, . . . swept forward; . . . She had disappeared, and, as Philammon followed breathless, the horses galloped past him madly homeward with the empty carriage.

Whither were they dragging her? To the Cæsareum, the church of God Himself? Impossible! Why thither of all places of the earth? Why did the mob, increasing momentarily by hundreds, pour down upon the beach, and return brandishing flints, shells, fragments of pottery?

She was upon the church steps before he caught them up, invisible among the crowd; but he could track her by the fragments of her dress.

Where were her gay pupils now? Alas! they had barricaded themselves shamefully in the Museum at the first rush which swept her from the door of the lecture-room. Cowards! He would save her.

And he struggled in vain to pierce the dense mass of parabolani and monks, who, mingled with the fish-wives and dock workers, leaped and yelled around their victim. But what he could not do another and a weaker did—even the little porter. Furiously—no one knew how or whence—he burst up, as if from the ground in the thickest of the crowd, with knife, teeth and nails, like a venomous wild-cat, tearing his way toward his idol. Alas! he was torn down himself, rolled over the steps, and lay there half dead in an agony of weeping, as Philammon sprang up past him into the church.

Yes! On into the church itself! Into the cool, dim shadow, with its fretted pillars, and lowering domes, and candles, and incense, and blazing altar, and great pictures looking down from the walls athwart the gorgeous gloom. And right in front, above the altar, the colossal Christ, watching unmoved from off the wall, his right hand raised to give a blessing—or a curse!

On, up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement—up the chancel steps themselves—up to the altar—right underneath the great, still Christ; and there even those hell-hounds paused. . . .

She shook herself free from her tormentors, and, springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around—shame and indignation in those wide, clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her, the other long, white arm was stretched upward toward the great, still Christ, appealing—and who dare say, in vain?—from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak; but the words that should have come from them reached God's ear alone; for in an instant Peter struck her down, the dark mass closed over her again, . . . and then wail on wail, long, wild, ear-piercing, rang along the vaulted roofs, and thrilled like the trumpet of avenging angels through Philammon's ears.

Crushed against a pillar, unable to move in the dense mass, he pressed his hands over his ears. He could not shut out those shrieks! When would they end? What in the name of the God of mercy were they doing? Tearing her piecemeal? Yes, and worse than that. And still the shrieks rang on, and still the great Christ looked down on Philammon with that calm, intolerable eye, and would not turn away. And over his head was written in the rainbow, "I am the same, yesterday, today and forever!" The same as he was in Judæa of old, Philammon? Then what are these, and in whose temple? And he covered his face with his hands and longed to die.

It was over. The shrieks had died away into moans; the moans to silence.



"Death Stands Above Me"

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of this strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

The Tournament

(Arranged by Maude Herndon.)

[The scene from *Ivanhoe* is of the description of the grand tournament, held by Prince John Lockland, at Ashby, in which Robin Hood, under the disguise of Locksley, wins the prize for his skill in archery.]



THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of the morrow's festival. Nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric, richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, but when the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards to twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view the persons of these chosen yeomen. He looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

"Because I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwillingly fallen under your displeasure."

"What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the price, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart, and if thou refusest my fair proffer, the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bowtring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince, to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better, I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou beat this braggart,

Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert, or that had been a better shot."

So saying, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre, than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "and thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!

"Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worst for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it alighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall

The Speaker

try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists, but returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "A child of seven years old might hit yonder target with a headless shaft, but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and, sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, and it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, "but I

have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.



A Plea for the Old Year*

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I see the smiling New Year climb the heights—

The clouds, his heralds, turn the sky to rose,

And flush the whiteness of the winter snows,

Till Earth is glad with Life and Life's delight.

The weary Old Year died when died the night,

And this newcomer, proud with triumph, shows

His radiant face, and each glad subject knows

The welcome monarch, born to rule aright.

Yet there are graves far off that no man tends,

Where lie the vanished loves and hopes and fears,

The dreams that grew to be our hearts' best friends,

The smiles, and, dearer than smiles, the tears—

These were that Old Year's gifts, whom none defends,

Now his strong Conqueror, the New, appears.

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Fagin's Last Day

(From Oliver Twist.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[It will be remembered that Fagin was a leader of a band of thieves, and that little Oliver Twist had once been held in the Jew's school for educating criminals. Through the influence of Mr. Brownlow and some friends the kidnapped boy was rescued and the Jew brought to justice.]



HE sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for a seat and bedstead, and casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After a while he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said, though it had seemed to him, at the time, that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and by degrees suggested more; so that in a little time he had the whole almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end—to be hanged by the neck till he was dead!

As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold, some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die—and had joked, too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down, and how suddenly they changed, from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell—sat upon that very spot. It was very dark; why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years. Scores of men must have passed their last hours there. It was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies—the cap, the noose, the pinioned arms, the faces that he knew, even beneath that hideous veil. Light, light!

At length, when his hands were raw with beating

against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared—one bearing a candle, which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall; the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night, for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other watchers are glad to hear the church clock strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one, deep, hollow sound—death! What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning which penetrated even there to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

The day passed off. Day? There was not day. It was gone as soon as come; and night came on again—night so long, and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. At one time he raved and blasphemed, and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

Saturday night. He had only one night more to live. And as he thought of this the day broke—Sunday.

It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless, desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hope of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either two men, who relieved each other in their attendance upon him; and they, for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there awake, but dreaming. Now, he started up every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin, hurried to and fro in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible, at last, in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone, and so the two kept watch together.

He cowed down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair down

The Speaker

upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn, and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be, when they came round again? Eleven! Another struck, before the voice of the previous hour had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven—

Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but, too often and too long, from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed, and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hung tomorrow, would have slept but ill that night if they could have seen him.

From early in the evening until nearly midnight, little groups of two and three presented themselves at the lodge-gate and inquired, with anxious faces, whether any reprieve had been received. These being answered in the negative, communicated the welcome intelligence to clusters in the street, who pointed out to one another the door from which he must come out, and showed where the scaffold would be built, and walking with unwilling steps away, turned back to conjure up the scene. By degrees they fell off, one by one; and, for an hour in the dead of night, the street was left to solitude and darkness.

The space before the prison was cleared, and a few strong barriers, painted black, had been already thrown across the road to break the pressure of the expected crowd, when Mr. Brownlow and Oliver appeared at the wicket, and presented an order of admission to the prisoner, signed by one of the sheriffs. They were immediately admitted into the lodge.

The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without appearing conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision.

"Good boy, Charley—well done," he mumbled; "Oliver, too, ha! ha! ha! Oliver too—quite the gentleman now—quite the—take that boy away to bed!"

The jailer took the disengaged hand of Oliver, and whispering him not to be alarmed, looked on without speaking.

"Take him away to bed!" cried the Jew. "Do you hear me, some of you? He has been the—the—somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it—Bolter's throat, Bill; never mind the girl—Bolter's throat, as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off!"

"Fagin," said the jailer.

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly into the attitude of listening he had assumed upon his trial. "An old man, my lord; a very old, old man!"

"Here," said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down—"here's somebody wants to see you—to ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin! Are you a man?"

"I shan't be one long," replied the Jew, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead! what right have they to butcher me?"

As he spoke he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow. Shrinking to the farthest corner of the seat he demanded to know what they wanted there.

"Steady," said the turnkey, still holding him down.

"Now, sir, tell him what you want—quick, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on."

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow, advancing, "which were placed in your hands for better security by a man called Monks."

"It's all a lie together," replied the Jew. "I haven't one—not one."

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow, solemnly, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death, but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead, that Monks has confessed, that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are those papers?"

"Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here! Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver, in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing him towards him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room. I want to talk to you, my dear; I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer—say one, upon your knees with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside," replied the Jew, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep—they'll believe *you*. You can get me out, if you take me so. Now then, now then!"

"Oh! God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy, with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right," said the Jew; "that'll help us on. This door first. If I shake and tremble as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now!"

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?" inquired the turnkey.

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position—"

"Nothing will do that, sir," replied the man, shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on," cried the Jew. "Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!"

The men laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He struggled with the power of desperation for an instant, and then sent up cry upon cry that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.



A Caution to Poets

What poets feel not, when they make
A pleasure in creating,
The world, in its turn, will not take
Pleasure in contemplating.

Apollo Belvedere*

A Christmas Episode of the Plantation.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

[In the same volume which contains this story there are many others that lend themselves to recitation. "Moriah's Mourning" is one of the best pieces of humor which Mrs. Stuart has written; "Christmas at the Trimble's" has proven itself a never-failing success, and "The Second Mrs. Slimm" is an excellent reading.]



HE was a little yellow man, with a quizzical face and sloping shoulders, and when he gave his full name, with somewhat of a flourish, as if it might hold compensations for physical shortcomings, one could hardly help smiling. And yet there was a pathos in the caricature that dissipated the smile half-way.

"Yas, I'm named 'Pollo Belvedere, an' my marster gi'e me dat intitlemint on account o' my shape," he would say, with a strut, as if he were bantered. As Apollo would have told you himself, the fact that he had never married was not because he couldn't get anybody to have him, but simply that he hadn't himself been suited.

Lily Washington was a beauty in her own right, and she was the belle of the plantation. She was an emotional creature, with a caustic tongue on occasion, and when it pleased her mood to look over her shoulder at one of her numerous admirers and to wither him with a look or a word, she did not hesitate to do it. For instance, when Apollo first asked her to marry him—it had been his habit to propose to her every day or so for a year or two past—she glanced at him askance from head to foot, and then said: "Why, yas. Dat is, I s'pose, of co'se, you's de sample. I'd order a full-size by you in a minute." This was cruel, and seeing the pathetic look come into his face, she instantly repented of it, and walked home from church with him, dismissing a hand-

*From "Moriah's Mourning." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

some black fellow, and saying only kind things to Apollo all the way.

Of course no one took Apollo seriously as Lily's suitor, much less the chocolate maid herself. But there were other lovers. Indeed, there were all the others, for that matter, but in point of eligibility the number to be seriously regarded was reduced to about two. These were Pete Peters, a handsome griff, with just enough Indian blood to give him an air of distinction, and a French-talking mulatto, who had come up from New Orleans to repair the machinery in the sugar-house, and who was buying land in the vicinity, and drove his own sulky. Pete was less prosperous than he, but, although he worked his land on shares, he owned two mules and a saddle horse, and would be allowed to enter on a purchase of land whenever he should choose to do so. Although Pete and the New Orleans fellow, whose name was also Peter, but who was called Pierre, met constantly in a friendly enough way, they did not love each other. They both loved Lily too much for that. But they laughed good-naturedly together at Apollo and his "case," which they inquired after politely, as if it were a member of his family.

"Well, 'Pollo, how's yo' case on Miss Lily comin' on?" either one would say, with a wink at the other, and Apollo would artlessly report the state of the heavens with relation to his particular star, as when he once replied to this identical question:

"Well, Miss Lily was mighty obstropolous 'istiddy, but she is mo' cancelized dis mornin'."

It was Pete who had asked the question, and he laughed aloud at the answer. "Mo' cancelized dis mornin', is she?" he replied. "How do you know she is?"

"'Case she lemme tote her hoe all de way up f'om de field," answered the ingenuous Apollo.

"She did, did she? An' who was walkin' by her side all dat time, I like to know?"

Apollo winced a little at this, but he answered, bravely, "I don't kyah ef Pier was walkin' wid her; I was totin' her hoe, all de samee."

The Christmas-eve dance in the sugar-house had been for years an annual function on the plantation. At this, since her debut, at fourteen, three Christmases before, Lily had held undisputed sway, and all her former belles amiably accepted their places as lesser lights.

Lily was perfectly ravishing in her splendor at the dance this year. The white Swiss frock she wore was high in the neck, but her brown shoulders and arms shone through the thin fabric with fine effect. About her slim waist she tied a narrow ribbon of blue, and carried a pink feather fan, and the wreath about her forehead was of lilies-of-the-valley. She had done a day's scouring for them, and they had come out of the summer hat of one of the white ladies on the coast. This insured their quality, and no doubt contributed somewhat to the quiet serenity with which she bore herself as, with her little head held like that of the Venus of Milo, she danced down the center of the room, holding her flounces in either hand, and kicking the floor until she kicked both her slippers to pieces, when she finished the figure in her stocking feet.

She had a relay of slippers ready, and there was a scramble as to who should put them on; but she settled that question by making 'Pollo rise, with his fiddle in his arms, and lend her his chair for a minute while she pulled them on herself. Then she let Pete and Pierre each have one of the discarded slippers as a trophy. Lily had always danced out several pairs of slippers at the Christmas dance, but she never achieved her stocking feet in the first round until now, and she was in high glee over it. If she had been admired before, she was looked upon as a raving, tearing, beauty tonight, and so she was. Fortunately 'Pollo had his fiddling to do, and this saved him from any conspicuous folly. But he kept his eyes on her, and when she grew too ravishingly lovely to his fond vision, and he couldn't stand it a minute longer in silence, he turned to the man next him, who played the bones, and remarked, "Ef—ef anybody but Gord A'mighty had a-made anything as purty as Miss Lily, dey'd 'a' stinted it somewhar," and, watching every turn, he lent his bow to her varying moods while she tired out one dancer after another. It was the New Orleans fellow who first lost his head utterly. He had danced with her but three times, but, while she took another's hand and whizzed through her figures, he scarcely took his eyes from her, and when, at about midnight, he succeeded in getting her apart for a promenade, he poured forth his soul to her in the picturesque English of the quadrone quarter of New Orleans. "An' now, to proof to you my lorv, Ma'm'selle Leelee"—he gesticu-

The Speaker

lated vigorously as he spoke—"I am geeving you wan beau-u-tiful Christmas present—I am goin' to geev you—w'at you t'ink? My borgee!" With this he turned dramatically and faced her. They were standing now under the shed outside the door in the moonlight, and, although they did not see him, Apollo stood within hearing, behind a pile of molasses barrels, where he had come "to cool off."

Lily had several times been "buggy-ridin'" with Pierre in this same "borgee," and it was a very magnificent affair in her eyes. When he told her that it was to be hers she gasped. Such presents were unknown on the plantation. But Lily was a "mannerly" member of good society, if her circle was small, and she was not to be taken back by any compliment a man should pay her. She simply fanned herself, a little flurriedly perhaps, with her feather fan, as she said: "You sho' must be jokin', Mr. Pier. You cert'n'y must." But Mr. Pierre was not joking. He was never more in earnest in his life, and he told her so, and there is no telling what else he would have told her but for the fact that Mr. Pete Peters happened to come out to the shed to cool off about this time, and as he almost brushed her shoulder, it was as little as Lily could do to address a remark to him, and then, of course, he stopped and chatted awhile; and, after what appeared a reasonable interval, long enough for it not to seem that she was too much elated over it, she remarked, "An', by-de-way, Mr. Peters, I must tell you what a lovely Christmas gif' I have just received by de hand of Mr. Pier. He has jest presented me with his yaller-wheeled buggy, an' I sho' is proud of it." Then, turning to Pierre, she added, "You sho' is a mighty generous gen'leman, Mr. Pier—you cert'n'y is."

Peters give Lily one startled look, but he instantly realized, from her ingenuous manner, that there was nothing back of the gift of the buggy—that is, it had been, so far as she was concerned, simply a Christmas present. Pierre had not offered himself with the gift. And if this were so, well—he reckoned he could match him.

He reached forward and took Lily's fan from her hand. He hastened to do this to keep Pierre from taking it. Then, while he fanned her, he said, "Is dat so, Miss Lily, dat Mr. Pier is give you a buggy? Dat sholy is a fine Christmas gif'—it sho' is. An' sense you fin' yo'se'f

possessed of a buggy, I trust you will allow me de pleasure of presentin' you wid a horse to drive in de buggy." He made a graceful bow as he spoke, a bow that would have done credit to the man from New Orleans. It was so well done, indeed, that Lily unconsciously bowed in return, as she said, with a look that savored a little of roguishness: "Oh, hursh, Mr. Peters! You des a-guyin' me—dat what you doin'."

"Guyin' nothin'," said Peters, grinning broadly as he noted the expression of Pierre's face. "Ef you'll jes do me de honor to accep' of my horse, Miss Lily, I'll be de proudest gen'lleman on dis plantation."

At this she chuckled, and took her fan in her own hand. And then she turned to Pierre.

"You sho' has set de style o' mighty expensive Christmas gif's on dis plantation, Mr. Pier—you cert'n'y has. An' I wants to thank you bofe mos' kindly—I cert'n'y does."

Having heard this much, 'Pollo thought it time to come from his hiding, and he strolled leisurely out in the other direction first, but soon returned this way. And then he stopped, and, reaching over, took the feather fan—and for a few moments he had his innings. Then some one else came along and the conversation became impersonal, and one by one they all dropped off—all except 'Pollo. When the rest had gone, he and Lily found seats on the cane carrier, and they talked a while, and when a little later supper was announced, it was the proud fiddler who took her in, while Pierre and Peters stood off and politely glared at each other; and after a while Pierre must have said something, for Peters suddenly sprang at him and tumbled him out the door and rolled him over in the dirt, and they had to be separated. But presently they laughed and shook hands, and Pierre offered Pete a cigarette, and Pete took it, and gave Pierre a light—and it was all over.

It was next day—Christmas morning—and the young people were standing about in groups under the China-trees in the campus, when Apollo joined them, looking unusually chipper and beaming. He was dressed in his best—Prince Albert, beaver, and all—and he sported a bright silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck.

He was altogether a delightful figure, absolutely content with himself, and apparently at peace with the world. No sooner had he joined the crowd than the fellows

began chaffing him, as usual, and presently some one mentioned Lily's name and spoke of her presents. The two men who had broken the record for generosity in the history of plantation lovers were looked upon as nabobs by those of lesser means. Of course everybody knew the city fellow had started it, and they were glad that Peters had come to time and saved the dignity of the place; indeed he was about the only one on the plantation who could have done it.

As they stood talking it over, the two heroes had nothing to say, of course, and 'Pollo began rolling a cigarette—an art he had learned from the man from New Orleans.

Finally, he remarked, "Yas, Miss Lily got sev'al mighty nice presents last night."

At this Pierre turned, laughing, and said, "I suppose you geeve 'er somet'ing, too, eh?"

"Pity you hadn't a-give her dat silk hank'cher. Hit 'd become her a heap better'n it becomes you," Peters said, laughing.

"Yas, I reckon it would," said 'Pollo; "but de fact is she gi' me dis hank'cher—an' of co'se I accepted it."

"But why ain't you tellin' us what you give her" insisted Peters.

'Pollo put the cigarette to his lips, deliberately lit it, puffed several times, and then, removing it in a leisurely way, he drawled:

"Well, de fact is, I heerd Mr. Pier here give her a buggy, an'—Mr. Peters, he up an' handed over a horse,—an' so, quick as I got a chance, I des balanced my ekalub'ium an' went an' set down beside her an' ast her ef she wouldn't do me the honor to accep' of a driver, an'—an' she say yas.

"You know I'm a coachman by trade.

"An' dat's huccome I to say she got sev'al presents las' night."

And he took another puff of his cigarette.

An Invalid in Lodgings

BY J. M. BARRIE.



UNTIL my system collapsed, my landlady only spoke of me as her parlor. At intervals I had communicated with her through the medium of Sarah Ann, the servant, and, as her rent was due on Wednesday, could I pay my bill now? Except for these monetary transactions, my landlady and I were total strangers, and, though I sometimes fell over her children in the lobby, that led to no intimacy. Even Sarah Ann never opened her mouth to me. She brought in my tea, and left me to discover that it was there. My first day in lodgings I said "Good-morning" to Sarah Ann, and she replied, "Eh?" "Good-morning," I repeated, to which she answered contemptuously, "Oh, ay." For six months I was simply the parlor; but then I fell ill, and at once became an interesting person.

Sarah Ann found me shivering on the sofa one hot day a week or more ago, beneath my rug, two coats, and some other articles. My landlady sent up some beef-tea, in which she has a faith that is pathetic, and then, to complete the cure, she appeared in person. She has proved a nice, motherly old lady, but not cheerful company.

"Where do you feel it worst, sir?" she asked.

I said it was bad all over, but worst in my head.

"On your brow?"

"No; on the back of my head?"

"It feels like a lump of lead?"

"No; like a furnace."

"That's just what I feared," she said. "It began so with him."

"With whom?"

"My husband. He came in one day, five years ago, complaining of his head, and in three days he was a corpse."

"What?"

"Don't be afraid, sir. Maybe it isn't the same thing."

"Of course it isn't. Your husband, according to the

story you told me when I took these rooms, died of fever."

"Yes, but the fever began just in this way. It carried him off in no time. You had better see a doctor, sir. Doctor was no use in my husband's case, but it is satisfaction to have him."

Here Sarah Ann, who had been listening with mouth and eyes open, suddenly burst into tears, and was led out of the room, exclaiming, "Him such a quiet gentleman, and he never flung nothing at me."

Though I knew that I had only caught a nasty cold, a conviction in which the doctor confirmed me, my landlady stood out for its being just such another case as her husband's, and regaled me for hours with reminiscences of his rapid decline. If I was a little better one day, alas! he had been a little better the day before he died; and if I answered her peevishly, she told Sarah Ann that my voice was going. She brought the beef-tea up with her own hands, her countenance saying that I might as well have it, though it could not save me. Sometimes I pushed it away untasted (how I loathe beef-tea now!), when she whispered something to Sarah Ann that sent that tender-hearted maid howling once more from the room.

"He's supped it all," Sarah Ann said one day, brightening.

"That's a worse sign," said her mistress, "than if he hadn't took none."

I lay on a sofa, pulled close to the fire, and when the doctor came, my landlady was always at his heels, Sarah Ann's dismal face showing at the door. The doctor is a personal friend of my own, and each day he said I was improving a little.

"Ah, doctor!" my landlady said, reprovingly.

"He does it for the best," she exclaimed to me, "but I don't hold with doctors as deceive their patients. Why don't he speak out the truth like a man? My husband were told the worst, and so he had time to reconcile himself."

On one of these occasions I summoned up sufficient energy to send her out of the room; but that only made matters worse.

"Poor gentleman!" I heard her say to Sarah Ann; "he is very violent today. I saw he were worse the moment

I clapped eyes on him. Sarah Ann, I shouldn't wonder though we had to hold him down yet."

About an hour afterwards she came in to ask me if I "had come more round to myself," and when I merely turned round on the sofa for reply, she said, in a loud whisper to Sarah Ann, that I "were as quiet as a lamb now." Then she stroked me and went away.

So attentive was my landlady that she was a ministering angel. Yet I lay on that sofa plotting how to get her out of the room. The plan that seemed the simplest was to pretend sleep, but it was not easily carried out. Not getting any answer from me, she would approach on tiptoe and lean over the sofa, listening to hear me breathe. Convinced that I was still living, she and Sarah Ann began a conversation in whispers, of which I or the deceased husband was the subject. The husband had slept a good deal, too, and it wasn't a healthy sign.

"It isn't a good sign," whispered my landlady, "though them as know no better might think it is. It shows he's getting weaker. When they takes to sleeping in the day-time, it's only because they don't have the strength to keep awake."

"Oh, missus!" Sarah Ann would say.

"Better face facts, Sarah Ann," replied my landlady.

In the end I had generally to sit up and confess that I heard what they were saying. My landlady evidently thought this another bad sign.

I discovered that my landlady held receptions in another room, where visitors came who referred to me as her "trial." When she thought me distinctly worse, she put on her bonnet and went out to disseminate the sad news. It was on one of these occasions that Sarah Ann, who had been left in charge of the children, came to me with a serious request.

"Them children," she said, "want awful to see you, and I sort of promised to bring 'em in, if so you didn't mind."

"But, Sarah Ann, they have seen me often, and, though I'm a good deal better, I don't feel equal to speaking to them."

Sarah Ann smiled pityingly when I said I felt better, but she assured me the children only wanted to look at me. I refused her petition, but, on my ultimatum being announced to them, they set up such a roar that, to quiet them, I called them in.

They came one at a time. Sophia, the eldest, came first. She looked at me very solemnly, and then said bravely that if I liked she would kiss me. As she had a piece of flannel tied round her face, and was swollen in the left cheek, I declined this honor, and she went off much relieved. Next came Tommy, who sent up a shriek as his eyes fell on me, and had to be carried off by Sarah Ann. Johnny was bolder and franker, but addressed all his remarks to Sarah Ann. First, he wanted to know if he could touch me, and, being told he could, he felt my face all over. Then, he wanted to see the "spouter." The "spouter" was a spray through which Sarah Ann blew coolness on my head, and Johnny had heard of it with interest. He refused to leave the room until he had been permitted to saturate me and my cushion.

I am so much better now that even my landlady knows I am not dying. I suppose she is glad that it is so, but at the same time she resents it. There is an impression in the house that I am a fraud. They call me by my name yet, but soon again I shall be the parlor.



The Stirrup-Cup

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:
 Look how compounded, with what care!
 Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
 Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
 Keats, and Gotama excellent,
 Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
 And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;
 Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
 'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
 I'll drink it down right smilingly.

Das Krist Kindel*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I had fed the fire and stirred it, till the sparkles in delight
Snapped their saucy little fingers at the chill December
night;

And in dressing-gown and slippers, I had tilted back "my
throne"—

The old split-bottomed rocker—and was musing all alone.

I could hear the hungry Winter prowling round the outer
door,

And the tread of muffled footsteps on the white piazza
floor;

But the sounds came to me only as the murmur of a
stream

That mingled with the current of a lazy-flowing dream.

Like a fragrant incense rising, curled the smoke of my
cigar,

With the lamp-light gleaming through it like a mist-
enfolded star;—

And as I gazed, the vapor like a curtain rolled away,

With a sound of bells that tinkled, and the clatter of
a sleigh.

And in a vision, painted like a picture in the air,

I saw the elfish figure of a man with frosty hair—

A quaint old man that chuckled with a laugh as he ap-
peared,

And with ruddy cheeks like embers in the ashes of his
beard.

He poised himself grotesquely, in an attitude of mirth,

On a damask-covered hassock that was sitting on the
hearth;

And at a magic signal of his stubby little thumb,

I saw the fire place changing to a bright procenium.

And looking there, I marveled as I saw a mimic stage

Alive with little actors of a very tender age;

And some so very tiny that they tottered as they walked,

*From "Afterwhiles." Copyright, 1898. By special permission
of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Speaker

And lisped and purled and gurgled like the brooklets,
when they talked.

And their faces were like lilies, and their eyes like purest
dew,

And their tresses like the shadows that the shine is woven
through;

And they each had little burdens, and a little tale to tell
Of fairy lore, and giants, and delights delectable.

And they mixed and intermingled, weaving melody with
joy.

Till the magic circle clustered round a blooming baby-
boy;

And they threw aside their treasures in an ecstasy of
glee,

And bent, with dazzled faces, and with parted lips, to see.

'Twas a wondrous little fellow, with a dainty double chin,
And chubby cheeks, and dimples for the smiles to blossom
in;

'And he looked as ripe and rosy, on his bed of straw and
reeds;

'As a mellow little pippin that had tumbled in the weeds.

And I saw the happy mother, and a group surrounding
her,

That knelt with costly presents of frankincense and
myrrh;

And I thrilled with awe and wonder, as a murmur on the
air

Came drifting o'er the hearing in a melody of prayer:—

*By the splendor in the heavens, and the hush upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning o'er Galilee,—*

*We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the
knee*

'And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.

*Thy messenger has spoken, and our doubts have fled and
gone*

*'As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before the
dawn,*

*'And, in the kindly shelter of the light around us drawn,
We would nestle down forever in the breast we lean upon.*

You have given us a shepherd, you have given us a guide.

*And the light of Heaven grew dimmer when you sent
Him from your side,—
But He comes to lend Thy children where the gates will
open wide
To welcome His returning when His works are glorified.
By the splendor in the Heavens, and the hush upon the
sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,—
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the
knee
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.*

Then the vision, slowly failing, with the words of the
refrain,
Fell swooning in the moonlight through the frosty win-
dowpane;
And I heard the clock proclaiming, like an eager sentinel
Who brings the world good tidings,—“It is Christmas—
all is well!”



Hiram Foster's Thanksgiving Turkey

BY S. E. KISER.

[Of the many poems written when President McKinley was assassinated, none surpassed in sympathy and original conception the verses printed below.]

See that turkey out there, mister? Ain't he big and fat
and nice?
Well, you couldn't buy that gobbler, not for any kind of
price.
Now, I'll tell you how it happened: 'Way along last
spring, you know,
This here turkey's mother hatched some twenty little ones
or so—
Hatched 'em in the woods down yonder, and come
marchin' home one day
With them stringin' out behind 'er, catchin' bugs along
the way.
Well, my little grandson named 'em—both his folks are
dead, you see,

The Speaker

So he's come and gone to livin' with his grandma here,
and me.

He give each a name to go by: one was Teddy, one was
Schley,

One was Sampson, one was Dewey, one was Bryan, too,
but I

Liked the one he called McKinley best of all the brood,
somehow—

He was that there turkey yonder that's a gobbler at
you now.

How them cunnin' little rascals grew and grew! Some-
times, I swear,

It 'most seemed as though we seen 'em shootin' upward
in the air.

And McKinley was the leader and the best of all the lot,
And you'd ought to seen the mother—proud of him?—I
tell you what!

So I says to ma and Charley—oh, three months ago at
least—

That I guessed we'd keep McKinley for our own Thanks-
givin' feast.

Then we sold off all the others, keepin' only this one here,
And I guess we won't have turkey for Thanksgiving Day
this year.

Just the name we gave that gobbler makes him sacreder
to me,

After all the things that's happened, than I—well, some-
how you see

I was in his ridgement—so you'll please excuse me—I
dunno—

I don't want to show my feelin's—sometimes folks can't
help it, though.

Hear 'im gobble now and see him as he proudly struts
away;

Don't you s'pose he knows there's something in the name
he bears today?

See how all his feathers glisten—ain't he big and plump
and nice?

No, sir! No; you couldn't buy 'im, not for any kind of
price.

That there gobbler, there, that Charley gave the name
McKinley to,

He'll die natural—that's something turkeys mighty sel-
dom do.

The Winning of Lorna Doone

(From Lorna Doone.)

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

[The Doones were a band of aristocratic, but lawless, people living in the Doone Valley, from which they sallied forth to raid the neighboring farmers and travelers. John Ridd, who tells the story, while fishing one spring had followed a stream into the Doone estate. When the following scene opens he had just had a desperate struggle to save himself from the swift current of the stream, and had nearly lost his life.]



WHEN I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mold, and a little girl, kneeling at my side, was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered, softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large, dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed. Perhaps she liked my countenance, and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterward; although at that time she was too young to know what made her take to me.

Thereupon I sat upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great play thing.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are

The Speaker

loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me bandage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone, and I thought you must have known it."

Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless, I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do. But she touched my heart with a sudden delight.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed her dress, as if I had used a freedom.

I, for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it, to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the

mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they could never believe it. Now, please to go; oh please go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again tomorrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things—there are apples still, and a thrush that I caught, with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies—"

"Oh dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say that they are such noisy things—"

"Only put your hands in mine—what little things they are, Lorna!—and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush." A shout came down the valley, and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrunk to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the water-fall. I can carry you easily, and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

The Speaker

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look, look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them." Then she began to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy-bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley.

Crouching in that hollow nest as children get together in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water, not bearing any fire-arms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hurriedly. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting here and there and now and then; "where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by-and-by," Lorna whispered to me, with her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me; "oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes; away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now, mind you, never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me; "only I shall come sometimes—oh, here they are, Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood drift combing over me. I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her.

Presently one of the great, rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed a while at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and

if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, and hearty! Now I have first claim to her; and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle, all of you!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great, square shoulder, and so in triumph marched away.

II.

[After this, John and Lorna met often in a secret place, where there was little chance of discovery. It was decided by the family that Lorna should be the wife of Carver Doone, the leader of the band, but as she was unwilling, and Grandfather Doone, the retiring leader, would not permit them to compel her, years went by without Carver accomplishing his purpose. Finally Lorna came no more to the trysting place, so that John suspected that she had been put in a dungeon. He resolved to gain an entrance to the Doone village, and, after a desperate night adventure, succeeded.]

My heart was in my mouth, as they say, when I stood in the shade of Lorna's window and whispered her name gently. But, though the window was not very close, I might have whispered long enough before she would have answered me, frightened as she was, no doubt, by many a rude overture. And I durst not speak aloud, because I saw another watchman posted on the western cliff, and commanding all the valley. And now this man espied me against the wall of the house, and advanced against the brink and challenged me.

"Who are you, there? Answer! One, two, three; and I fire at thee."

The nozzle of his gun was pointed full upon me, as I could see, with the moonlight striking on the barrel; he was not more than fifty yards off, and now he began to reckon. Being almost desperate about it, I began to whistle wondering how far I should get before I lost my windpipe; and, as luck would have it, my lips fell into that strange tune I had practiced last,—the one I heard from Charlie Doone. My mouth would scarcely frame the notes, being parched with terror; but, to my

The Speaker

surprise, the man fell back, dropped his gun and saluted. Oh sweetest of all sweet melodies!

That tune was Carver Doone's passport (as I heard long afterward), which Charleworth Doone had imitated, for decoy of Lorna. The sentinel took me for that vile Carver, who was like enough to be prowling there, for private talk with Lorna, but not very likely to shout forth his name, if it might be avoided. The watchman, perceiving the danger, perhaps, of intruding on Carver's privacy, not only retired along the cliff, but withdrew himself to good distance.

Meanwhile he had done me the kindest service; for Lorna came to the window at once to see what the cause of the shout was, and drew back the curtain timidly. Then she opened the rough lattice; and then she watched the cliff and trees; and then she sighed very sadly.

"Oh, Lorna, don't you know me?" I whispered from the side, being afraid of startling her by appearing over suddenly.

Quick though she was of thought, she knew me not from my whisper, and was shutting the window hastily, when I caught it back and showed myself.

"John!" she cried, yet with sense enough not to speak aloud; "oh, you must be mad, John!"

"As mad as a March hare," said I, "without any news of my darling. You knew I would come—of course you did."

"Well, I thought, perhaps—you know; now, John, you need not eat my hand. Do you see, they have put iron bars across?"

"To be sure. Do you think I should be contented even with this lovely hand, but for these vile iron bars? I will have them out before I go. Now, darling, for one moment—just the other hand, for a change, you know."

So I got the other, but was not honest; for I kept them both, and felt their delicate beauty trembling as I laid them to my heart.

"Oh, John, you will make me cry directly"—she had been crying long ago—"if you go on in that way. You know we can never have one another; every one is against it. Why should I make you miserable? Try not to think of me any more."

"And will you try the same of me, Lorna?"

"Oh yes, John; if you agree to it. At least I will try to try it."

"Then you won't try anything of the sort," I cried, with great enthusiasm, for her tone was so nice and melancholy; "the only thing we will try to try is to belong to one another. And if we do our best, Lorna, God alone can prevent us."

She crossed herself with one hand drawn free, as I spoke so boldly; and something swelled in her little throat, and prevented her from answering.

"Now tell me," I said; "what means all this? Why are you so pent up here? Why have you given me no token? Has your grandfather turned against you? Are you in any danger?"

"My poor grandfather is very ill. I fear that he will not live long. The Counselor and his son are now masters of the valley; and I dare not venture forth for fear of anything they might do to me. When I went forth to signal for you, Carver tried to seize me; but I was too quick for him. Little Gwenny is not allowed to leave the valley now, so that I could send no message. I have been so wretched, dear, lest you should think me false to you. The tyrants now make sure of me. You must watch this house both night and day, if you wish to save me. There is nothing they would shrink from, if my poor grandfather—oh, I cannot bear to think of myself, when I ought to think of him only; dying without a son to tend him or a daughter to shed a tear."

"But surely he has sons enough; and a deal too many," I was going to say, but stopped myself in time. "Why do none of them come to him?"

"I know not. I cannot tell. He is a very strange old man, and few have ever loved him. He was black with wrath at the Counselor this afternoon—but I must not keep you here—you are much too brave, John; and I am too selfish; there, what was that shadow?"

"Nothing more than a bat, darling, come to look for his sweetheart. I will not stay long; you tremble so; and yet for that very reason how can I leave you, Lorna?"

"You must—you must," she answered; "I shall die if they hurt you. I hear the old nurse moving. Grandfather is sure to send for me. Keep back from the window."

However, it was only Gwenny Carfax, Lorna's little handmaid; my darling brought her to the window and presented her to me, almost laughing through her grief.

"Oh, I am so glad, John; Gwenny, I am so glad you

came. I have wanted long to introduce you to my 'young man,' as you call him. It is rather dark, but you can see him. I wish you to know him again, Gwenny."

"Whoy!" cried Gwenny, with great amazement, standing on tiptoe to look out, and staring as if she were weighing me; "he be bigger nor any Doone! I shall knoo thee again, young man; no fear of that," she answered, nodding with an air of patronage. "Now, missis, gae on coortin', and I will gae outside and watch for 'ee." Though expressed not over-delicately, this proposal arose, no doubt, from Gwenny's sense of delicacy; and I was very thankful to her for taking her departure.

"She is the best little thing in the world," said Lorna, softly, laughing, "and the queerest, and the truest. Nothing will bribe her against me. If she seems to be on the other side, never, never doubt her. Now, no more of your 'coortin',' John. I love you far too well for that. Yes, yes, ever so much! If you will take a mean advantage of me—as much as ever you like to imagine; and then you may double it after that. Only go, do go, good John; kind, dear, darling John; if you love me, go."

"How can I go without settling anything?" I asked, very sensibly. "How shall I know of your danger now? Hit upon something; you are so quick. Anything you can think of; and then I will go, and not frighten you."

"I have been thinking long of something," Lorna answered, rapidly, with that peculiar clearness of voice which made every syllable ring like music of a several note. "You see that tree with the seven rooks' nests, bright against the cliffs there? Can you count them from above, do you think? From a place where you would be safe, dear?"

"No doubt I can; or, if I cannot, it will not take me long to find a spot whence I can do it."

"Gwenny can climb like any cat. She has been up there in the summer watching the young birds day by day, and daring the boys to touch them. There are neither birds nor eggs there now, of course, and nothing doing. If you see but six rooks' nests, I am in peril, and want you. If you see but five, I am carried off by Carver."

"Good God!" cried I, at the mere idea, in a tone which frightened Lorna.

"Fear not, John," she whispered, sadly, and my blood

grew cold at it; "I have means to stop him, or at least to save myself. If you can come within one day of that man's getting hold of me, you will find me quite unharmed. After that you will find me, dead or alive, according to circumstances, but in no case such that you need blush to look at me."

I only said, "God bless you, darling!" and she said the same to me, in a very low, sad voice. And then I stole below Carver's house in the shadow from the eastern cliff; and, knowing enough of the village now to satisfy all necessity, betook myself to my well-known track in returning from the valley.

III.

[It was not long after this that John Ridd saw the signal that Lorna was in danger. With the aid of friends he planned and successfully executed a raid upon the Doone village, and carried away Lorna to his mother's house. Subsequently the Doones attacked the house where Lorna was staying, but John Ridd and his friends were prepared to meet them, as is related in the following scene:]

It was not likely that the outlaws would attack our premises until some time after the moon was risen, because it would be too dangerous to cross the flooded valleys in the darkness of the night. And, but for this consideration, I must have striven harder against the stealthy approach of slumber. But even so, it was very foolish to abandon watch, especially in such as I, who sleep like any doormouse. Moreover, I had chosen the very worst place in the world for such employment, with a goodly chance of awaking in a bed of solid fire.

And so it might have been—nay, it must have been—but for Lorna's vigilance. Her light hand upon my arm awoke me, not too readily, and, leaping up, I seized my club and prepared to knock down somebody.

"Who's that?" I cried. "Stand back, I say, and let me have a fair chance at you."

"Are you going to knock me down, dear John?" replied the voice I love so well. "I am sure I should never get up again, after one blow from you, John."

"My darling, is it you?" I cried; "and breaking all your orders? Come back into the house at once; and nothing on your head, dear."

"How could I sleep, while at any moment you might be killed beneath my window? And now is the time of real danger, for men can see to travel."

I saw at once the truth of this. The moon was high and clearly lighting all the watered valleys. To sleep any longer might be death, not only to myself, but all.

"The man on guard at the back of the house is fast asleep," she continued; "Gweny, who let me out, and came with me, has heard him snoring for two hours. I think the women ought to be the watch, because they have had no traveling. Where do you suppose little Gweny is?"

"Surely not gone to Glen Doone?" I was not sure, however, for I could believe almost anything of the Cornish maiden's hardihood.

"No," replied Lorna, "although she wanted even to do that. But, of course, I would not hear of it, on account of the swollen waters. But she is perched in yonder tree, which commands the Barrow Valley. She says that they are almost sure to cross the streamlet there."

"What a shame," I cried, "that the men should sleep and the maidens be the soldiers! I will sit in that tree myself, and send little Gweny back to you. Go to bed, my best and dearest; I will take good care not to sleep again."

Before I had been long on duty, making the round of the ricks and the stables, and hailing Gweny now and then from the bottom of her tree, a short, wide figure stole toward me, in and out the shadows, and I saw that it was no other than the little maid herself, and that she bore some tidings.

"Ten on 'em crossed the water down yonder," said Gweny, putting her hand to her mouth, and seeming to regard it as good news rather than otherwise; "be arl craping up by the hedgerow now. I could shutt dree on 'em from the bar of the gate, if so be I had your goon, young man."

"There is no time to lose, Gweny. Run to the house and fetch Master Stickles, and all the men while I stay here and watch the rick-yard."

The robbers rode into our yard as coolly as if they had been invited, having lifted the gate from the hinges first, on account of its being fastened. Then they actually opened our stable doors, and turned our honest horses out, and put their own rogues in place of them. At this

my breath was quite taken away, for we think so much of our horses. By this time I could see our troopers waiting in the shadow of the house round the corner from where the Doones were, and expecting the order to fire; but Jeremy Stickles very wisely kept them in readiness until the enemy should advance upon them.

"Two of you lazy fellows go,"—it was the deep voice of Carver Doone "and make us a light to cut their throats by. Only one thing, once again. If any man touches Lorna, I will stab him where he stands. She belongs to me. There are two other young damsels here, whom you may take away if you please. And the mother, I hear, is still comely. Now for our rights. We have borne too long the insolence of these yokels. Kill every man and every child, and burn this cursed place down."

Presently two young men came toward me, bearing brands of resined hemp, kindled from Carver's lamp. The foremost of them set his torch to the rick within a yard of me, the smoke concealing me from him. I struck him with a backhanded blow on the elbow as he bent it, and I heard the bone of his arm break as clearly as ever I heard a twig snap. With a roar of pain, he fell on the ground, and his torch dropped there and singed him. The other man stood amazed at this, not having yet gained sight of me, till I caught his fire-brand from his hand, and struck it into his countenance. With that he leaped at me, but I caught him in a manner learned from early wrestling, and snapped his collar bone, as I laid him upon the top of his comrade.

This little success so encouraged me that I was half inclined to advance and challenge Carver Doone to meet me; but I bore in mind that he would be apt to shoot me without ceremony; and what is the utmost of human strength against the power of powder? Moreover, I remembered my promise to sweet Lorna; and who would be left to defend her, if the rogues got rid of me?

While I was hesitating thus, a blaze of fire lit up the house, and brown smoke hung around it. Six of our men had let go at the Doones, by Jeremy Stickles's order, as the villains came swaggering down in the moonlight ready for rape or murder. Two of them fell, and the rest hung back, to think at their leisure what this was. They were not used to this sort of thing; it was neither just nor courteous.

Being unable any longer to contain myself, as I thought

The Speaker

of Lorna's excitement at all this noise of firing, I ran across the yard, expecting whether they would shoot at me. However, no one shot at me; and I went up to Carver Doone, whom I knew by his size in the moonlight, and I took him by the beard and said, "Do you call yourself a man?"

For a moment he was so astonished that he could not answer. None had ever dared, I suppose, to look at him in that way. And then he tried a pistol at me; but I was too quick for him.

"Now, Carver, take warning," I said to him, very soberly; "you have shown yourself a fool by your contempt of me. I may not be your match in craft, but I am in manhood. You are a despicable villain. Lie low in your native muck."

And with that word I laid him flat upon his back in our straw-yard by the trick of the inner heel, which he could not have resisted unless he were a wrestler. Seeing him down, the others ran, though one of them made a shot at me, and some of them got their horses before our men came up, and some went away without them. And among these last was Captain Carver, who arose while I was feeling myself (for I had a little wound), and strode away with a train of curses enough to poison the light of the moon.

IV.

[Through many vicissitudes and many dangers, Lorna and John spend the months following the incident just related. John learns that Lorna is, after all, not a Doone, but the daughter of a family the Doones had waylaid. John's father had also been murdered by the Doone's when John was a lad at school. The following scene carries its own story:]

Every thing was settled smoothly and without any fear or fuss that Lorna might find end of troubles, and myself of eager waiting, with the help of Parson Bowden, and the good wishes of two counties. We heard that people meant to come for more than thirty miles around, upon excuse of seeing my stature and Lorna's beauty; but in good truth, out of sheer curiosity and the love of meddling.

Dear mother arranged all the ins and outs of the way in which it was to be done; and Annie and Lizzie made

such a sweeping of dresses that I scarcely knew where to place my feet, and longed for a staff to put by their gowns. Then Lorna came out of a pew half-way, in a manner which quite astonished me, and took my left hand in her right, and I prayed God that it were done with.

My darling looked so glorious that I was afraid of glancing at her, yet took in all her beauty. I was afraid to look at her, except when each of us said, "I will," and then each dwelt upon the other.

It is impossible for any who have not loved as I have to conceive my joy and pride when, after ring and all was done, and the parson had blessed us, Lorna turned to look at me with her glances of subtle fun subdued by this great act.

Her eyes, which none on earth may ever equal or compare with, told me such a depth of comfort, yet awaiting further commune, that I was almost amazed, thoroughly as I knew them. Darling eyes, the sweetest eyes, the loveliest, the most loving eyes—the sound of a shot rang through the church, and those eyes were filled with death.

Lorna fell across my knees when I was going to kiss her, a flood of blood came out upon the yellow wood of the altar steps, and at my feet lay Lorna, trying to tell me some last message out of her faithful eyes. I lifted her up, and petted her, and coaxed her, but it was no good; the only sign of life remaining was a spot of bright red blood.

She sighed a long sigh on my breast, for her last farewell to life, and then she grew so cold, and cold, that I asked the time of the year.

Of course I knew who had done it. There was but one man in the world, or, at any rate, in our part of it, who would have done such a thing—such a thing. I use no harsher word about it, while I leaped upon our best horse, with bridle, but no saddle, and set the head of Kickums toward the course now pointed out to me. Who showed me the course I cannot tell. I only know that I took it. And the men fell back before me.

Weapon of no sort had I. Unarmed, and wondering at my strange attire (with a bridal vest wrought by our Annie, and red with the blood of the bride), I went forth just to find out this—whether in this world there be or be not God of justice.

With my vicious horse at a furious speed, I came upon

The Speaker

Black Barrow Down, directed by some shout of men, which seemed to me but a whisper. And there, about a furlong before me, rode a man on a great black horse, and I knew that the man was Carver Doone.

"Your life, or mine," I said to myself; "as the will of God may be. But we two live not upon this earth one more hour together."

I knew the strength of this great man; and I knew that he was armed with a gun—if he had time to load again, after shooting my Lorna—or at any rate with pistols, and a horseman's sword as well. Nevertheless, I had no more doubt of killing the man before me than a cook has of spitting a headless fowl.

Sometimes seeing no ground beneath me, and sometimes heeding every leaf, and the crossing of the grass-blades, I followed over the long moor, reckless whether seen or not. But only once the other man turned and looked back again, and then I was beside a rock, with a reedy swamp behind me.

Although he was so far before me, and riding as hard as ride he might, I saw that he had something on the horse in front of him, something which needed care, and stopped him from looking backward. In the whirling of my wits I fancied first that this was Lorna; until the scene I had been through fell across my hot brain and heart, like the drop at the close of a tragedy. Rushing there through crag and quag at utmost speed of a maddened horse, as of another's fate, calmly (as on canvas laid), the brutal deed, the piteous anguish, and the cold despair.

The man turned up the gully leading from the moor to Cloven Rocks. But, as Carver entered it, he turned round and beheld me not a hundred yards behind; and I saw that he was bearing his child, little Ensie, before him. Ensie also descried me, and stretched his hands and cried to me; for the face of his father frightened him.

Carver Done, with a vile oath, thrust spurs into his flagging horse, and laid one hand on a pistol stock, whence I knew that his slung carbine has received no bullet since the one that had pierced Lorna. And a cry of triumph rose from the black depth of my heart. What cared I for pistols? I had no spurs, neither was my horse one to need the rowel; I rather held him in than urged him, for he was fresh as ever; and I knew that the black steed in front, if he brested the steep ascent,

where the track divided, must be in our reach at once.

The rider knew this, and, having no room in the rocky channel to turn and fire, drew rein at the crossways sharply, and plunged into the black ravine leading to the Wizard's Slough. "Is it so?" I said to myself, with brain and head cold as iron; "though the foul fiend come from the slough to save thee, thou shalt carve it, Carver."

I followed my enemy carefully, steadily, even leisurely—for I had him as in a pitfall, whence no escape might be. He thought that I feared to approach him, for he knew not where he was; and his low, disdainful laugh came back.

"Laugh he who wins," thought I.

A gnarled and half-starved oak, as stubborn as my own resolve, and smitten by some storm of old, hung from the crag above me. Rising from my horse's back, although I had no stirrups, I caught a limb, and tore it (like a mere wheat-awn) from the socket. Men show the rent even now with wonder—none with more wonder than myself.

Carver Doone turned the corner suddenly on the black and bottomless bog; with a start of fear he reigned back his horse, and I thought he would have turned upon me. Upon this he made up his mind; and, wheeling, fired, and then rode at me.

His bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that. Fearing only his escape, I laid my horse across the way, and with the limb of the oak struck full on the forehead his charging steed. Ere the slash of the sword came nigh me, man and horse rolled over, and well-nigh bore my own horse down with the power of their onset.

Carver Doone was somewhat stunned, and could not arise for a moment. Meanwhile I leaped on the ground and waited, smoothing my hair back and baring my arm as though in the ring for wrestling. Then the little boy ran to me, clasped my leg, and looked up at me; and the terror in his eyes made me almost fear myself.

"Ensie, dear," I said, quite gently, grieving that he should see his wicked father killed, "run up yonder round the corner, and try to find a pretty bunch of blue-bells for the lady." The child obeyed me, hanging back, and looking back, and then laughing, while I prepared for business. There and then I might have killed my enemy with a single blow while he lay unconscious, but it would have been foul play.

The Speaker

With a sudden and black scowl the Carver gathered his mighty limbs and arose, and looked round for his weapons; but I had put them well away. Then he came to me and gazed, being wont to frighten thus young men.

"I would not harm you, lad," he said, with a lofty style of sneering. "I have punished you enough, for most of your impertinence. For the rest I forgive you, because you have been good and gracious to my little son. Go and be contented."

For answer I smote him on the cheek, lightly, and not to hurt him, but to make his blood leap up. I would not sully my tongue by speaking to a man like this.

I think he felt that his time was come; I think that he knew from my knotted muscles and the firm arch of my breast, and the way in which I stood, but most of all from my stern blue eyes, that he had found his master. At any rate a paleness came, an ashy paleness on his cheeks, and the vast calves of his legs bowed in as if he was out of training.

Seeing this, villain as he was, I offered him first chance. I stretched forth my left hand, as I do to a weaker antagonist, and I let him have the hug of me. But in this I was too generous; having forgotten my pistol-wound, and the cracking of one of my short lower ribs. Carver Doone caught me round the waist with such a grip as never yet have been laid upon me.

I heard my rib go; I grasped his arm, and tore the muscle out of it (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling, but he had snatched at mine; and now was no time of dalliance. In vain he tugged and strained, and writhed, and dashed his bleeding fist into my face, and flung himself on me with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of my strength—for God that day was with me—I had him helpless in two minutes and his fiery eyes lolled out.

"I will not harm thee any more," I cried, so far as I could for panting, the work being very furious. "Carver Doone, thou art beaten; own it, and thank God for it; and go thy way, and repent thyself."

It was all too late. Even if he had yielded in his ravening frenzy—for his beard was like a mad dog's jowl—even if he would have owned that for the first time in his life he had found his master, it was too late.

The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground drew him on; like the thirsty lips of death. In our fury we had heeded neither wet nor dry; nor thought of earth beneath us. I myself might scarcely leap, with the last spring of o'erlabored legs, from the ingulfing grave of slime. He fell back, with his swarthy breast, like a hummock of bog oak, standing out the quagmire; and then he tossed his arms to heaven, and they were black to the elbow, and the glare of his eyes was ghastly. I could only gaze and pant, for my strength was no more than an infant's, from the fury and the horror. Scarcely could I turn away, while, joint by joint, he sunk from sight.

When the little boy came back with the bluebells, which he had managed to find, the only sign of his father left was a dark brown bubble upon a new-formed patch of blackness. But to the center of its pulpy gorge the greedy slough was heaving, and sullenly grinding its weltering jaws among the flags and sedges.

With pain and ache, both of mind and body, and shame at my own fury, I heavily mounted my horse again, and looked down at the innocent Ensie. Would this playful loving child grow up like his cruel father, and end a godless life of hatred with a death of violence? He lifted his noble forehead toward me, as if to answer, "Nay, I will not;" but the words he spoke were these:

"Don"—for he never could say "John"—"oh, Don, I am so glad that nasty, naughty man is gone away. Take me home, Don. Take me home."

It hurt me more than I can tell, even through all other grief, to take into my arms the child of the man just slain by me. But I could not leave him there till some one else might fetch him, on account of the cruel slough, and the ravens which had come hovering over the dead horse; neither could I, with my wound, tie him on my horse and walk.

For now I had spent a great deal of blood, and was rather faint and weary. And it was luck for me that Kickums had lost spirit like his master, and went home as mildly as a lamb. For when we came toward the farm, I seemed to be riding in a dream almost; and the voices of both men and women (who had hurried forth upon my track), as they met me, seemed to wander from a distant, muffling cloud. Only the thought of Lorna's

The Speaker

death, like a heavy knell, was tolling in the belfry of my brain.

When we came to the stable door I rather fell from my horse than got off; and John Fry, with a look of wonder, took Kickum's head and led him in. Into the old farmhouse I tottered like a weanling child, with mother, in her common clothes, helping me along, yet fearing, except by stealth, to look at me.

"I have killed him," was all I said, "even as he killed Lorna. Now let me see my wife, mother. She belongs to me none the less, though dead."

"You cannot see her now, dear, John," said Ruth Huckaback, coming forward, since no one else had the courage.

"Annie is with her now, John."

"What has that to do with it? Let me see my dead and pray to die."

All the women fell away and whispered, and looked at me with side glances, and some sobbing, for my face was hard as flint. Ruth alone stood by me, and dropped her eyes and trembled. Then one little hand of hers stole into my great, shaking palm, and the other was laid on my tattered coat; yet with her clothes she shunned my blood, while she whispered gently:

"John, she is not dead. She may even be your living one yet—your wife, your home, and your happiness. But you must not see her now."

Now, whether it was the light and brightness of my Lorna's nature, or the freedom from anxiety, but anyhow, one thing is certain; sure as the stars of hope above us, Lorna recovered long ere I did.



The Sky

The sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wines of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Speaker

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No. 2



ONE of the most suggestive articles which I have seen is "Literature of the Living Voice," in "The Contemporary Review" for October, 1906. It is written by W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, who has put himself in the forefront of those who insist that more attention should be given to the spoken word. He has recently built a theater, where he will have an opportunity to try out his ideas. I quote at length from the article:

"Modern recitation is not, like modern theatrical art, an over-elaboration of a true art, but an entire misunderstanding. It has no tradition at all. It is an endeavor to do what can only be done well by the player. It has no relation of its own life. Some young man in evening clothes will recite to you the 'Dream of Eugene Aram,' and it will be laughable, grotesque and a little vulgar. Tragic emotions that need scenic illusions, a long preparation, a gradual heightening of emotion, are thrust into the middle of our common affairs.

Modern Recitation That they may be as extravagant, as little tempered by anything ideal or distant, as possible, he will break up the rhythm, regarding neither the length of the lines nor the natural music of the phrases, and distort the accent by every casual impulse. He will gesticulate wildly, adapting his movements to the drama as if Eugene Aram were in the room before us, and all the time we see a young man in evening dress, who has become unaccountably insane. Nothing that he can do or say will make us forget that he is Mr. Robinson, the bank clerk, and that the toes of his boots turn upward. We have nothing to learn here. We must go to the villages, or we must go back hundreds of years to Wolfram of Eisenbach and the castles of Thuringia. In this, as in all other arts, one finds its law and

its true purpose when one is near the source. The minstrel never dramatized anybody but himself. It was impossible, from the nature of the words the poet had put into his mouth or that he had made for himself, that he should speak as another person. He will go no nearer to drama than we do in daily speech, and he will not allow you for any long time to forget himself. Our own Raftery will stop the tale to cry, 'This is what I, Raftery, wrote down in the book of the people'; or 'I, myself, Raftery, went to bed without supper that night.' Or, if it is Wolfram, and the tale is of Gawain or Parsifal, he will tell the listening ladies that he sings of happy love out of his own unhappy love; or he will interrupt the story of a siege and its hardships to remember his own house, where there is not food enough for the mice. He knows how to keep himself interesting that his words may have weight, so many lines of narrative and then a phrase about himself and his emotions. The reciter cannot be a player, for that is a different art; but he must be a messenger, and he should be as interesting, as exciting, as are all that carry great news. He comes from far off, and he speaks of far-off things with his own peculiar animation; and, instead of lessening the ideal and beautiful elements of speech, he may, if he has a mind to, increase them. He may speak to actual notes as a singer does if they are so simple that he never loses the speaking voice, and, if the poem is long, he must do so, or his own voice will become weary and formless. His art is nearer to pattern than that of the player; it is always allusion, never illusion; for what he tells of, no matter how impassioned he may become, is always distant; and for this reason he may permit himself every kind of nobleness. In a short poem he may interrupt the narrative with a burden, which the audience will soon learn to sing, and this burden, because it is repeated and need not tell a story to a first hearing, can have a more elaborate musical notation, can go nearer to ordinary song. Gradually other devices will occur to him, effects of loudness and softness, of increasing and decreasing speed, certain rhythmic movements of his

The Speaker

99

body, a score of forgotten things, for the art of speech is lost, and when one begins at it every day is a discovery. The reciter must be made exciting and wonderful in himself, apart from what he has to tell, and that is more difficult than it was in the middle ages. We are not mysterious to one another; we can come from far off and yet be no better than our neighbors. We are no longer like those Egyptian birds that flew out of Arabia, their claws full of spices; nor can we, like an ancient or mediæval poet, throw into our verses the emotions and events of our lives, or even dramatize as they could the life of the minstrel into whose mouth we are to put our words. I can think of nothing better than to borrow from the tellers of old tales, who will often pretend to have been at the wedding of the princess or afterwards, 'when they were throwing out children by the basketful,' and to give the story-teller definite fictitious personality and

Reciting in find for him an appropriate costume. Many
Costume costumes and persons come into my imagination. I imagine an old countryman upon the stage of the theater, or in some little country courthouse, where a Gaelic society is meeting, and I can hear him say that he is Raftery or a brother, and that he has tramped through France and Spain and the whole world. He has seen everything, and he has all country love tales at his finger tips. I can imagine, too—and now the story-teller is more serious and more naked of country circumstance, a jester with black cockscomb and black clothes. He has been in the faëry hills; perhaps he is the terrible Amadán-na-Breena himself; or he has been so long in the world that he can tell of ancient battles. It is not as good as what we have lost, but we cannot hope to see in our time, except by some rare accident, the minstrel who differs from his audience in nothing but the exaltation of his mood, and who is yet as exciting and as romantic in their eyes as were Raftery and Wolfram to their people.

"It is perhaps nearly impossible to make a recitation a living thing, for there is no existing taste one can appeal to;

but it should not be hard here in Ireland to interest people in songs that are made for the words' sake and not for the music, or for that only in a secondary degree. They are interested in such songs already, only the songs have little subtlety of thought and of language. One does not find in them that modern emotion which seems new because it has been brought so very lately out of the cellar. At their best they are the songs of children and of country people, eternally young for all their centuries, and yet not even in old days, as one thinks, the art of king's houses. We require a method of setting to music that will make it possible to sing or to speak to notes a poem like Rossetti's translation of 'The Ballad of Dead Ladies' in such a fashion that no word shall have an intonation or accentuation it could not have in passionate speech. It must be set for the speaking voice, like the songs that sailors make up or remember, and a man at the far end of the room must be able to take it down on

Music and a first hearing. An English musical paper
Speech said the other day, in commenting on something I had written, 'Owing to musical necessities, vowels must be lengthened in singing to an extent which in speech would be ludicrous, if not absolutely impossible.' I have but one art, that of speech, and my feeling for music dissociated from speech is very slight, and listening as I do to the words with the better part of my attention, there is no modern song, sung in the modern way, that is not to my taste 'ludicrous' and 'impossible.' I hear with older ears than the musician, and the songs of country people and of sailors delight me. I wonder why the musician is not content to set to music some arrangement of meaningless liquid vowels, and thereby to make his song like that of the birds; but I do not judge his art for any purpose but my own. It is worthless for my purpose certainly, and it is one of the causes that are bringing about in modern countries a degradation of language. I have to find men with more music than I have, who will develop to a finer subtlety the singing of the cottage and the forecastle, and develop it

more on the side of speech than that of music, until it has become intellectual and nervous enough to be the vehicle of a Shelley or a Keats. For some purposes it will be necessary to divine the lineaments of a still older art, and recreate the regulated declamations that died out when music fell into its earliest elaborations. Miss Farr has divined enough of this older art, of which no fragment has come down to us, for even the music of Aucassin and Nicolette, with its definite tune, its recurring pattern of sound, is something more than declamation. To make the chorus of Hippolitus and of the Trojan women, at the Court Theater or the Lyric, intelligible speech, even when several voices spoke together, she used very often definite melodies of a very simple kind, but always when the thought became intricate and the measure grave and slow, fell back upon declamation regulated by notes. Her experiments have included almost every kind of verse, and every possible elaboration of sound compatible with the supremacy of the words. I do not think Homer is ever so moving as when she recites him to a little tune played on a stringed instrument not very unlike a lyre. She began at my suggestion with songs in plays, for it was clearly an absurd thing that words necessary to one's understanding of the action, either because they explained some character or because they carried some emotion to its highest intensity, should be less intelligible than the bustling and ruder words of the dialogue. We have tried our art, since we first tried it in a theater, upon many kinds of audiences, and have found that ordinary men and women take pleasure in it, and sometimes tell one that they never understood poetry before. It is, however, more difficult to move those, fortunately for our purpose, but a few whose ears are accustomed to the abstract emotion and elaboration of notes in modern music.

“If we accomplish this great work, if we make it possible again for the poet to express himself, not merely through words, but through the voices of singers, of minstrels, of players, we shall certainly have changed the substance and the manner of our poetry. Everyone who has to interest his

audience through the voice discovers that his success depends upon the clear, simple and varied structure of his thought. I have written a good many plays in verse and prose, and almost all those plays I have re-written after performance, sometimes again and again, and every change that has succeeded has been an addition to the masculine element, and increase of strength in the bony structure.

“Modern literature, above all, poetical literature, is monotonous in its structure and effeminate in its continual insistence upon certain moments of strained lyricism. William Morris, who did more than any modern to recover mediæval art, did not in his ‘Earthly Paradise’ copy from Chaucer, from whom he copied so much that was naïve and beautiful, what seems to me essential in Chaucer’s art. He thought of himself as writing for the reader, who could return to him again and again when the chosen mood had come, and became monotonous, melancholy, too continuously lyrical in his understanding of emotion and of life. Had he accustomed himself to read out his poems upon those Sunday evenings that he gave to Socialist speeches, and to gather an audience of average men, precisely such an audience as I have often seen in his house, he would have been forced to Chaucer’s variety, to his delight in the height and depth, and would have found expression for that humorous many-sided nature of his. I owe to him many truths, but I would add to those truths the certainty that all the old writers, the masculine writers of the world, wrote to be spoken or to be sung, and in a later age to be read aloud, for hearers who had to understand swiftly or not at all, and who gave up nothing of life to listen, but sat, the day’s work over, friend by friend, lover by lover.”

To Be Read
Aloud

The Temptation.*

BY EDMOND ROSTAND.

(Arrangement by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

From "*The Princess Faraway*."

CHARACTERS :

Melissinde—a Princess in Tripoli.

Sorismonde—her maid.

Bertrand—friend of Rudel.

SITUATION.—Prince Joffroy Rudel, of France, has fallen in love with Melissinde, through the stories told him of her enchanting beauty and subtle charms. He calls her his Princess Faraway, and sails to seek her. Reaching the harbor of Tripoli in a dying condition, he may not be moved, and Bertrand, his friend, promises to bring the Princess ere he dies. A signal is planned that a black sail shall be spread in case of the Prince's death. Bertrand has to hew his way into the palace, guarded by the Knight-Whose-Arms-are-Green, whom he slays, and Melissinde encourages him from her window, believing him to be Rudel, and yielding him her heart. But when she learns her mistake, she returns an indignant No to his errand.

TIME.—Twelfth century.

SCENE.—Hall of the palace. A divan with many cushions. Roses everywhere. Window at back.

SCENE 1. BERTRAND, SORISMONDE.

SORISMONDE. I said, cost what it might, you'd speak to her.
She hesitates. She'll see you. She may not.
Be hopeful.

BERTRAND (with suppressed voice). The sail?

SORISMONDE. Is white as ever on the mast.

—Now, on the port, as if in grief profound,
The servants of the Knight-Whose-Arms-Are-Green
Are taking their departure. And their ship,
With heavy oars, is cleaving through the sea.

BERTRAND (lost in a dream).

How stern became at once her eyes so soft!
So hasty her refusal, why?

(To Sorismonde) Say why.

SORISMONDE (evasively). Who knows?

BERTRAND. But why refuse?

SORISMONDE (seeing the door open). She comes.

(Melissinde appears; slowly and sighing, she descends the stairs. Sorismonde withdraws.)

BERTRAND. For this be thanked. I see you once again.

Insist, and still insist I must and shall:

The sail is white; Joffroy Rudel's alive.

MELISSINDE (seated among the cushions, languidly).

Perhaps he's not so ill as you were told.

BERTRAND. Oh, speak not thus. This hour's granted me
So that I may convince your heart.

MELISSINDE. Then plead.

BERTRAND. This morning, here, I was transfixed and
dumb. . . .

The dazzling vision fled so rapidly,
It flung at me so wickedly that: "No."—
Though kind and gentle with me otherwise—
That all might well have seemed a cheating dream,
If through the air a penetrating scent,
Effusion of the tissues that you wear,
A fragrance such as Cleopatra left,
Perfuming Eastern cities as she passed,
Had not remained in floating subtlety.

MELISSINDE (smiling, holding out her wrist on which hang
some small jewelled scent-boxes).

The perfume that you mean must be no doubt
The scent of amber and of sandal-wood
Contained in golden trinkets that I wear,
You see, upon my arm.

(Bertrand kneels and kisses her hand.)

Is this it?—Say.

BERTRAND (whose voice shows that he is moved).

It is, but made more heavenly by you.

MELISSINDE (as he is about to rise).

Since you implore, remain with bended knee.
Speak.

—You love him?

BERTRAND. I revere and love him, yes.

When he arrived among us, pale and wan,
His end approaching, doctors said, and when
I knew that, sailing t'ward a certain death,
This dying lover of a queen unknown
Sought nothing but to see her ere he died,
A sudden admiration fired me.
I went to him.

MELISSINDE (eagerly). And quickly won his heart?

Oh, that was really well.

BERTRAND. The sea to us, at first, was motherly,

And while t'ward you we gently glided on,
From rosy morn to tawny setting sun,
He'd hear me speak the verse he wrote for you.

MELISSINDE. Of course! you spoke it well. Your voice is rich.

BERTRAND. Oh, would you knew his tears, and prayers, and fears,

When nightly I was watching by his side.

MELISSINDE. 'Twas ever you who watched him through the night?

BERTRAND (standing).

But storms arose; the galley laboured so
That we despaired of ever reaching port.
Our cockle-shell was battered by the waves
But, strong in faith, the dying poet lived,
His dream and mine becoming that of all.

MELISSINDE (shuddering).

Oh, when I think these perils great were thine.

BERTRAND (surprised). What, mine?

MELISSINDE (eagerly, endeavoring to reclaim her words).

Yes, thine, for him.

Thou wert a loyal knight, a trusty friend. . . .
I'll order now my galley to be manned. . . .

(Movement by Bertrand.)

But not another word. . .

We'll start a moment hence.

Be pleased to see if all is ready on

My galley Go. . . .

(Bertrand looks at her a moment as if stunned, then abruptly leaves.)

The Speaker

ENTER: *Sorismonde.*

MELISSINDE (nervously, to Sorismonde).

Now give my diadem.

He's seen me not, and surely what he loves

In me's the Princess.—

A princess with a sceptre in her hand.—

My sceptre now,—Alas, how weak I feel.

(She tries to put on her mantel, but returns it to the women.)

This heavy mantle's torture. Place it in

My galley. Go. Be quick.—E'er heavier

These jewels and this gold, a growing weight.—

When I arrive, I'll wear the load again.

(To Sorismonde.)

Shall I, you think, be forced to close his eyes?

SORISMONDE. A task like this must surely try your nerves.

You'd better send a doctor and a priest.

MELISSINDE. You settle things with unconcernedness.

And still I feel a dull reluctance to

Proceed t'ward one who's in the grasp of death,

Instead of keeping here the other, life.

SORISMONDE. Then, Princess, cast away ties fanciful.

Remain, and grant its freedom to your soul.

You love the other one? Well, what forbids?

MELISSINDE. I love the other one. I show it. True.

The sister of the lilies, then, can love

The first who, young and manly, speaks to her. . . .

Because she held a while his lifeless hands,

And gave them vigour with the warmth of hers. . . .

SORISMONDE. And then because his brow's a noble one.

MELISSINDE. Because his breath. . . . Oh, no, 'twas not for these.

It was because I took him for. . . . I dare,

How mad, endeavor to deceive myself,

As if there were no love beguiling me.—

Oh, when with tender voice he spoke the name

Of him for whom I longed despairingly,

My anxious heart by wish proclaimed the name

And speaker one, and it believed its wish.

SORISMONDE. Of course.

MELISSINDE. Oh, once how glad I should have been

To have my dreamer seek his princess here!

And now he comes, the prince unfortunate,
He comes, despite the perils of the way,
And dies of it; while she for whom he calls
With dying breath must doubt and hesitate,
And, sorely grieved, endeavor to withdraw,
Because he chose too well his messenger.

SORISMONDE. Just so. . . .

MELISSINDE. He chose too well. You understand?—
He's dark, but still at times his voice is fair;
He's haughty, but within his fearless eye
There lurks a look of shyness like a child's.
—Oh, Love, how rapidly you felled my pride.

SORISMONDE. Why not go aboard, to show yourself?
And afterward you can. . . .

MELISSINDE. A compromise!
Allow Rudel to die within my arms,
And then return consoled by his friend.
Without a doubt, the world would so advise.
No, no. I'll do no act that's commonplace.
I dreamed of love sublime; I'll have it so,
If not because of strange mysticity,
Then through the pride of some uncommon crime.

SORISMONDE. You're seeking now for some new subtlety.

MELISSINDE. My love disclosed, what would Bertrand de-

SORISMONDE. I understand. [cide?

MELISSINDE. 'Tis what is tempting me.

SORISMONDE. To vanquish loyalty—that may resist?

MELISSINDE. Who never longed to be, as I would now,
The evil one with fascinating eyes
Who causes virtue's haughty march to stop.
Not quite Delilah, no, but Omphale?
To bind a hero with a golden hair.

BERTRAND (entering).

Your brilliant galley's ready, and it waits.

Your sailors. .

MELISSINDE (to herself). This temptation's horrible.
(Exit Sorismonde, who has been slowly withdrawing).

BERTRAND. Why do you stare at me with eyes so vague?
Why do you nervously torment your rings?

MELISSINDE. Perhaps there is a cause that may prevent
My going with you to. . . .

The Speaker

BERTRAND (eagerly). No cause exists.

MELISSINDE. Still must I wait a while. I'm trembling, see.
—Suppose I love already?

BERTRAND (with violence). You do not.

MELISSINDE. He said it well.—Such is the truth, alas!
I love, and love alone retains me here.

BERTRAND (starting).

You love another. . . . Whom? I'll kill the man!

MELISSINDE. You'd kill him not if I should say his name.

BERTRAND (beside himself). Oh, speak it!

MELISSINDE. Must I?

BERTRAND. Yes!

MELISSINDE (walking toward him, deeply moved).
I shall, then.

BERTRAND (falling back, terrified). Stop!

No, speak you not his name! Oh, speak it not!

For if it is. . . (Drawing his sword.)

I'll slay him instantly!

MELISSINDE. Oh, do not strike! I uttered not the name.

BERTRAND (dropping his sword). A felon knight am I.
For in my heart's a burst of joy.

MELISSINDE. Then proud am I who cause your felony.

BERTRAND. But, oh, how can I rob a dying man?
Oh, go to him. You have no wicked heart.

MELISSINDE. 'Tis why I do not go; for, if I did,
My heart would soften, and it might relapse
Into some new, absurd and noble dream.
How could I meet him and remain unmoved?
I loved him long, Bertrand, you comprehend. . . .
He was—alas. I feel it, and I sigh.—
The better part of me—while you're the worse.
So that I can be yours, be thine, I will
Not see Rudel. I will not go to him.
Unless, perchance, you now insist again.

BERTRAND. I know not. . . . I . . . Rudel I love
You so.

—Oh, turn away from me those loving eyes.
That window open seaward frightens me.

MELISSINDE (runs to the window, closes it and leans back
against it).

Well, now it's closed. And thou art mine to keep.

It's closed, I say, and shall not ope again.
Now let's forget. This palace is a world.

(She goes toward him.)

The air is loaded with perfumes. We'll breathe.

This palace is our home; we'll leave it ne'er.

Now see the warmth of roses on the floor

Where lilies spread their coldness in the morn.

—The window's closed, I say; abolish fear.—

Pale flowers born of dreams are now foresworn;

Love giveth richer blossoms. Smile thou here.

We shall ignore the world. How should we know?

We'll question nobody. E'er at my feet

Thy life. And naught shall be but our embrace.

Why should we feel remorse, or even fear?

Who ever spoke of galleys, of Rudel?

No living soul. Naught's true but our love.

Beyond this window here, the golden beach

Extends toward the blue; no galley's there.

Some day, far off, when we shall open it,

The window'll show but light, and nothing more.

And then we'll laugh. What childish story's this

About the hoisting of a sail that's black?

An idle tale, Bertrand.—The window's closed.—

Oh, think of naught, beloved, naught.

Why should we see, call up most awful things

Beyond this window? See how calm it looks.

It smiles in its enamel and its gold. . . .

BERTRAND. You speak forever of that window there!

MELISSINDE. 'Tis false! I see it not—I love thee so!

I wish to speak to thee, of thee alone. . . .

How grand upon thy ample collar looks

This clasp! Thou hadst it from? . . .

BERTRAND. Joffroy Rudel!

Oh, brother, dear,

Your jewels did the deed.

MELISSINDE. To capture me

Thou hadst enough in doublet made of brown,

Both soiled and torn in battle or by sea,

But with that look that thine adventure gave;

Then, for a clasp, thy neck had had my lips.

Oh, start not, nor withdraw thy pleading eyes!

The Speaker

Thy gaze away from me is but a lie.

Thou knowest that. . . .

BERTRAND. Thy voice enraptures me

(The window opens suddenly, as if a gale were blowing.)

MELISSINDE. The sea-wind's blown the window open. Look!

BERTRAND. The window open. . . .

MELISSINDE.

Close it!

BERTRAND.

No.—I fear

Too much I'd see; perhaps, a sail that's black.

MELISSINDE. Then look aside, and close it rapidly.

BERTRAND. No, no! I feel I'd look ahead.

MELISSINDE (rises to go to the window, creeping along the wall).

Avoid

Approaching from the front. Obliquely, so. . . .

(As she nears the window, she hesitates, dares not close it, backs slowly, still hugging the wall, and falls near Bertrand, upon the sofa.)

This place is good. . . . From here we cannot see. . . .

And now let's seek the depths of our true love,
Wrapped in ourselves as are all happy ones.

BERTRAND. Thou saidst? . . .

MELISSINDE. I say that every happiness,

Behind it, has an open window so,

Through which there comes a breath that chills the
soul.

The window's ever there to claim its own.

Men turn and crouch. They will not go to look,

For they would see stern duty's galley there

To call them from the bliss that holds them fast.

So they nestle in cushions, motionless;

They cling to happiness and to the dream

That one look through the window would destroy.

Let's do the same. . . . in coward cushions' ease.

(Joyful cries are heard through the window.)

BERTRAND (astonished). What is that?

MELISSINDE. Oh, nothing; noise

Upon the terrace where the pages play.

VOICES (outside). One . . . three . . . eight . . . ten . . .

MELISSINDE. It's nothing, I repeat.

Just listen; they are playing knuckle-bones.

BERTRAND. I love thee, Melissinde.

What fairy had foreseen, when thou wert named,
Thy silken hair, the sweetness of thy lips?

VOICES. The sea is calm. . . . Oh, oh. . . . just look!

BERTRAND (startled). O God!

They point at what?

MELISSINDE. Oh, something far-away.

VOICE. That galley! Which? . . .

BERTRAND. I know the galley meant.

MELISSINDE. Well, do not listen.

BERTRAND. I cannot resist.

MELISSINDE. Be deaf . . . like me. . . . What did they say? . .

BERTRAND (with a gesture of discouragement). Resist.

MELISSINDE. It's not the only galley. . . . Why believe? . . .

VOICE. And now they hoist a sail. Oh, look! It's black! . . .
(Motion by Melissinde and Bertrand.)

VOICE. I'm going down toward the beach.—Come on.

(Noise of voices and steps growing distant. Bertrand and Melissinde dare not look at one another, and they slowly draw apart. Long silence.)

MELISSINDE (almost in a whisper). They're gone.

BERTRAND. Yes, gone.

(He absent-mindedly picks up Melissinde's scarf, that had remained on the sofa, and carries it to his nostrils.)

This perfume's sweet, indeed.

You said, a while ago, that it is what?

MELISSINDE. What? Amber.

BERTRAND. Oh, Your scarf. . . . I bear it to

My lips. Your scarf.

(Falling suddenly into terrible cries and sobs.)

My God. Now all is done.

He's dead. Dead. Dead. My brother and my friend.

All's over. Gone . . . without the bliss supreme

He sought and I and you what
have we done?

MELISSINDE. It's awful. But, at least, I have you now.

BERTRAND. You have a traitor. Oh, the worthy mate.

MELISSINDE. A traitor who betrays for love is great.

The Speaker

BERTRAND. I've not the greatness of a traitor such.

I'm slave to a perfume.

I am the moment's thing. I know myself.

You say you have me now? But that is naught.

You have the breezes' sigh, a poet's breath,

The fleeting waters where the hour smiles.

MELISSINDE. Bertrand— . . .

BERTRAND. Oh, mayest thou, though tortured too,

Despise me now as I despise myself,

O thou whose art, with Circe's subtlety,

Hath damned me for a fancy.

MELISSINDE (crushed). What! He took

Me for a woman offering her love!

He saw not that, for crime, remorse and loss

Of honour, there was compensation in

A passion broad and lofty as the skies.

Oh, dream superb! I followed it alone. . . .

———And 'tis for this we did that awful deed.

BERTRAND (beyond himself).

Through her this ruin, yes, through her. . . .

(Falling to his knees and weeping.)

No, no.

I said it not! Forgive me! Oh, forgive

The deed is done, and I must have thy lips!

I must! Thou canst not ween me from them now.

Thy hair for my remorse must be a shroud!

I will, I can no more remain alone.

MELISSINDE. Too late. . . . Begone. How small thy sentiments.

. . . . And 'tis for this we did the awful deed. . . .

Alas,—my anxious soul, say where and how

Will ever come to thee satiety!

For lasting thirst, and lasting hunger, too,

Where is the bread, and where's the cooling spring?

BERTRAND. To think what torture must have been his death!

MELISSINDE (going to the window).

Betrayed and dead! Have mercy! No revenge!

(With a loud cry.)

Bertrand, the sail is white!

BERTRAND. Oh,—God!

MELISSINDE. They said. . . .

BERTRAND (who has gone to the window and points to the
offing). It was the mournful sail
Upon that fading ship that bears away
The body of the Knight-Whose-Arms-are-Green.
But see. Our galley rides at anchor still.
Its sail is white.

MELISSINDE. Against an azure sky.
As white as hope of pardon.
O duty, voice that we subdue in vain,
I come. I come to thee, Joffroy Rudel.
I come. And thou art dearer to me now
By all the ill I nearly did to thee.

[Exeunt.

CURTAIN.

The Falcon.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

(Arrangement by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS:

The Count Federigo.

Filippo—Count's foster-brother.

The Lady Giovanna.

Elisabetta—the Count's nurse.

SCENE.—An Italian cottage. Elisabetta discovered seated on stool in window, darning. The Count seen through the door at back. A withered wreath on the wall.

ELISABETTA. So, my Lord, the Lady Giovanna, who hath been away so long, came back last night with her son to the castle.

COUNT. Hear that, my bird! Art thou not jealous of her?
(He talks with his back turned, evidently watching his falcon.)

. . . . I would thou hadst a mate!

Thy breed will die with thee, and mine with me:

I am as lone and loveless as thyself.

Giovanna here! Ay, ruffle thyself—be jealous!

Thou should'st be jealous of her. Tho' I bred thee

And love thee and thou me, yet if Giovanna

Be here again! No, no!

The stately widow has no heart for me.

Thou art the last friend left me upon earth—

(Turns.)

. . . . My good old nurse,

I had forgotten thou wast sitting there.

ELISABETTA. Ay, and forgotten thy foster-brother, too.

COUNT. Bird-babble for my falcon! Let it pass.

What art thou doing there?

ELISABETTA. Darning, your Lordship.

We cannot flaunt it in new feathers now:

Nay, if we *will* buy diamond necklaces

To please our lady, we must darn, my lord.

Shame on her that she took it at thy hands.

COUNT. She would have robb'd me then of a great pleasure.

ELISABETTA. But hath she yet return'd thy love?

COUNT. Not yet!

ELISABETTA. She should return thy necklace then.

COUNT. Ay, if
She knew the giver; but I bound the seller
To silence, and I left it privily
At Florence, in her palace.

ELISABETTA. And sold thine own
To buy it for her. She not know? She knows
There's none such other——

COUNT. Madman anywhere.
Speak freely, tho' to call a madman mad
Will hardly help to make him sane again.
[Enter Filippo.]

FILIPPO. Here has our master been a-glorifying and a-vel-
veting and a-silking himself, and a-peacocking and
a-spreading to catch her eye for a dozen year, till
he hasn't an eye left in his own tail to flourish
among the pea-hens, and all along o' you, Monna
Giovanna, all along o' you!

ELISABETTA. Sh—sh—Filippo! Can't you hear that you
are saying behind his back what you see you are
saying afore his face?

COUNT. Let him—he never spares me to my face!

FILIPPO. No, my Lord, I never spare your Lordship to
your Lordship's face, nor behind your Lordship's
back, for I'm honest, your Lordship.

COUNT. Come, come, Filippo, what is there in the larder?
(Elisabetta crosses to fireplace and puts on
wood.)

FILIPPO. Shelves and hooks, shelves and hooks, and when
I see the shelves I am like to hang myself on the
hooks.

COUNT. No bread?

FILIPPO. Half a breakfast for a rat!

COUNT. Milk?

FILIPPO. Three laps for a cat!

COUNT. Cheese?

FILIPPO. A supper for twelve mites!

COUNT. Eggs?

FILIPPO. One, but addled!

COUNT. Let be thy jokes and thy jerks, man! Anything
or nothing?

FILIPPO. Well, my Lord, if all-but-nothing be anything, and one plate of dried prunes be all-but-nothing, then there is anything in your Lordship's larder at your Lordship's service, if your Lordship care to call for it.

COUNT. Good mother, happy was the prodigal son,
For he return'd to the rich father; I
But add my poverty to thine. And all
Thro' following my fancy. Pray thee make
Thy slender meal out of those scraps and shreds
Filippo spoke of. As for him and me,
There sprouts a salad in the garden still.

[Exit, followed by Filippo.]

ELISABETTA. I knew it would come to this. She has beggared him. I always knew it would come to this! (Goes to table as if to resume darning, and looks out of window.) Why, as I live, there is Monna Giovanna coming down the hill from the castle. Stops and stares at our cottage. Ay, ay, stare at it; it's all you have left us. Nay, see! why she turns down the path through our little vineyard. Coming to visit my Lord, for the first time in her life, too! Why, bless the saints! I'll be bound to confess her love to him at last. I forgive her, I forgive her. (Goes up to door during latter part of speech and opens it.) Come in, Madonna, come in. (Retires to front of table and curtsseys as the Lady Giovanna enters; then moves chair to hearth.) Nay, let me place this chair for your Ladyship.

(Lady Giovanna moves slowly down stage, then crosses to chair, looking about her; bows as she sees the Madonna over fireplace; then sits in chair.)

GIOVANNA. Can I speak with the Count?

ELISABETTA. Ay, my Lady, but won't you speak with the old woman first, and tell her all about it and make her happy? For I've been on my knees every day for these half-dozen years in hope that the saints would send us this blessed morning; and he always took you so kindly; he always took the world so kindly. Bless your sweet face, you look as beautiful this morning as the very Madonna her own self. But come when they will—then or now—it's all for the best, these marriages.

(Raises her hands.)

GIOVANNA. Marriages? I shall never marry again!

ELISABETTA (rises and turns). Shame on her, then.

GIOVANNA. Where is the Count?

ELISABETTA. Just gone

To fly his falcon.

GIOVANNA. Call him back and say

I come to breakfast with him.

ELISABETTA. Holy mother!

To breakfast! Oh, sweet saints! One plate of prunes!

Well, madam, I will give your message to him.

[Exit.

GIOVANNA. His falcon, and I come to ask for his falcon,

His one companion here—nay, I have heard

That, through his late magnificence of living

And this last costly gift to mine own self

(shows diamond necklace),

He hath become so beggar'd that his falcon

Ev'n wins his dinner for him in the field.

That must be talk, not truth; but, truth or talk,

How can I ask for his falcon?

(Rises and moves as she speaks.)

O my sick boy!

My daily fading Florio, it is thou

Hath set me this hard task, for when I say

What can I do—what can I get for thee?

He answers, "Get the Count to give me his falcon,

And that will make me well." Yet, if I ask,

He loves me, and he knows I know he loves me!

Will he not pray me to return his love—

To marry him?—(pause)—I can never marry him.

His grandsire struck my grandsire in a brawl

At Florence, and my grandsire stabb'd him there.

The feud between our houses is the bar

I cannot cross; I dare not brave my brother,

Break with my kin. My brother hates him, scorns

The noblest-natured man alive, and I—

Who have that reverence for him that I scarce

Dare beg him to receive his diamonds back—

How can I, dare I, ask him for his falcon?

(Puts diamonds in her casket.)

(Re-enter Count and Filippo. Count turns to Filippo.)

COUNT. Do what I said; I cannot do it myself.

FILIPPO. Why then, my Lord, we are pauper'd out and out.

COUNT. Do what I said; (Advances and bows low.) Welcome to this poor cottage, my dear Lady.

The Speaker

GIOVANNA. And welcome turns a cottage to a palace.

COUNT. 'Tis long since we have met!

GIOVANNA. To make amends

I come this day to break my fast with you.

COUNT. I am much honor'd—yes— (Turns to Filippo.)

Do what I told thee. Must I do it myself?

FILIPPO. I will, I will. (Sighs.) Poor fellow! [Exit.

COUNT. Lady, you bring your light into my cottage

Who never deign'd to shine into my palace.

GIOVANNA. In cottage or in palace, being still

Beyond your fortunes, you are still the king

Of courtesy and liberality.

COUNT. I trust I still maintain my courtesy;

My liberality perforce is dead

Thro' lack of means of giving.

GIOVANNA. Yet I come

To ask a gift. (Moves toward him a little.)

COUNT. It will be hard, I fear,

To find one shock upon the field when all

The harvest has been carried.

GIOVANNA. But my boy—

(Aside.) No! no! not yet—I cannot!

COUNT. Ay, how is he,

That bright inheritor of your eyes—your boy?

GIOVANNA. Alas, my Lord Federigo, he hath fallen

Into a sickness, and it troubles me.

COUNT. Sick, is it so? why, when he came last year

To see me hawking, he was well enough.

GIOVANNA. Oh, yes, and once you let him fly your falcon.

COUNT. How charm'd he was! what wonder?—A gal-
lant boy,

A noble bird, each perfect of the breed.

GIOVANNA (sinks in a chair). What do you rate her at?

COUNT. My bird? A hundred

Gold pieces once were offered by the Duke.

I had no heart to part with her for money.

GIOVANNA. No, not for money.

(Count turns away and sighs.)

Wherefore do you sigh?

COUNT. I have lost a friend of late.

GIOVANNA. I could sigh with you

For fear of losing more than friend, a son;

And if he leave me—all the rest of life—

That wither'd wreath were of more worth to me.

(Looking at wreath on wall.)

COUNT. That wither'd wreath is of more worth to me
Than all the blossom, all the leaf of this
New-wakening year. (Goes and takes down wreath.)

GIOVANNA. And yet I never saw
The land so rich in blossoms as this year.

COUNT (holding wreath toward her). Was not the year
when this was gathered richer?

GIOVANNA. How long ago was that?

COUNT. Alas, ten summers!

A lady that was beautiful as day
Sat by me at a rustic festival,
And she was the most beautiful of all;
Then but fifteen, and still as beautiful.
The mountain flowers grew thickly round about.
I made a wreath with some of these; I ask'd
A ribbon from her hair to bind it with;
I whisper'd, Let me crown you Queen of Beauty,
And softly placed the chaplet on her head.
A color, which has color'd all my life,
Flush'd in her face; then I was call'd away;
And presently all rose, and so departed.
Ah, she had thrown my chaplet on the grass,
And there I found it.

(Lets his hands fall, holding wreath despond-
ingly.)

GIOVANNA (after a pause). How long since, did you say?

COUNT. That was the very year before you married.

GIOVANNA. When I was married you were at the wars.

COUNT. Had she not thrown my chaplet on the grass,
It may I had never seen the wars.

(Replaces wreath whence he had taken it.)

GIOVANNA. Ah, but, my Lord, there ran a rumor then
That you were kill'd in battle. I can tell you
True tears that year were shed for you in Florence.

COUNT. It might have been as well for me. Unhappily
I was but wounded by the enemy there
And then imprisoned.

GIOVANNA. Happily, however,
I see you quite recover'd of your wound.

COUNT. No, no, not quite, Madonna, not yet, not yet.
(Re-enter Filippo.)

FILIPPO. My Lord, a word with you.

COUNT. Pray, pardon me.

(Lady Giovanna crosses, and passes behind chair)

and takes down wreath; then goes to chair by table.)

COUNT (to Filippo). What is it, Filippo?

FILIPPO. Spoons, your Lordship.

COUNT.

Spoons?

FILIPPO. Yes, my Lord, for wasn't my Lady born with a golden spoon in her Ladyship's mouth, and we haven't never so much as a silver one for the golden lips of her Ladyship.

COUNT. Have we not half a score of silver spoons?

FILIPPO. Half o' one, my Lord!

COUNT. How half of one?

FILIPPO. I trod upon him even now, my Lord, in my hurry, and broke him.

COUNT. And the other nine?

FILIPPO. Sold, but shall I not mount with your Lordship's leave to her Ladyship's castle, in your Lordship's and her Ladyship's name, and confer with her Ladyship's seneschal, and so descend again with some of her Ladyship's own appurtenances?

COUNT. Why, no, man. Only see your cloth be clean.

[Exit Filippo.]

GIOVANNA. Ay, ay, this faded ribbon was the mode
In Florence ten years back. What's here? a scroll
Pinned to the wreath.

My Lord, you have said so much
Of this poor wreath that I was bold enough
To take it down, if but to guess what flowers
Had made it; and I find a written scroll
That seems to run in rhymings. Might I read?

COUNT. Ay, if you will.

GIOVANNA. It should be if you can. (Reads.)

"Dead Mountain." Nay, for who could trace a hand
So wild and staggering?

COUNT. This was penn'd, Madonna,
In the perpetual twilight of a prison,
When he that made it, having his right hand
Lamed in battle, wrote it with his left.

GIOVANNA. O heavens! the very letters seem to shake
With cold, with pain, perhaps—poor prisoner! Well,
Tell me the words—or, better—for I see
There goes a musical score along with them,
Repeat them to their music.

COUNT. You can touch
No chord in me that would not answer you
In music.

GIOVANNA. That was musically said.
(Count takes a guitar. Lady Giovanna sits listening, with wreath in her hand, and quietly removes scroll and places it on table at the end of the song.)

COUNT (sings, playing guitar).
"Dead mountain flowers, dead mountain-meadow
flowers,
Dearer than when you made your mountain gay,
Sweeter than any violet of to-day,
Richer than all the wide world-wealth of May,
To me, tho' all your bloom has died away,
You bloom again, dead mountain-meadow flowers."
(Enter Elisabetta with cloth, which she spreads on the table, and goes out.)

GIOVANNA (holding wreath toward him). There! my Lord,
you are a poet,
And can you not imagine that the wreath,
Set, as you say, so lightly on her head,
Fell with her motion as she rose, and she,
A girl, a child, then but fifteen, however
Flutter'd or flatter'd by your notice of her,
Was yet too bashful to return for it?

COUNT. Was it so indeed? was it so? was it so?
(Leans forward to take breath, and touches Lady Giovanna's hand, which she withdraws hastily; he places wreath on corner of chair.)

GIOVANNA (with dignity). I did not say, my Lord, that it
was so;

I said you might imagine it was so.
(Enter Filippo with bowl of salad, which he places on table.)

FILIPPO. Here's a fine salad for my Lady, for, tho' we have
been a soldier, and ridden by my Lordship's side,
and seen the red of the battlefield, yet are we now
drill-sergeant to his Lordship's lettuces, and pro-
fess to be great in green things and in garden-
stuff.

GIOVANNA. I thank thee, good Filippo. [Exit Filippo.
(Enter Elisabetta, with bird on a dish, which she places on table.)

ELISABETTA (close to table). Here's a fine fowl for my Lady; I had scant time to do him in. I hope he be not underdone, for we be undone in the doing of him.

GIOVANNA. I thank you, my good nurse.

FILIPPO (re-entering with a plate of prunes). And here are fruits for my Lady—prunes, my Lady, from the tree that my Lord himself planted here in the blossom of his boyhood—and so I, Filippo, being, with your Ladyship's pardon, and as your Ladyship knows, his Lordship's own foster-brother, would commend them to your Ladyship's most peculiar appreciation. (Puts plate on table.)

ELISABETTA. Filippo.

GIOVANNA (Count leads her to table). Will you not eat with me, my Lord?

COUNT. I cannot,
Not a morsel, not one morsel. I have broken
My fast already. I will pledge you. Wine!
Filippo, wine!

(Sits near table; Filippo brings flask, fills the Count's goblet, then Lady Giovanna's; Elisabetta stands at the back of Lady Giovanna's chair.)

It is but thin and cold,
Not like the vintage blowing round your castle.
We lie too deep down in the shadow here.
Your Ladyship lives higher in the sun.
(They pledge each other and drink.)

GIOVANNA. If I might send you down a flask or two
Of that same vintage? There is iron in it.
It has been much commended as a medicine.
I give it my sick son, and if you be
Not quite recovered from your wound, the wine
Might help you. None has ever told me yet
The story of your battle and your wound.

FILIPPO (coming forward). I can tell you, my Lady, I can tell you.

ELISABETTA. Filippo, will you take the word out of your master's own mouth?

FILIPPO. Was it there to take? Put it there, my Lord.

COUNT. Giovanna, my dear Lady, in this same battle
We had been beaten—they were ten to one.
The trumpets of the fight had echo'd down,

I and Filippo here had done our best,
And, having passed unwounded from the field,
Were seated sadly at a fountain side,
Our horses grazing by us, when a troop,
Laden with booty and with a flag of ours
Ta'en in the fight—

FILIPPO. Ay, but we fought for it back,
And kill'd—

ELISABETTA. Filippo!

COUNT. A troop of horse——

FILIPPO. Five hundred!

COUNT. Say fifty!

FILIPPO. And we killed 'em by the score!

ELISABETTA. Filippo!

FILIPPO. Well, well, well! I bite my tongue.

COUNT. We may have left their fifty less by five.

However, staying not to count how many,
But anger'd at their flaunting of our flag,
We mounted, and we dash'd into the heart of 'em.
I wore the lady's chaplet round my neck;
It served me for a blessed rosary.
I am sure that more than one brave fellow owed
His death to the charm in it.

ELISABETTA. Hear that, my Lady!

COUNT. I cannot tell how long we strove before
Our horses fell beneath us; down we went,
Crush'd, hack'd at, trampled underfoot. The night,
As some cold-manner'd friend may strangely do us
The truest service, had a touch of frost
That help'd to check the flowing of the blood.
My last sight ere I swoon'd was one sweet face
Crown'd with the wreath. *That* seem'd to come and
go.

They left us there for dead!

ELISABETTA. Hear that, my Lady!

FILIPPO. Ay, and I left two fingers there for dead. See,
my Lady! (Showing his hand.)

GIOVANNA. I see, Filippo!

FILIPPO. And I have small hope of the gentleman gout in
my great toe.

GIOVANNA. And why, Filippo? (Smiling absently.)

FILIPPO. I left him there for dead, too.

ELISABETTA. She smiles at him—how hard the woman is!
My Lady, if your Ladyship were not

The Speaker

Too proud to look upon the garland, you
Would find it stain'd—

COUNT (rising). Silence, Elisabetta!

ELISABETTA. Stain'd with the blood of the best heart that
ever beat for one woman. (Points to wreath on
chair.)

GIOVANNA (rising slowly). I can eat no more!

COUNT. You have but trifled with our homely salad,
But dallied with a single lettuce-leaf;
Not eaten anything.

GIOVANNA. Nay, nay, I cannot.

You know, my Lord, I told you I was troubled.
My one child Florio lying still so sick,
I bound myself, and by a solemn vow,
That I would touch no flesh till he were well
Here, or else in heaven, where all is well.

(Elisabetta clears table of bird and salad; Filippo
snatches up the plate of prunes and holds them
to Lady Giovanna.)

FILIPPO. But the prunes, my Lady, from the tree that his
Lordship—

GIOVANNA. Not now, Filippo. My Lord Federigo,
Can I not speak with you once more alone?

COUNT. You hear, Filippo? My good fellow, go!

FILIPPO. But the prunes that your Lordship—

ELISABETTA. Filippo!

COUNT. Ay, prune our company of thine own and go!

ELISABETTA. Filippo.

FILIPPO (turning). Well! well! the women! [Exit.

COUNT. And thou, too, leave us, my dear nurse, alone.

ELISABETTA (folding up cloth and going). And me, too!
(Turns and curtseys stiffly to Lady Giovanna,
then exit. Lady Giovanna takes out diamond
necklace from casket.)

GIOVANNA. My Lord, I have a present to return you,
And afterward a boon to crave of you.

COUNT. No, my most-honor'd and long-worshipt Lady,
Poor Federigo can

Take nothing in return from you except
Return of his affection—can deny

Nothing to you that you require of him.

GIOVANNA. Then I require you to take back your diamonds.
(Offering necklace.)

I doubt not they are yours. No other heart
Of such magnificence in courtesy
Beats—out of heaven. They seem'd too rich a prize
To trust with any messenger. I came
In person to return them. (Count draws back.)

If the phrase

“Return” displease you, we will say—exchange them
For your—for your—

COUNT (takes a step towards her and then back).

For mine—for what of mine?

GIOVANNA. Well, shall we say this wreath and your sweet
rhymes?

COUNT. But have you ever worn my diamonds?

GIOVANNA. No.

For that would seem accepting of your love.

I cannot brave my brother—but be sure

That I shall never marry again, my Lord.

COUNT. Sure?

GIOVANNA. Yes.

COUNT. Is this your brother's order?

GIOVANNA. No.

For he would marry me to the richest man

In Florence; but I think you know the saying—

“Better a man without riches, than riches without a
man.”

COUNT. A noble saying—and acted on would yield

A nobler breed of men and women. Lady,

I find you a shrewd bargainer. The wreath

That once you wore outvalues twentyfold

The diamonds that you never deign'd to wear.

But lay them there a moment. . .

(Points to table. Lady Giovanna places neck-
lace on table.)

And be you

Gracious enough to let me know the boon

By granting which, if aught be mine to grant,

I should be made more happy than I hoped

Ever to be again.

GIOVANNA. Then keep your wreath,

But you will find me a shrewder bargainer still.

I cannot keep your diamonds, for the gift

I ask for, to my mind and at this present

Outvalues all the jewels upon earth.

The Speaker

COUNT. It should be love that thus outvalues all.

You speak like love, and yet you love me not.

I have nothing in this world but love for you.

GIOVANNA. Love? it is love for my dying boy,

Moves me to ask it of you.

COUNT. What? My time?

Is it my time? Well, I can give my time

To him that is a part of you, your son.

Shall I return to the castle with you? Shall I

Sit by him, read to him, tell him my tales,

Sing him my songs? You know that I can touch

The ghittern to some purpose.

GIOVANNA. No, not that!

I thank you heartily for that—and you,

I doubt not from your nobleness of nature,

Will pardon me for asking what I ask.

COUNT. Giovanna, dear Giovanna, I that once

The wildest of the random youth of Florence

Before I saw you—all my nobleness

Of nature, as you deign to call it, draws

From you, and from my constancy to you.

No more, but speak.

GIOVANNA. I will. You know, sick people,

More especially sick children, have strange fancies,

Strange longings; and to thwart them in their mood

May work them grievous harm at times, may even

Hasten their end. I would you had a son.

It might be easier then for you to make

Allowance for a mother—her—who comes

To rob you of your one delight on earth.

How often has my sick boy yearn'd for this!

I have put him off as often; but to-day

I dared not—so much weaker, so much worse

For last day's journey. I was weeping for him;

He gave me his hand: "I should be well again

If the good Count would give me——"

COUNT. Give me——

GIOVANNA. His falcon.

COUNT (starts back). My falcon!

GIOVANNA. Yes, your falcon, Federigo!

COUNT. Alas, I cannot!

GIOVANNA. Cannot? Even so!

I fear'd as much. O this unhappy world!

How shall I break it to him? How shall I tell him?

The boy may die: more blessed were the rags
Of some pale beggar-woman seeking alms
For her sick son, if he were like to live,
Than all my childless wealth, if mine must die.
I was to blame—the love you said you bore me—
My Lord, we thank you for your entertainment.

(With a stately curtsey.)

And so return—heaven help him!—to our son.

(Turns.)

COUNT (rushes forward). Stay, stay! I am most unlucky,
most unhappy.

You had never look'd in on me before,
And when you came and dipt your sovereign head
Thro' these low doors, you ask'd to eat with me,
I had but emptiness to set before you,
No, not a draught of milk; no, not an egg;
Nothing but my brave bird, my noble falcon,
My comrade of the house, and of the field.
She had to die for it—she died for you.
Perhaps I thought with those of old, the nobler
The victim was, the more acceptable
Might be the sacrifice. I fear you scarce
Will thank me for your entertainment now.

GIOVANNA (returning). I bear with him no longer.

COUNT. No, Madonna.

And he will have to bear it as he may.

GIOVANNA. I break with him forever.

COUNT. Yes, Giovanna,

But he will keep his love to you for ever.

GIOVANNA. You? you? not you! My brother! My hard
brother!

O Federigo, Federigo, I love you!
Spite of ten thousand brothers, Federigo.

(Falls at his feet.)

COUNT (impetuously). Why then the dying of my noble
bird

Hath served me better than her living—then

(Takes diamonds from table.)

These diamonds are both yours and mine—have won
Their value again—beyond all markets—there
I lay them for the first time round your neck.

(Lays necklace round her neck.)

And then this chaplet—no more feuds, but peace,
Peace and conciliation! I will make

The Speaker

Your brother love me. See! I tear away
The leaves were darkened by the battle—
(Pulls leaves off and throws them down.)

—crown you

Again with the same crown my queen of beauty.

(Places wreath on her head.)

Rise—I could almost think that the dead garland
Will break once more into the living blossom.

Nay, nay! I pray you rise.

(Raises her with both hands.)

We two together

Will help to heal your son—your son and mine—

We shall do it—we shall do it. (Embraces her.)

The purpose of my being is accomplish'd,

And I am happy!

GIOVANNA.

And I, too, Federigo.

The Balcony Scene from "Cyrano de Bergerac."

BY EDMOND ROSTAND.

(Arrangement by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS:

Cyrano de Bergerac—in love with Roxane.

Roxane—his cousin, in love with Christian.

Christian—also in love with Roxane.

De Guiche—also in love with Roxane.

Capuchin Monk.

SITUATION.—Cyrano, poet, soldier and philosopher, is afflicted with an enormous nose, which ruins his appearance and deprives him of the courage for making love to Roxane. Roxane loves the physical beauty of Christian, but he is not a poet nor a wit, and pleases her only when he repeats what Cyrano teaches him. De Guiche commands the cadets, among whom are Cyrano and Christian. War has been declared. Time, 1640, in France.

SCENE.—Roxane's house and the wall of her garden. Over the house-door, a balcony and window. A bench beside the door-step. The wall is overclambered with ivy, the balcony wreathed with jasmine. By means of the bench the balcony can easily be scaled.

CYRANO. Quick! Let us go to your lodgings, and I will rehearse you . . .

CHRISTIAN. No.

CYRANO. What?

CHRISTIAN. No. I will await Roxane here.

CYRANO. What insanity possesses you? Come quickly and learn . . .

CHRISTIAN. No, I tell you. I am weary of borrowing my letters, my words . . . of playing a part, and living in constant fear. It was very well at first, but now I feel that she

loves me. I thank you heartily. I am no longer afraid. I will speak for myself. . . .

CYRANO. What! Dare you?

CHRISTIAN. And what tells you that I shall not know how? I am not such an utter blockhead, after all. You shall see. Your lessons have not been altogether wasted. I can shift to speak without your aid. And, that failing, by Heaven, I shall still know enough to take her in my arms. (Catching sight of Roxane, who is coming out from Clo-mire's.) She is coming. Cyrano, no, do not leave me. . . .

CYRANO (bowing to him). I will not meddle, monsieur.

(He disappears behind the garden wall.)

ROXANE. You are here. (She goes to him.) Evening is closing round. . . . Wait. They have all gone. . . . The air is so mild. . . . Not a passer in sight. Let us sit here. . . Talk. . . . I will listen.

CHRISTIAN (sits beside her on the bench. Silence). I love you.

ROXANE (closing her eyes). Yes. Talk to me of love.

CHRISTIAN. I love you.

ROXANE. Yes. That is the theme. Play variations upon it.

CHRISTIAN. I love.

ROXANE. Variations.

CHRISTIAN. I love you so much . . .

ROXANE. I do not doubt it. What further?

CHRISTIAN. And further, I should be so happy if you loved me. Tell me, Roxane, that you love me. . .

ROXANE (pouting). You proffer cider to me when I was hoping for champagne. Now tell me a little *how* you love me.

CHRISTIAN. Why very, very much.

ROXANE. Oh,—. . . unravel, disentangle your sentiments.

CHRISTIAN. Your throat, I want to kiss it. . .

ROXANE. Christian.

CHRISTIAN. I love you. . . .

ROXANE (attempting to rise). Again.

CHRISTIAN (hastily, holding her back). No, I do not love you.

ROXANE (sitting down again). That is fortunate.

CHRISTIAN. I adore you.

ROXANE (rising and moving away). Oh, . . .

CHRISTIAN. Yes, . . . love makes me into a fool.

ROXANE (drily). And I am displeased at it, as I should be displeased at your no longer being handsome.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

ROXANE. Go, and rally your routed eloquence.

CHRISTIAN. I . . .

ROXANE. You love me. I have heard it. Good-evening. (She goes toward the house.)

CHRISTIAN. No, no, not yet. . . I wish to tell you . .

ROXANE (pushing the door to go in). That you adore me. Yes, I know. No. No. Go away. . . . Go. . . . Go. . . .

CHRISTIAN. But I (She closes the door in his face.)

CYRANO (who has been on the scene a moment, unnoticed). Unmistakably a success.

CHRISTIAN. Help me.

CYRANO. No, sir, no.

CHRISTIAN. I will go kill myself if I am not taken back into favor at once—at once.

CYRANO. And how can I . . . how, the devil? . . make you learn on the spot . . .

CHRISTIAN (seizing him by the arm). Oh, there! Look! See!

(Light has appeared in the balcony window.)

CYRANO (with emotion). Her window!

CHRISTIAN. Oh, I shall die!

CYRANO. Not so loud.

CHRISTIAN (in a whisper). I shall die!

CYRANO. It is a dark night. . . .

CHRISTIAN. Well.

CYRANO. All may be mended. But you do not deserve . . . There, stand there, miserable boy, . . . in front of the balcony. I will stand under it and prompt you.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

CYRANO. Do as I bid you. Call her.

CHRISTIAN. Roxane.

CYRANO (picking up pebbles and throwing them at the window-pane). Wait. A few pebbles . . .

ROXANE (opening the window). Who is calling me?

CHRISTIAN. It is I . . .

ROXANE. Who is . . . I?

CHRISTIAN. Christian.

ROXANE (disdainfully). Oh, you.

CHRISTIAN. I wish to speak with you.

CYRANO (under the balcony, to Christian). Speak low. . . .

ROXANE. No; your conversation is too common. You may go home.

CHRISTIAN. In mercy. . . .

ROXANE. No. . . . you do not love any more.

CHRISTIAN (whom Cyrano is prompting). You accuse me . . . just Heaven, of loving you no more . . . when I can love you no more.

ROXANE (who was about to close her window, stopping). Ah, that is a little better.

CHRISTIAN (same business). To what a . . . size has Love grown in my . . . sigh-rocked soul which the . . . cruel cherub has chosen for his cradle.

ROXANE (stepping nearer to the edge of the balcony). That is distinctly better . . . but, since he is so cruel, this Cupid, you were unwise not to smother him in his cradle.

CHRISTIAN (same business). I tried to, but, madam, the . . . attempt was futile. This . . . new-born Love is . . . a little Hercules. . . .

ROXANE. Much, much better.

CHRISTIAN (same business). . . . Who found it merest baby-play to . . . strangle the serpents . . . twain, Pride and . . . Mistrust.

ROXANE (leaning her elbows on the balcony rail). Ah, that was very good, indeed. . . . But why do you speak so slowly and stintedly? Has your imagination gout in its wings?

CYRANO (drawing Christian under the balcony and taking his place). Hush, it is becoming too difficult.

ROXANE. To-night your words come falteringly. . . . Why is it?

CYRANO (talking low, like Christian). Because of the dark. They have to grope to find your ear.

ROXANE. My words do not find the same difficulty.

CYRANO. They reach their point at once? Of course they do. That is because I catch them with my heart. My heart, you see, is very large; your ear particularly small. . . . Besides, your words drop . . . that goes quickly; mine have to climb . . . and that takes longer.

ROXANE. They have been climbing more nimbly, however, in the last few minutes.

CYRANO. They are becoming used to this gymnastic feat.

ROXANE. It is true that I am talking with you from a very mountain top.

CYRANO. It is sure that a hard word dropped from such a height upon my heart would shatter it.

ROXANE (with the motion of leaving). I will come down.

CYRANO (quickly). Do not.

ROXANE (pointing at the bench at the foot of the balcony). Then do you get up on that seat. . . .

CYRANO (drawing away in terror). No.

ROXANE. How do you mean. . . . no?

CYRANO (with ever-increasing emotion). Let us profit a little by this chance of talking softly together without seeing each other . . .

ROXANE. Without seeing each other?

CYRANO. Yes, to my mind, delectable. Each guesses at the other, and no more. You discern but the trailing blackness of a mantle, and I a dawn-grey glimmer which is a summer gown. I am a shadow merely, a pearly phantom are you. You can never know what these moments are to me. If ever I was eloquent

ROXANE. You were.

CYRANO. My words never till now surged from my very heart. . . .

ROXANE. And why?

CYRANO. Because, till now, they must strain to reach you through . . .

ROXANE. What?

CYRANO. Why, the bewildering emotion a man feels who sees you, and whom you look upon. . . . But this evening, it seems to me that I am speaking to you for the first time.

ROXANE. It is true that your voice is altogether different.

CYRANO (coming nearer, feverishly). Yes, altogether different, because, protected by the dark, I dare at last to be myself. I dare . . . (he stops, distractedly). What was I saying? . . . I do not know. . . . All this . . . forgive my incoherence. . . . is so delicious . . . is so new to me.

ROXANE. So new?

CYRANO (in extreme confusion, still trying to mend his expressions). So new, yes, new, to be sincere; the fear of being mocked always constrains my heart . . .

ROXANE. Mocked For what?

CYRANO. Why, . . . for its impulses, its flights. . . . Yes, my heart always cowers behind the defence of my wit.

The Speaker

I set forth to capture a star . . . and then, for dread of laughter, I stop and pick a flower . . . of rhetoric.

ROXANE. That sort of flower has its pleasing points . . .

CYRANO. But yet, to-night let us scorn it.

ROXANE. What words will you say to me?

CYRANO. All those, all those, all those that come to me. Not in a formal nosegay order, . . . I will throw them you in a wild sheaf. I love you, choke with love, I love you, dear. . . . My brain reels; I can bear no more; it is too much. . . Your name is in my heart the golden clapper in a bell; and as I know no rest, Roxane, always the heart is shaken, and ever rings your name. . . Of you, I remember all, all I have loved. Last year, one day, the twelfth of May, in going out at morning you changed the fashion of your hair. . . . I have taken the light of your hair for my light, and as having stared too long at the sun, on everything one sees a scarlet wheel, on everything when I come from my chosen light, my dazzled eye sets swimming golden blots.

ROXANE (in a voice unsteady with emotion). Yes, . . . this is love . . .

CYRANO. Ah, verily. The feeling which invades me, terrible, and jealous, is love . . with all its mournful frenzy. It is love, yet self-forgetting more than the wont of love. Ah, for your happiness now readily would I give mine, though you should never know it, might I but from a distance, sometimes, hear the happy laughter bought by my sacrifice. Every glance of yours breeds in me new strength, new valor. Are you beginning to understand? Tell me, do you grasp my love's measure? Does some little part of my soul make itself felt of you there in the darkness? . . . Oh, what is happening to me this evening is too sweet, too deeply dear. I tell you all these things, and you listen to me, you. Not in my least modest hoping did I ever hope as much. I have now only to die. It is because of words of mine that she is trembling among the dusky branches. For you are trembling like a flower among the leaves. Yes, you tremble, . . . for whether you will or no, I have felt the worshipped trembling of your hand all along this thrilled and blissful jasmine bough. (He madly kisses the end of a pendant bough.)

ROXANE. Yes, I tremble . . . and weep . . . and love you . . . and am yours. For you have carried me away . . . away.

CYRANO. Then let death come! I have moved you, I
There is but one thing more I ask

CHRISTIAN (under the balcony). A kiss.

ROXANE (drawing hastily back). What?

CYRANO. Oh.

ROXANE. You ask? . . .

CYRANO. Yes . . . I . . . (to Christian) You are in too great haste.

CHRISTIAN. Since she is moved, I must take advantage of it.

CYRANO (to Roxane). I . . Yes, it is true I asked . . but, merciful Heavens! I knew at once that I had been too bold.

ROXANE (a shade disappointed). You insist no more than so?

CYRANO. Indeed, I insist . . without insisting. Yes, yes, but your modesty shrinks. . . I insist, but yet . . the kiss I begged . . refuse it me.

CHRISTIAN (to Cyrano, pulling at his mantle). Why?

CYRANO. Hush, Christian.

ROXANE (bending over the balcony rail). What are you whispering?

CYRANO. Reproaches to myself for having gone too far; I was saying "Hush, Christian!" Your pardon. . . . a second. . . Some one is coming.

(Roxane closes the window.)

CYRANO. Ah, it is a monk.

(Enter a Capuchin monk, who goes from house to house, with a lantern, examining the doors.)

CYRANO (to the Capuchin). What are you looking for, Diogenes?

THE CAPUCHIN. I am looking for the house of Madame . . .

CHRISTIAN. He is in the way.

THE CAPUCHIN. Magdaleine Robin. . .

CYRANO (pointing up one of the streets). This way. . . Straight ahead . . go straight ahead . . .

THE CAPUCHIN. I thank you. I will say ten Aves for your peace. [Exit.

CYRANO. My good wishes speed your cowl. (He comes forward toward Christian.)

CHRISTIAN. Insist upon the kiss. . .

CYRANO. No, I will not.

CHRISTIAN. Sooner or later. . .

CYRANO. It is true. It must come, the moment of inebriation when your lips shall be imperiously impelled toward each other, because the one is fledged with youthful gold and the other is so soft a pink. (To himself.) I had rather it should be because . . . (sound of the window reopening; Christian hides under the balcony.)

ROXANE (stepping forward on the balcony). Are you there? We were speaking of . . . of . . . of a . . .

CYRANO. Kiss. The word is sweet. Why does your fair lip stop at it? If the mere word burns it, what will be of the thing itself? Do not make it into a fearful matter, and then fear. Did you not a moment ago insensibly leave playfulness behind and slip without trepidation from a smile to a sigh, from a sigh to a tear? Slip but a little farther in the same blessed direction: from a tear to a kiss there is scarcely a dividing shiver.

ROXANE. Say no more.

CYRANO. A kiss. When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in a closer proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot upon the letter "i" in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with a flavor of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul.

ROXANE. Say no more . . . no more. Come, then, and gather it, the supreme flower. . .

CYRANO (pushing Christian toward the balcony). Go.

ROXANE. . . . tasting of the heart.

CYRANO. Go.

ROXANE. . . . murmuring like a bee . . .

CYRANO. Go.

CHRISTIAN (hesitating), But now I feel as if I ought not.

ROXANE. . . . making eternity an instant. . . .

CYRANO (pushing Christian). Scale the balcony, you donkey.

(Christian springs toward the balcony, and climbs by means of the bench, the vine, the posts and balusters.)

CHRISTIAN. Ah, Roxane. (He clasps her to him, and bends over her lips.)

CYRANO. Ha. . . . What a turn of the screw to my heart. . . . Kiss, banquet of Love, at which I am Lazarus, a crumb drops from your table even to me, here in the shade. . . .

Yes, in my outstretched heart a little falls, as I feel that upon the lip pressing lip Roxane kisses the words spoken by me. . . The monk (he goes through the pretence of arriving on the spot at a run, as if from a distance; calling). Ho, there.

ROXANE. What is it?

CYRANO. It is I. I was passing this way. Is Christian there?

CHRISTIAN (astonished). Cyrano.

ROXANE. Good-evening, cousin.

CYRANO. Cousin, good-evening.

ROXANE. I will come down.

(Roxane disappears in the house. The Capuchin re-enters at the back.)

CHRISTIAN (seeing him). Oh, again. (He follows Roxane.)

THE CAPUCHIN. It is here she lives, I am certain . . . Magdeleine Robin.

CYRANO. You said Ro-lin.

THE CAPUCHIN. No, bin, . . . b, i, n, bin.

ROXANE (appearing upon the threshold, followed by Christian). What is it?

THE CAPUCHIN. A letter.

CHRISTIAN. What?

THE CAPUCHIN (to Roxane). Oh, the contents can be only of a sacred character. It is from a worthy nobleman who . . .

ROXANE (to Christian). It is from De Guiche. (She reads aside, low.) "Mademoiselle: The drums are beating. My regiment is buckling on its corselet. It is about to leave. I am thought to have left already, but lag behind. I am disobeying you. I am in the convent here. I am coming to you, and send you word by a friar, silly as a sheep, who has no suspicion of the import of this letter. You smiled too sweetly upon me an hour ago: I must see you smile again. Provide to be alone, and deign graciously to receive the audacious worshipper, forgiven already, I can but hope, who signs himself your —, etc. . . ." (To the Capuchin.) Father, this is what the letter tells me. . . Listen: (All draw nearer; she reads aloud.) "Mademoiselle: The wishes of the cardinal may not be disregarded, however hard compliance with them prove. I have therefore chosen as bearer of this letter a most reverend, holy, and sagacious Capuchin; it is our wish that he should at once, in your own dwelling, pro-

nounce the nuptial blessing over you. Christian must secretly become your husband. I send him to you. You dislike him. Bow to heaven's will in resignation, and be sure it will bless your zeal, and sure likewise, mademoiselle, of the respect of him who is and ever will be your most humble and . . . etc."

THE CAPUCHIN (beaming). The worthy gentleman. . . . I knew it. You remember that I said so. The contents of that letter can only be of a sacred character. (Turning the light upon Christian, and, as if his good looks aroused suspicion.) But, . . .

ROXANE (quickly). "Postscript: You will bestow upon the convent two hundred and fifty crowns."

THE CAPUCHIN. The worthy, worthy gentleman. (To Roxane). Be reconciled.

ROXANE (with the expression of a martyr). I will endeavor. (Roxane says low to Cyrano.) De Guiche is coming. . . . Keep him here. Do not let him enter until. . . .

CYRANO. I understand. (To the Capuchin.) How long will it take to marry them?

THE CAPUCHIN. A quarter of an hour.

ROXANE (to Christian). Come. (They go in.)

CYRANO. How can I detain De Guiche for a quarter of an hour? (He jumps upon the bench, climbs the wall toward the balcony rail.) So. . . . I climb up here. . . . I know what I will do. (He is on the balcony; he pulls the brim of his hat over his eyes, takes off his sword, wraps his cloak about him, and bends over the balcony-rail.) No, it is not too far. I shall make a slight commotion in the atmosphere.

DE GUICHE (enters masked, groping in the dark. He is about to enter Roxane's house; Cyrano jumps from the balcony, between the door and De Guiche. He intentionally drops very heavily, to give the effect of dropping from a great height, and lies flattened upon the ground motionless, as if stunned.) What is it? Where did this man drop from?

CYRANO (rising to a sitting posture). From the moon.

DE GUICHE. From the . . . ?

CYRANO (in a dreamy voice). What time is it?

DE GUICHE. Is he mad?

CYRANO. What time? What country? What day? What season?

DE GUICHE. But . . .

CYRANO. I am dazed.

DE GUICHE. Monsieur. . .

CYRANO. I have dropped from the moon like a bomb.

DE GUICHE (impatiently). What are you babbling about?

CYRANO (rising, in a terrible voice). I tell you I have dropped from the moon.

DE GUICHE (backing a step). Very well. You have dropped from the moon. . . He is perhaps a lunatic.

CYRANO. A hundred years ago, or else a minute,—for I have no conception how long I have been falling,—I was up there, in that saffron-colored ball.

DE GUICHE (shrugging his shoulders). You were. Now, let me pass.

CYRANO (standing in his way). Where am I? Be frank with me. Keeping nothing from me. In what region, among what people have I been shot like an aerolite?

DE GUICHE. I wish to pass.

CYRANO (with a scream of terror, at which De Guiche starts backward a step). Great God! . . . In this country men's faces are soot-black.

DE GUICHE (lifting his hand to his face). What does he mean?

CYRANO (still terrified). Am I in Algeria? Are you a native?

DE GUICHE (who has felt his mask). Ah, my mask.

CYRANO (pretending to be easier). So I am in Venice. . . Or am I in Genoa?

DE GUICHE (attempting to pass). A lady is expecting me.

CYRANO (completely reassured). Ah, then I am in Paris. (Beaming.) To think I should strike Paris. (Quite at his ease, laughing, brushing himself, bowing.) I arrived—pray, pardon my appearance—by the last whirlwind. I am rather unpresentable—travel, you know. My eyes are still full of star-dust. My spurs are clogged with bristles off a planet. (Appearing to pick something off his sleeve.) See, on my sleeve, a comet's hair. (He makes a feint of blowing it away.)

DE GUICHE. I have stood this long enough. I want. . . .

CYRANO. I know perfectly what you want. To know how I got there? I got there by a method of my own invention. (Imitating the noise of the surf, and making mysterious gestures.) Hoo-ish, hoo-ish.

DE GUICHE. Well, what is that?

CYRANO. Cannot you guess?

DE GUICHE. No.

CYRANO. The tide. . . At the hour in which the moon attracts the deep, I lay down upon the sands, after a sea-bath . . . and, my head being drawn up first,—the reason of this, you see, that the hair will hold a quantity of water in its mop.—I rose in the air, straight, beautifully straight, like an angel. I rose . . . I rose softly . . . without an effort . . . when, suddenly, I felt a shock. Then . . .

DE GUICHE (lured on by curiosity, taking a seat on the bench). Well, . . . then?

CYRANO. Then . . . (resuming his natural voice.) The time is up, Monsieur, and I release you. They are married.

DE GUICHE (getting to his feet with a leap). I am dreaming or drunk. That voice? (The door of Roxane's house opens; Cyrano removes his hat.) And that nose! Cyrano!

CYRANO (bowing). They have exchanged rings within the quarter of the hour.

DE GUICHE. Who have? (He turns round. Tableau. Roxane and Christian holding hands. The Capuchin follows them smiling.) Heavens. (To Roxane.) You? (Recognizing Christian with amazement.) He? (Bowing to R.) Your astuteness compels my admiration. (To Cyrano.) My compliments to you.

THE CAPUCHIN (to De Guiche, pointing at the lovers, and wagging his great white beard with satisfaction). A beautiful couple, my son, brought together by you.

DE GUICHE (eyeing him frigidly). As you say. (To Roxane.) And now proceed, madam, to take leave of your husband.

ROXANE. What?

DE GUICHE (to Christian). The regiment is on the point of starting. You are to join it.

ROXANE. To go to war?

DE GUICHE. Of course.

ROXANE. But the cadets are not going.

DE GUICHE. They are. (Taking out the paper which he had put in his pocket.) Here is the order.

ROXANE (throwing herself in Christian's arms.) Christian!

DE GUICHE (at the back). The regiment is on its way.

ROXANE (to Cyrano, while she clings to Christian, whom he is trying to draw away). Oh, . . . I entrust him to your care. Promise that under no circumstances shall his life be placed in danger.

CYRANO. I will endeavor . . but obviously cannot promise . .

ROXANE (same business). Promise that he will be careful of himself.

CYRANO. I will do my best, but

ROXANE (as above). That during the terrible siege he shall not take harm from the cold. . .

CYRANO. I will try, but . . .

ROXANE (as above). That he will be true to me.

CYRANO. Of course, but yet, you see . . .

ROXANE (as above). That he will write to me often.

CYRANO (stopping). Ah, that I promise freely.

CURTAIN.

The Mothers of Edward.*

BY MYRA KELLY.

(From the story by Miss Kelly, published in "The Ladies' Home Journal," October, 1906. Dramatized by Kate Wisner McCluskey. Published by permission of Miss Kelly.)

CHARACTERS:

Miss Matilda Peters—a too earnest Kindergartner.

Marion Blake—supposed to be Mrs. Dowling—a mischievous girl.

THE SUBSTITUTES FOR MOTHERS.

Miss Tompkins—a maiden aunt, large and asthmatic.

Miss Smith—tall, thin and gentle, elderly spinster.

Mrs. Jones—afflicted with a temper and large proportions.

Mrs. Johnson—the largest mother, in golf cape and bonnet.

Mrs. Bancroft—scarlet bodice.

Mrs. Spencer—noticeably enthusiastic and determined.

Several other "mothers."

Mrs. Dowling—Edward's real mother.

SITUATION.—Marion Blake has promised a friend to go to the Mother's Meeting at the Kindergarten connected with the Normal School to play accompaniments. She is warned to show no surprise at anything, and to take part in any game proposed. Miss Blake is the spirit of mischief in the Normal School. She is curious and interested.

SCENE.—A large kindergarten room, with its circle painted on the floor. Little red chairs about this circle in which sit the "mothers," nearly all of them friends or relatives of the real mothers, who have been too busy to attend the meeting. Each mother has about her waist a gay cord, with note-book, song-book and pencil attached.

ENTER: Marion Blake. She views the scene with amusement and barely maintains her gravity. Miss Peters hurries to greet her.

MISS PETERS. Why, Mrs. Dowling, this is a pleasure.

MARION (bewildered). I am —

MISS PETERS. You need not wonder that I knew you at once. Edward is so remarkably like you. The eyes are almost identical.

MARION (thinking it a folk-game). You are very kind, but I have been proud to think him like his father, too.

MISS PETERS. Ladies, this is the mother, actually the mother, of our dear little Edward. And her joining us just at this point is most timely, as it gives me an opportunity of showing you how a little stranger should be welcomed by the children already in the class. We will ask Mrs. Dowling to assume the rôle of the little stranger. Consult your notebooks on the topic "First Mornings," and pray remember the importance of making the child's first hours in the kindergarten atmosphere as comfortable, natural and homelike as possible. I cannot insist too strongly upon this.

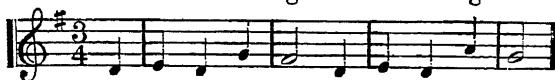
(The mothers dampen their thumbs and flutter pages as they adjust spectacles and noseglasses and lorgnettes.)

MISS PETERS. What is your name, little girl? We call one another by our Christian names. What is yours?

MARION (uncomfortably). Marion.

MISS PETERS (gushingly). Marion, what a pretty name! (Didactically) Always, ladies, we must admire the name of the new child. (Gushingly again) And what shall we say to Marion? How shall we welcome Marion?

MRS. SPENCER. We can sing "Good Morning to You."



Good morning to you, Good morning to you,



Good morning, dear Marion, Good morning to you.

MRS. BANCROFT. We can recite "Where did you come from, Baby, dear?"

MISS PETERS (beaming). Yes, now let us sing, "Good Morning to You." You can clap your hands, please, as if to show unusual gladness. Page 21.

(The mothers put away glasses and endeavor to get ready. They spill various belongings and have trouble reading the words and clapping together).

The Speaker

MISS PETERS. Now we will recite what our other little child wished. Follow me with the gestures, please.

(She recites "Where did you come from, Baby, dear?" the mothers wildly attempting her gestures. Marion has been standing alone in bewildered amusement, but now is girded with stationery and sits in her chair.)

THE BABY.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

MISS PETERS. We are to take up the beautiful old game of Blind Man's Buff this afternoon. I hope you have all read the reference I gave you on its history and development. Before we begin our actual play, I must ask you once more to yield more thoroughly to the Kindergarten atmosphere and to throw yourselves into the games with greater abandon. At our last meeting I observed too much maturity in your attitude. I remember that Mrs. Jones showed quite an adult resentment when Miss Smith accidentally threw her into the fireplace. I should have regretted the circumstance had it not served to show the wisdom of that rule of Kindergarten practice: Have a fireplace, but never light the fire.

(Miss Smith turns red and trembles with embarrassment, hastily untying and tying her bonnet strings. Mrs. Jones, drawing herself up indignantly and sharply, causes her little chair to give way and flounders helplessly. Miss Peters and Marion Blake take her by each arm and pull her up. She marches to an adult chair, and sits down, looking threatening, while she is adjusted and dusted.)

MISS PETERS. You remember that in our first talk I gave you a list of the firms from which Kindergarten equipment might be obtained. From that list we shall now strike off the name of Wood, Buckle and Company, who furnished this room.

(Miss Peters goes over to Mrs. Jones, who is outside the circle, in an attempt to mollify her, and the mothers talk.)

MISS TOMPKINS (on Marion's right, wheezingly.) You may use my notes until you have some of your own. I'm Miss Tompkins, but she, Professor Peters, calls me Tommy because she must have a male element in the games. My nephew Charlie is in her morning class. I am sorry that he bit your little Edward's ear last week, but that is Charlie's nature. He has a dominant personality, and Edward should have given the mechanical dog to his little friend.

MARION. Of course; I shall see that he does so.

MISS TOMPKINS. It might be best. Charlie is so modern. He is always reaching out for new ideas, new sensations——

MISS SMITH (Marion's left, mildly). I fear that he got a new sensation when my niece Gwendoline stuck a pair of scissors into his leg.

MISS TOMPKINS. Your niece! I had no idea that that insufferable child was a niece of yours. And I want to tell you, ladies, right here and now, that the other children in this Kindergarten must give way to my nephew. The dominant note in Charles cannot be silenced.

MISS PETERS (who has set the adult chair in the circle and coaxed Mrs. Jones upon it). Wouldn't Tommy like to tell all the little ones the pretty story he is telling to Marion?

(Miss Tompkins turns pages of book nervously, but is silent.)

MRS. JOHNSTON. I doctored and I doctored until my bill were enormous. But not one seemed to know where the real trouble was. I lost every scrap of appetite, and I gained a pound a week.

MRS. SPENCER. Did you try electric vibratory massage and mud baths? They helped me when——

MISS PETERS (sharply). You will please obey my next words instantly! Are we all ready? One, two, three, *stand*.

(Three mothers arise safely, the thin ones. So do Miss Peters and Marion, but others fall crashing back, some extending pleading hands to those upright, some clutching madly at their neighbors. When all the mothers are lifted, the floor is strewn with hairpins, an umbrella, cough-drops, a chatelaine bag, a belt and some glasses. Marion and Miss Peters restore these, and the mothers, all standing, fan with their note-books.)

MISS PETERS. We shall not take our work in the prescribed order. After the morning circle, the busy work rightly comes, but we must sit at our little tables for that, and it seems best to play our games now that we are standing. And, let me repeat that I want you all to unbend; to throw yourselves into the play spirit; to yield to the influence of the environment; to relax. When you are told to sit upon the floor, I want your obedience to be prompt and happy. The same rule applies to your rising. When you sing, it must be lightly, brightly and clearly. You are to show in all things the sweet abandonment of childhood and its tense absorption in its play. (The mothers are looking tired, but determined.)

MISS PETERS. Please turn to page 15 and sing.

(They sing:

We now for play are ready,
Our little hands and faces neat;
And so upon the circle
We put our little feet.

As they sing they mark time on the circle.)

MISS PETERS. Very well, indeed. Does Marion know that pretty song? Would she like her little friends to sing it again?

MARION. Oh, please, yes. It is beautiful, wonderful; I never heard anything like it.

(They repeat the song, panting and marking time heavily.)

MISS TOMPKINS. Would you mind telling me where my feet are?

MARION. I beg your pardon. You asked——

MISS TOMPKINS. Where are my feet? Are they on the line? Please see. I can't. (She thrusts out a large, flat foot

with a white stocking, slipping down over an old lady's shoe.) Which way shall I move them? Where is that line?

MARION (unsteadily). Back a little. Not so much. Now they're right. Keep quiet.

MRS. SPENCER. If she'd only let us. But the "tripping lightly to and fro" is the hardest part of these games. You get your feet off and you don't know it, and you can't get them on again.

(Now, under Miss Peter's direction, the mothers join hands and skip about the circle, singing the same words.)

MISS PETERS. You remember my talk upon the child's craving for physical expression and the games most suited to that expression. We will take up some of these games this afternoon. Are all our little feet on the circle? You know Miss Peters cannot play pretty games with careless boys and girls who take their feet off.

MISS TOMPKINS. Where are mine? She seems to be looking at mine.

MISS PETERS. And I know that you all want to play games. I can tell it by your merry faces.—John, Mrs. Johnston, your feet, please!

(Mrs. Johnston, in the aimless agitation of a jumping-jack, fails to find the circle.)

MISS PETERS. Shall we ask our little Johnny to step into the center and choose the game he would like to play with us?

(Mrs. Johnston, in helpless embarrassment, stands in the center, while the mothers sing.)

CHOOSING THE GAME.



Look at our Johnny, who chooses the game;



Look at our Johnny, and we'll do the same.

From "Songs for Little Children," by Eleanor Smith. By special permission of Thomas Charles Co., Agents for Milton Bradley Co., Publishers.

MRS. SPENCER (aside). Much too stout for a habit-back skirt.

MRS. BANCROFT. And ruffles over the shoulders are becoming only to slender figures.

The Speaker

MRS. JOHNSTON (excitedly).—I want "The Bird's Nest" to be the game, and I want Mrs. Bancroft to be the papa bird, because he is always so brightly colored and so beautiful.

MARION (aside). First blood for John. Betting even.

MISS PETERS. Now the papa bird must choose a mamma bird.

(Mrs. Bancroft stands solemnly in the center while the mothers skip past. She points in turn to three mothers, who refuse, vigorously. Miss Tompkins, the fourth, consents, reluctantly.)

MISS PETERS. More freedom, please; more abandonment. Now the mamma bird must choose the little eggs.

(Several mothers refuse. Marion, being pointed at, says, hastily, "Oh, thank you very much, but really,—"

MISS PETERS (urgently). We are children, Mrs. Dowling.

MARION (sticking knuckles in her eyes and imitating a child in last stages of temper). Don't want to be no egg. *Won't* be no nassy egg. Don't want to be squa-aa-ashed. Go 'way.

(But she takes her place in the nest, and two other eggs follow. They crouch on the floor while the papa and mamma birds wave their arms and the circle skips. Then the little eggs hatch and wave their wings, taking flight into the circle.)

THE BIRDS' NEST.—ALICE RILEY.

There's a wee little nest in the old oak tree,

Safe and high, safe and high;

There are three tiny eggs blue as blue can be,

Like the sky, like the sky,

And the dear mother bird keeps them warm 'neath her
breast,

'Neath her outspreading wings safe the blue eggs can rest;

There'll be three little birds in the tiny nest,

Bye and bye, bye and bye.

There are three baby birds in the wee, wee nest,

Up so high, up so high;

When the wind rocks the bough there they safely rest,

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.

There are three hungry mouths to be filled when they cry,

There are three baby birds to be taught how to fly,

There they rock, fast asleep, 'neath the evening sky.

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.

The Speaker

149



From "Songs of the Child World, No. 1," by Alice Riley. Published by the John Church Co., Chicago. Used by permission. Copyright, 1897, by the John Church Co.

MISS PETERS. Now what can the little birds do?

ONE BIRD. We can sing, "Praise the Lord, Sweet May."

ANOTHER. We can play another game.

MISS PETERS. One birdie did not answer. Can the tiniest little bird say something to us?

MARION (pointing to Mrs. Jones, who has seated herself again on the adult chair). Baby wants a wumm. Baby wants a wiggly wumm. Jonesy be a wiggly wumm for baby.

(Miss Tompkins goes into a chuckling laugh that nearly chokes her. The mothers smile. Mrs. Johnston shakes like jelly.)

MISS PETERS (quickly). Genevieve shall choose a game.

A MOTHER. I choose a guessing game. (Aside.) We can sit still.

MISS PETERS. Very well. Now children, Genevieve will close her eyes and describe some place she has seen, and you may guess where it is.

Genevieve. I see a big, square place, all full of little girls and boys, with their mammas and their papas. And I see a good man standing in a high place and talking to them. And they are all very good and very happy—

MOTHERS. A church.

MISS PETERS. Now, Tommy, it is your turn.

MISS TOMPKINS. I see a very large place, and crowds of people are walking through, and there are flowers everywhere.

MOTHERS.—The Flower Show.

MISS PETERS. Now, Mrs. Dowling, take your turn.

MARION (with mischief in her smile). I see a big place, and there is music, and there are people, and all the elephants are sitting in a circle, and chains are fastened to them.

MRS. JONES (snorting with rage). Well, really, I must say.

MARION (innocently). Why, is anything wrong? Isn't it the circus?

MRS. JONES (rises and points at Marion with black cashmere finger). I shall return to your class when you send me word that you have ejected that person. I would rather let my niece play her folk-games incorrectly than be submitted to the impertinence I have endured this morning.

MARION (in hysterical laughter). No, Miss Peters, I will go. Of course, I am sorry—for Edward's sake, you know, but no doubt Mrs. Jones feels a greater need of the training. Good-afternoon, ladies and "mothers" and Miss Peters.

(As she goes out, curtain falls.)

SCENE 2.—Marion Blake at the entrance of the Normal School. A tall, masculine woman and little boy stop her.

WOMAN. Do you know Miss Matilda Peters? I want to see her. Edward, stop crying.

MARION (politely). I have met her, but I have not time to take you to her this morning. Is your business important?

MRS. DOWLING (angrily). Is she crazy? She kept bothering me about her meetings and her games, but I never paid any attention. I have something to do. Listen to this: "My dear Mrs. Dowling:—I write this letter with sorrow and reluctance. I am loth to shut you out from our afternoon classes, where you might have learned something of the dignity and responsibility of motherhood. For Edward's sake, too, I am sorry to ask you to discontinue your attendance, for I feel that he will learn in later years to blush for the hoydenish manner which now perhaps amuses him. But I

am acting upon the unanimous vote of the class. We all feel that your attitude toward Mother-Play-Study-Problems is not the scientific one, and that you had better seek in some other field the enlightenment of which you stand so much in need. Or, would you wish to take a course of private lessons with me? Very truly yours, Matilda Peters.” Now, what did she mean by that?

MARION (timidly). Perhaps she didn’t.

MRS. DOWLING. Don’t I tell you that it came this morning?

MARION. But perhaps it was not intended for you.

MRS. DOWLING. Am I Edward’s mother or am I not?

MARION. Of course, of course. But perhaps some of the others——

MRS. DOWLING. My son’s other mothers? Nothing could be more likely. I presume you specialize in physiology. But I am wasting your valuable time. Where shall I find Miss Peters?

MARION. I think perhaps I had better send her down to you. I shall not have time to bring her. You must excuse me. I am going away on the cars.

(Exit Marion. Enter Miss Peters.)

MRS. DOWLING. Are you Miss Peters?

MISS PETERS. Yes, is this your little boy—surely not Edward? Where is Edward’s mother?

MRS. DOWLING. I *think*, madam, that I am Edward’s mother.

MISS PETERS. Mercy sakes alive!

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

School Scene from "Hard Times."

DICKENS'S SATIRE ON THE CRAMMING SYSTEM.

(Dramatized by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Thomas Gradgrind—a man of facts.

The Schoolmaster—thin, hard and dry.

The Visitor—complacent and oily.

Sissy Jupe—an imaginative child.

Blitzer—a machine-like, blinking boy.

Boys and girls.

SCENE.—A plain, bare room, with boys at one end and girls at the other, seated on benches. The platform is at the back, with a desk and two chairs.

MR. GRADGRIND.—Now, what I want is facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are wanted in this life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to facts, sir. In this life we want nothing but facts, sir; nothing but facts.

(The three men survey the children coldly.)

MR. GRADGRIND. Girl number 20. I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?

SISSY (blushing, curtsying).—Sissy Jupe, sir.

MR. G. Sissy is not a name.

SISSY. It's father as calls me Sissy, sir.

MR. G. Then he has no business to do it. Tell him he mustn't. Cecelia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?

SISSY. He belongs to the horseriding, if you please, sir.

MR. G. We don't want to know anything about that here. You mustn't tell us about that here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?

SISSY. If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir.

MR. G. You mustn't tell us about the ring here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?

SISSY. Oh, yes, sir.

MR. G. Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse.

(Sissy is thrown into a state of alarm.)

MR. G. Girl number 20 unable to define a horse. Girl number 20 possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals. Some boy's definition of a horse. Blitzer, yours.

BLITZER. Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye teeth and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth.

MR. G. Now, girl number 20, you know what a horse is.

(Sissy curtsies; Blitzer puts his knuckles to his forehead and sits down.) (Mr. Gradgrind presents the visitor.)

VISITOR (with folded arms, and smiling). Very well. That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, boys and girls, would you paper a room with representations of horses?

HALF THE CHILDREN. Yes, sir!

OTHER HALF (watching the visitor). No, sir!

VISITOR. Of course, no. Why wouldn't you?

(A pause.)

CORPULENT BOY (with wheezy breath). I wouldn't paper it at all. I'd paint it.

VISITOR. You must *paper* it.

MR. GRADGRIND. You must paper it, whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?

(Dismal pause.)

VISITOR. I'll explain to you, then, why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of the rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?

ONE HALF. Yes, sir.

OTHER HALF. No, sir.

VISITOR (with indignant look at wrong half). Of course, no! Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't

see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste is only another name for Fact. (Mr. Gradgrind nods approval.) This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery! Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?

MOST OF THE CHILDREN (convinced that No is always right). No, sir.

A FEW (among them Sissy Jupe). Yes, sir.

VISITOR. Girl number 20. (Sissy stands shyly.) So you would carpet your room, or your husband's room—if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you? Why would you?

SISSY. If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers.

VISITOR. And that is why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?

SISSY. It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy——

VISITOR. Ay, ay, ay. But you mustn't fancy. That's it. You are never to fancy.

MR. GRADGRIND. You are not, Cecelia Jupe, to do anything of the kind.

VISITOR. Fact, fact, fact.

MR. GRADGRIND. Fact, fact, fact.

VISITOR. You are to be in all things regulated and governed by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use for all these purposes combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is a new discovery. This is fact. This is taste. (Sissy sits down, looking frightened.) Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild

will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy at your request, to observe his mode of procedure, and we may conclude our visit.

THE SCHOOLMASTER (steps forward). I am fully prepared, gentlemen, to present the following subjects, having finished the prescribed course in orthography, etymology, syntax, prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, general cosmography, compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and levelling, vocal music, drawing from models, higher mathematics, physical science, French, German, Latin, Greek. I am acquainted with the systems of water-sheds, with the names of all rivers and mountains and seas in past and present time, with productions, manners and customs of all the nations, the boundaries of all countries, in fact, I know all that is needful to be taught.

MR. GRADGRIND (pleased). These are facts, sir. This is very well. I think we may depart feeling that Mr. M'Choakumchild will suppress all fancy and train in facts alone. Let us go.

(The children stand and curtesy as the two leave.)

CURTAIN.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

SHAKESPEARE.

(Arrangement by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

ACT I, SCENE II.

CHARACTERS:

*Julia.**Lucetta*—her maid and companion.

COSTUMES.—According to Knight's "Shakespeare": Gowns, low-necked, with ruffs; trains, caught up at girdle for walking; short waists; long sleeves, with many puffs. The hair is coiled at the back and decorated with jewels and flowers. A turban or pointed hood may be worn, made of rich stuffs.

SCENE.—Garden of Julia's house.

(Enter Julia and Lucetta.)

- JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?
- LUC. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.
- JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
- LUC. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow, simple skill.
- JUL. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
- LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
- JUL. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
- LUC. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
- JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
- LUC. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
- JUL. How now, what means this passion at his name?
- LUC. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

- JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
 LUC. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
 JUL. Your reason?
 LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason;
 I think him so, because I think him so.
 JUL. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
 LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
 JUL. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
 LUC. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
 JUL. His little speaking shews his love but small.
 LUC. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
 JUL. They do not love that do not show their love.
 LUC. O, they love least that let men know their love.
 JUL. I would I knew his mind.
 LUC. Peruse this paper, madam.
 JUL. "To Julia,"—Say, from whom?
 LUC. That the contents will shew.
 JUL. Say, say; who gave it thee?
 LUC. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
 He would have given it to you, but I, being in the way,
 Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
 JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker.
 Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
 To whisper and conspire against my youth?
 There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
 Or else return no more into my sight.
 LUC. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
 JUL. Will you be gone?
 LUC. That you may ruminate. [Exit.
 JUL. And yet, I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
 It were a shame to call her back again,
 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
 What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view!
 Since maids, in modesty, say No to that
 Which they would have the profferer construe Ay.
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
 When willingly I would have her here!
 How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past:—
 What ho, Lucetta?
 (Re-enter Lucetta.)

LUC. What would your ladyship?

JUL. Is't near dinner time?

LUC. I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

JUL. What is't you took up

So gingerly?

LUC. Nothing.

JUL. Why didst thou stoop then?

LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.

JUL. And is that paper nothing?

LUC. Nothing concerning me.

JUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

JUL. As little by such toys as possible:

Best sing it to the tune of "Light of Love."

LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JUL. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden, then.

LUC. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JUL. And why not you?

LUC. I cannot reach so high.

JUL. Let's see your song;—How now, minion?

LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out;
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

JUL. You do not?

LUC. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.

LUC. Nay, now you are too flat.

JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

(Tears the letter.)

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

LUC. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter.

[Exit.]

JUL. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same.

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words.

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings.

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"Kind Julia":—unkind Julia.

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 And, here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:—"
 Poor wounded name,—my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name:
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
 "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia"; that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names;
 Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.
 (Re-enter Lucetta.)

- LUC. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.
 JUL. Well, let us go.
 LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
 JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.
 LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
 JUL. I see you have a month's mind to them.
 LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
 I see things, too, although you judge I wink.
 JUL. Come, come, wilt please you go. [Exeunt.]

The Silent System.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

(Freely Englished from the French of A. Dreyfus.)

SCENE.—A small parlor, with a fireplace at back, and doors right and left. Two armchairs before the fireplace, and a sofa near the left door. Small table on the right, with ice-water pitcher and glass. The wife is discovered seated near the fireplace, doing needlework. She pauses for a moment and sighs. Then she resumes her work with impatience. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes eleven.

WIFE. Eleven o'clock! And he isn't home yet! (Sighs again.) Eleven o'clock! (Noise of footsteps heard off.) Hark! Ah, at last!

(Takes up her work again. The door on the right opens, and the husband enters briskly and smiling, with his hands extended toward the wife. The wife does not move; she works on steadily. The husband pauses, surprised. He looks at her doubtfully. She seems calm, and if she has not looked up, it is because she has not heard him. He smiles again, and, going up to her on tiptoe, bends over her chair to kiss her on the neck. The wife then draws herself up stiffly, and looks at him frigidly. The husband at first starts back in astonishment. Then he steps toward her.)

WIFE (thrusting back her chair). Do not touch me!

(The husband is about to speak.)

WIFE (rising and recoiling). Do not dare to touch me, sir!

(She goes toward the door on the left. The husband hesitates, in doubt, following her with his eyes.)

WIFE (with her hand on the door). After your conduct to-night, all is over between us forever!

(She opens the door and goes out. The husband darts after her, but the door slams in his face. He is astounded. What can this mean? What has happened? Is she in earnest, or in jest? Perhaps it is a joke, and she may be laughing now. He listens with his ear at the keyhole. He hears nothing. Something is wrong; there is a domestic hurricane blowing up. Well, he can stand it, and it will not be

the first. He will let it blow over. He turns up to the fire-place, rubbing his hands with energy. Then he takes up the evening paper, throws himself on the sofa, and begins to read.)

WIFE (coming out of her room and standing before him). And how long do you suppose this sort of thing can go on?

(The husband is surprised.)

WIFE (explosively). How long do you think I will lead this life?

(The husband is more surprised.)

WIFE. Do you imagine that I can spend my evening alone waiting for you, and then be willing to go to a cold room, leaving you here calmly toasting your toes and reading a newspaper?

(The husband is about to rise.)

WIFE. Oh, don't move on my account, I beg. I could never forgive myself if I disturbed you! I don't doubt that you feel the need of rest after five hours passed out of the house!

(The husband is about to speak.)

WIFE (suddenly). I'm only sorry that I had to sit up for you. If I had known that you wouldn't come home until after midnight—

(The husband looks at the clock.)

WIFE (quickly). I beg your pardon! That clock is slow; it is at least an hour slow. It is now half-past twelve!

(The husband looks at his watch.)

WIFE. But what do you care how lonely I am! I suppose I must get used to your coming home at all hours of the night. When I accepted you I thought I was going to have a man for a husband—not an owl!

(The husband is about to protest.)

WIFE. But I suppose you men are all alike—birds of a feather! Oh, I know you, and I am not taken in by your affected calmness. I know you have been up to some mischief this evening. I see it in your eyes.

(The husband is about to protest again.)

WIFE. Don't talk to me! I know you, I say,—and there isn't anything you are not capable of!

(The husband smiles.)

WIFE. Oh, you can smile and smile! But you can't persuade me that a gentleman would make his wife cry—and then laugh at her.

(The husband protests again.)

The Speaker

WIFE (feverishly). Oh, I can laugh, too. I can be as gay as any man about town!—that's what you call yourself, isn't it?

(The husband stands impassive.)

WIFE. And I suppose you have been as fascinating as usual this evening? How many hearts have you ensnared to-night?

(The husband is reduced to apathy.)

WIFE. Answer me one question. How many women were there at this stag party?

(The husband revolts at last.)

WIFE. Oh, I know what you are going to say. It was a college dinner, of course—and all the old professors were there. You would all have liked to take your wives, no doubt, but it is against the rules! That's a pity, isn't it?—for we should have found ourselves in good company at this college dinner, shouldn't we?

(The husband tries to protest.)

WIFE. At least we could have laughed with you, drank with you, sang with you: "For he's a jolly good fellow." A college dinner is always so lively.

(The husband suggests a doubt.)

WIFE. It wasn't gay? So much the worse. If it had been you would have been in your element. At times you are so funny!

(The husband modestly deprecates this compliment.)

WIFE. At least they say so—I never discovered it. I never heard you make a good joke.

(The husband is disconcerted.)

WIFE. Perhaps that is because you don't put yourself out to please me. You keep your wit for others.

(The husband approaches her, smiling.)

WIFE. No, sir, no! Don't try to put your arm around me! How do I know whom you have been hugging this evening?

(The husband recoils indignantly.)

WIFE. I know that I can't pretend to rival some women in your eyes. I'm not stout enough.

(The husband wonders what she means.)

WIFE. Oh, I know your perverted taste. For you to admire a woman, she must be as plump as a partridge, or as fat as a porpoise. I haven't watched you talking to Mrs. Sargent for nothing.

(The husband looks at her reproachfully.)

WIFE. And I know how devoted you were to her before she was married. Was Mr. Sargent at this college dinner?

(The husband shakes his head.)

WIFE. Why not? Wasn't he a classmate of yours? Isn't he your best friend? But I warn you that people will talk when they see you go to the same house every Saturday afternoon, week after week.

(The husband is about to explain.)

WIFE. Of course, you have an excellent excuse; you are taking lessons in whist! I suppose Mrs. Sargent is your partner, so that you can gaze into her eyes across the table; though you can only gaze into one of them at a time—for she squints.

(The husband lifts up his eyes.)

WIFE. You spend your days and nights out of the house, and I suppose I could follow your example, but I am not one to go gadding about.

(Hitherto the wife had spoke incessantly, rattling off speech after speech without a pause, but now she stops for breath. Hitherto the husband has responded rather by his looks and by his gestures than by any actual attempt to speak, though the actor must be careful not to suggest to the audience the husband is dumb. Now, at last, as the wife pauses, the husband sees his opportunity, and prepares to seize it.)

WIFE (starting afresh). Not another word! You needn't tell me that Mr. Sargent likes to see his wife dressed up as she is—like a monkey on a hand-organ!

(The husband is discouraged.)

WIFE. And who pays for all her fine clothes? That's what I'd like to know.

(The husband doesn't know, and doesn't care.)

WIFE. There's no use in saying that her father left her a fortune, because he didn't. Besides, he was only a dentist. (The husband suggests that the subject is not interesting.)

WIFE. Yes, a dentist! You needn't deny it. I'm not like you; I know what I'm talking about. He was a dentist, and Mrs. Sargent used to make out his bills for him. I have some of them still; and if you don't believe it, I can show them to you.

(The husband again suggests his lack of interest in the subject.)

WIFE. You don't like to hear this? You are afraid to learn the truth. It annoys you to be told that Mrs. Sargent

was the daughter of a dentist? It seems to take away the aroma of romance, doesn't it?

(The husband indicates his complete indifference.)

WIFE. Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't mean to cast a slur on the lady of your fancy. In the future I shall know better; I shall refrain from all remark; I shall hold my tongue. I am not like you; I can suffer in silence.

(The husband looks at her with wonder.)

WIFE. No matter what this Mrs. Sargent may do, I am to say nothing. She may steal you away from me, she may rob my poor children of their father, she may bring ruin and desolation and despair on a household once happy, and I am to make no complaint; I am to eat out my heart alone, and in secret!

(The husband again looks at her in wonder.)

WIFE. Isn't that enough? What more do you want me to do? Must I go to this Mrs. Sargent and throw myself at her feet, and beg her humbly to keep up her flirtation with my husband? Is that what you want?

(The husband has at last a chance to reply, but he feels it would be useless. He shrugs his shoulders and turns away.)

WIFE. That's right! Lose your temper! That's the best thing you can do when you dare not answer me!

(The husband turns back.)

WIFE. What have you to say in self-defence?

(The husband looks at her calmly.)

WIFE. Nothing! You can't even make up a likely story! I have believed them before, why shouldn't I now? You might at least pay me the compliment of lying to me! But you have nothing at all to say—nothing, nothing!

(The husband approaches her.)

WIFE. Well, go on! Strike me!

(The husband is staggered by this.)

WIFE. Why don't you strike me?

(The husband does not know what to do.)

WIFE. What are you waiting for? You are the stronger—you are the man—I am only a weak woman. Don't be frightened—I shall not try to defend myself!

(The husband has again a chance to speak, but what could he say? Obviously, the best thing he can do is to go. So he starts toward the door on the right.)

WIFE. So you don't intend to beat me? Are you afraid I shall call for help?

(The husband turns back.)

WIFE. You are wrong to fear that. I am not one of the women who like to make a noise and a scandal.

(The husband is about to answer, but he checks himself.)

WIFE. I hate scandal, and I love peace and quiet.

(The husband raises his eyebrows.)

WIFE (furiously). Don't you know that?

(The husband takes up his paper quietly, and sits down again before the fire.)

WIFE. Have you nothing to say for yourself? Do you persist in behaving like a brute?

(The husband begins to read.)

WIFE (drawing near to him). And you can read a newspaper when your poor wife is in tears? There are husbands who would at least try to explain their conduct. When a wife is miserable, when she is tormented by doubts and misgivings, when perhaps she is in the wrong, but when surely she is suffering cruelly, there are husbands who would try to soothe her by a kind word, by a gentle glance. Is it so very hard to have pity on those we love?

(The husband, touched by this, lays aside his newspaper.)

WIFE. After all, what is it I ask? Only that you will tell me where you went after this college dinner—if there really was a college dinner.

(The husband is about to affirm.)

WIFE. Well, well, I will allow that there was a college dinner! But you must admit that it isn't natural for a man to come home after midnight—

(The husband is about to speak.)

WIFE. Well, well, call it twelve o'clock, half-past eleven, what you will. But the dinner was over by half-past nine—

(The husband is again about to speak.)

WIFE. You told me so yourself.

(The husband protests.)

WIFE. Is it any wonder that I am surprised? that I am worried? that I am wounded?

(The husband hesitates.)

WIFE. And you refuse to answer a single question?

(She falls, sobbing, on the sofa. The husband looks at her compassionately.)

WIFE (sobbing). Oh, mother, mother! How you would suffer if you only knew how miserable I am!

The Speaker

(The husband is sorrowful.)

WIFE (sitting up). And this is nothing to what I may expect in the future! This is only the beginning!

(The husband goes toward her.)

WIFE (thrusting him aside). Let me alone! I have no need of your hypocritical consolation. You wanted to see me cry. Well, I've been crying—and I hope you are satisfied!

(The husband thinks this is a little too much. He loses patience completely, and in his anger strides to and fro.)

WIFE. Oh, I know it is absurd for me to take on so. I have no business to weep. I ought to be used to neglect by this time. I suppose that we poor women can get accustomed to anything.

(The husband continues to pace to and fro.)

WIFE. When we were married, only five years ago, I little thought it would come to this. Ours was a beautiful wedding, and everybody said we were going to be so happy! Everybody except old Aunt Anastasia—she was more keen-sighted than the rest.

(The husband, who is near the fireplace, turns at this last speech.)

WIFE. Yes, sir. Aunt Anastasia was keen-sighted, for all she was eighty-seven. She said, "Virginia, my dear child, be on your guard. You are marrying a middle-aged man"—

(The husband is indignant.)

WIFE. Aunt Anastasia called you a middle-aged man! And she said that you were a broker, and that you had lived in clubs, and that you went to the races, and that you probably played poker.

(The husband is impatient.)

WIFE. And that it was very doubtful whether you would make a good husband.

(The husband is more and more impatient.)

WIFE. And so Aunt Anastasia advised me to be on my guard, and if you ill-treated me or neglected me, to get a divorce at once!

(The husband has taken up a paper-cutter from the mantelpiece, and at the word "divorce" he breaks it.)

WIFE. There, you see, you break everything! That's the way you answer me! Your temper is getting worse and worse every day. I shall live in fear of my life soon!

(The husband is about to let his indignation break out, but he controls himself. Going to the little table, he pours out a glass of water.)

WIFE. So—you are thirsty! I don't doubt it! Your college dinner must have made you very dry.

(The husband pours out a little more water, filling the glass up.)

WIFE. Cold water ought to be good for you; it ought to calm your violence.

(The husband sips his glass slowly, and in great calmness.)

WIFE (furiously). But I will beg you not to be as careless in the future as you have been in the past.

(The husband sets down the glass and wipes his lips.)

WIFE (after a pause). The night before last you spilt half a glass of ice-water on my velvet prayer-book.

(The husband listens to her coldly but politely, and then goes to the little table and sets down the glass.)

WIFE (very angry). And there never was a time when I needed my prayer-book more than now. What would become of me if I had only this world to think of?

(The husband still listens frigidly.)

WIFE. Oh, I know what your views are! You always go to sleep during the sermon! But you cannot make me forget the lessons I learned at my mother's knee.

(The husband, resigned to anything, listens in silence.)

WIFE. What do you say?

(The husband, by a gesture, suggests that there is no need for him to say anything.)

WIFE. My mother was a noble woman!

(The husband shrugs his shoulders.)

WIFE. You don't think so? I didn't believe you capable of insulting my mother!

(The husband raises his hands in a silent appeal to heaven).

WIFE (sobbing). You insult my poor, dear mother. And what day do you choose for this outrage? A day when all my family used to try to make me happy—my birthday!

(The husband listens stolidly.)

WIFE. Oh, yes, to-day is December 20th—my birthday. But you had forgotten it.

(The husband protests.)

WIFE. Confess now that you didn't remember it—that you never remember it!

(The husband is about to speak.)

WIFE. Oh, don't say a word! You would only tell me another story!

The Speaker

(The husband looks at the audience, as though to call them to witness. Then he turns to the wife, smiling.)

WIFE. Well, what is it? What is the matter with you? Why don't you speak?

(The husband takes a jewel-case from his pocket, and opens it.)

WIFE. What's that?

(The husband hands it to her.)

WIFE. A bracelet! For me?

(The husband nods.)

WIFE (reading the inscription inside the bracelet). "Virginia—from Paul—December 20th." And this is why you were late?

(The husband nods again.)

WIFE (effusively). Oh, Paul, how good you are to me! And how I do love you! (Throwing herself into his arms.)

CURTAIN.

At Nanny's Cottage.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

(Dramatized by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

From "The Little Minister."

CHARACTERS :

Babbie—the Earl's ward, in gypsy disguise.

Gavin Dishart—the "Little Minister."

Nanny—a poor old woman.

The Doctor.

SITUATION.—Babbie assisted some poor weavers in a riot, and there met the "Little Minister." He was dazed by her beauty and permitted her to escape from the soldiers, leaning on his arm as his wife. The doctor and minister in this scene come to take Nanny to the poor-house.

SCENE.—A bare, dull kitchen. A round table, two chairs, a stool and some pans. A box stands packed with a blanket and piece of carpet on top. Inside the box are dishes and a tea-kettle and pitcher. A window; one entrance. Nanny in black, stands watching at the window. Suddenly she gives a stifled scream. There is a knock. The door opens. Enter the doctor and the minister.)

DOCTOR. Well, Nanny, I have come, and you see Mr. Dishart is with me.

NANNY (curtseying). Thank you kindly, sirs. Please to take a chair.

(The men sit down. Pause.)

DOCTOR. I'm thirsty, Nanny. I'd be obliged for a drink of water.

(Nanny hastens to pan behind the door, but stops.)

NANNY. It's empty. I didna think I needed to fill it this morning. (She ends with a sob, then says apologetically.) I couldna help that. I'm richt angry at myself for being so ungrateful like.

(The doctor rises.)

NANNY (in alarm). Oh, no, doctor!

DOCTOR. But you are ready.

NANNY. Ay, I have been ready this twa hours, but you

might wait a minute. Hendry Munn and Andrew Allardyce is comin' yonder, and they would see me.

GAVIN. Wait, doctor.

NANNY. Thank you kindly, sir.

DOCTOR. But Nanny, you must remember what I told you about the poor—about the place you're going to. It is a fine place and you will be very happy in it.

NANNY. Ay, I'll be happy in 't, but, doctor, if I could just bidden on here, though I wasna happy.

DOCTOR. Think of the food you will get; broth nearly every day.

NANNY. It—it'll be terrible enjoyable.

DOCTOR. And there will be pleasant company for you always, and a nice room to sit in. Why, after you have been there a week you won't be the same woman.

NANNY (passionately). That's it! Na, na! I'll be a woman on the poor's rates. Oh, mither, mither, when you bore me, you little thocht that I would come to this.

DOCTOR. Nanny, I'm ashamed of you. (He rises.)

NANNY. I humbly spier your forgiveness, sir, and you might bide just a wee yet. I've been ready to gang these two hours, but now, I dinna ken how it is, but it's terribly hard to come awa'. I'm—I'm gey auld.

GAVIN. You will often get out to see your friends.

NANNY. Na, na, na! Dinna say that! I'll gang, but you mauna bid me ever come out, except in a hearse. Dinna let onybody in Thrums look on my face again.

DOCTOR. We must go. Put on your bonnet, Nanny.

(Nanny puts on her bonnet slowly. She covers her face with her hands, sobbing and whispering.)

NANNY. I'll hae to gang! I'm a base woman no to be more thanku' to them that is so good to me. Oh, mither! I wish terrible they had come and taken me at nicht. I was praying it might be a cart, so they could cover me wi' straw.

DOCTOR. This is more than I can stand.

NANNY. I've tried you, sair, but, ch, I'm grateful, and I'm ready now.

(She tries to smile as they move toward the door, but she stops and looks from one to the other, her mouth opening and shutting.)

NANNY. I canna help it.

GAVIN (stretching out his arms). Have pity on her. O God!

NANNY. Oh, God, you might.

(Enter Babbie in gypsy dress. Nanny falls at her feet, crying.)

NANNY. They are taking me to the poorhouse! Dinna let them! Dinna let them!

(Babbie folds her arms about Nanny and kisses her cheek, then turns with flashing eyes at the two men.)

BABBIE (stamping her foot). How dare you!

GAVIN. You don't see—

BABBIE. You coward!

DOCTOR. This is all very well, but a woman's sympathy—

BABBIE. A woman! ah, if I could be a man for only five minutes! You poor dear, I won't let them take you away! (To the men.) Go!

DOCTOR. Hoots, man, don't look so shamefaced. We are not criminals. Say something.

GAVIN. You mean well, but you are doing this poor woman a cruelty in holding out hopes to her that cannot be realized. Sympathy is not meal and bed-clothes, and these are what she needs.

BABBIE. And you who live in luxury would send her to the poorhouse for them. I thought better of you!

DOCTOR. Tuts! Mr. Dishart gives more than any other man in Thrums to the poor, and he is not to be preached to by a gypsy. We are waiting for you, Nanny.

NANNY. Ay, I'm coming. I'll hae to gang, lassie. Dinna greet for me.

BABBIE. No, you are not going. It is these men who are going. Go, sirs, and leave us.

DOCTOR. And will you provide for Nanny?

BABBIE. Yes.

DOCTOR. And where is the siller to come from?

BABBIE. That is my affair, and Nanny's. Begone, both of you. She shall never want again. See how the very mention of your going brings back life to her face.

DOCTOR. I won't begone till I see the color of your siller.

BABBIE. Oh, the money! (She puts her hand into her pocket confidently, as if used to well-filled purses, but only draws out two silver pieces.) I had forgotten.

DOCTOR. I thought so. Come, Nanny.

BABBIE. You presume to doubt me! (Blocking his way to the door.)

DOCTOR. How could I presume to believe you? You are a beggar by profession, and yet talk as if—pooh, nonsense.

NANNY. I would live on very little, and Sanders will be out again in August month.

DOCTOR. Seven shillings a week.

BABBIE. Is that all? She shall have it.

DOCTOR. When?

BABBIE. At once. No, it is not possible to-night, but to-morrow I will bring five pounds; no, I will send it; no, you must come for it.

DOCTOR. And where, O daughter of Dives, do you reside?
(Babbie hesitates.)

DOCTOR. I only asked because when I make an appointment I like to know where it is to be held. But I suppose you are to suddenly rise out of the ground as you have done to-day, and did six weeks ago.

BABBIE. Whether I rise out of the ground or not, there will be a five-pound note in my hand. You will meet me to-morrow about this hour at—say the Kaimes of Cuchie?

DOCTOR. No, I won't. Even if I went to the Kaimes I should not find you there. Why can you not come to me?

BABBIE. Why do you carry a woman's hair in that locket on your chain?

(The doctor steps back from her hastily, and looks down at the locket.)

BABBIE. Yes, it is still shut; but why do you sometimes open it at nights?

DOCTOR. Lassie, are you a witch?

BABBIE. Perhaps, but I ask for no answer to my questions. If you have your secrets, why may I not have mine? Now, will you meet me at the Kaimes?

DOCTOR. No; I distrust you more than ever. Even if you came, it would be to play with me as you have done already. How can a vagrant have five pounds in her pocket when she does not have five shillings on her back?

BABBIE. You are a cruel, hard man; but see! Look at this ring. Do you know its value?

DOCTOR. I see it is gold.

GAVIN. Certainly, it is gold.

NANNY. Mercy on us! I believe it's what they call a diamond.

DOCTOR. How did you come by it?

BABBIE. I thought we had agreed not to ask each other questions. But, see, I will give it to you to hold in hostage. If I am not at the Kaimes to get it back, you can keep it.

(The doctor takes the ring in his hand and examines it curiously.)

DOCTOR. There is a quirk in this that I don't like. Take back your ring, lassie. Mr. Dishart, give Nanny your arm, and I'll carry her box to the machine. Unless you trust this woman's word.

BABBIE. You do trust me.

GAVIN. Yes, I trust you.

DOCTOR. Just think a moment first. I decline to have anything to do with this matter. You will go to the Kaims for the siller?

GAVIN. If it is necessary.

BABBIE. It is necessary.

GAVIN. Then I will go.

DOCTOR. You dare not, man, make an appointment with this gypsy. Think of what would be said in Thrums.

GAVIN. You forget yourself, doctor.

DOCTOR. Send some one in your place.

BABBIE. He must come himself and alone. You must both give me your promise not to mention who is Nanny's friend, and she must promise, too.

DOCTOR. Well, I cannot keep my horse freezing any longer. Remember, Mr. Dishart, you take the sole responsibility for this.

GAVIN. I do, and with the utmost confidence.

DOCTOR. Give him the ring, then, lassie.

GAVIN. I have your word. That is sufficient.

(Babbie thanks him with a look.)

DOCTOR. So be it. Get the money, and I will say nothing about it, unless I have reason to think that it has been dishonestly come by. Don't look so frightened at me, Nanny. I hope for your sake that her stocking foot is full of gold.

NANNY. Surely it's worth risking when the minister is on her side.

DOCTOR. Ay, but on whose side, Nanny? Lassie, I bear you no grudge; will you not tell me who you are?

BABBIE. Only a pair gypsy, your honor, only a wandering hallen-shaker, and will I tell your fortune, my pretty gentleman?

DOCTOR. No; you shan't.

BABBIE. I don't need to look at your hand. I can read your fortune in your face. I see you become very frail. Your eyesight has almost gone. You are sitting alone in a cauld room, cooking your ain dinner ower a feeble fire.

The soot is falling down the chimney. Your bearish manners towards women have driven the servant lassie frae your house, and your wife beats you.

DOCTOR. Ay, you spoil your prophecy there, for I'm not married; my pipe's the only wife I ever had.

BABBIE. You will be married by that time, for I see your wife. She is a shrew. She marries you in your dotage. She laughs at you in company. She doesna allow you to smoke.

DOCTOR. Away with you, you jade! (Feeling nervously for his pipe). Mr. Dishart, you had better stay and arrange this matter as you choose; but I want a word with you outside.

(Exeunt doctor and minister. Nanny begins to unpack her box, Babbie helping her. Enter Gavin.)

BABBIE. Nanny and I are to have a dish of tea as soon as we have set things to rights. Do you think we should invite the minister, Nanny?

NANNY. We couldna dare. You'll excuse her, Mr. Dishart, for the presumption?

BABBIE. Presumption!

NANNY. Lassie, I ken you mean weel, but Mr. Dishart'll think you're putting yoursel' on an equality wi' him. (In a whisper.) Dinna be so free; he's the Auld Licht minister. (The gypsy bows with mock awe.)

GAVIN. But there is no water, and is there any tea?

BABBIE. I am going out for them and for some other things. But no; if I go for the tea, you must go for the water.

NANNY. Lassie, mind wha' you're speaking to. To send a minister to the well!

GAVIN. I will go. The well is in the wood, I think?

NANNY. Gie me the pitcher, Mr. Dishart. What a stir there would be if you was seen wi't!

BABBIE. Then he must remain here and keep the house till we come back. [Exit Babbie.]

NANNY. She's an awfu' lassie, but it'll just be the way she has been brought up.

GAVIN. She has been very good to you, Nanny.

NANNY. She has; leastwise she promises to be. Mr. Dishart, she's awa'; what if she doesna come back?

GAVIN. I think she will. I am confident of it.

NANNY. And has she the siller?

GAVIN. I believe in her. (Doggedly.) She has an excellent heart.

NANNY. I suppose she'll gie you the money and syne you'll gie me the seven shillings a week?

GAVIN. That seems the best plan.

NANNY. And what will you gie it me in? I would be terrible obliged if you gae it to me in saxpences.

GAVIN. Do the smaller coins go further?

NANNY. Na; it's no that. But I've heard folks tell o' giving away half-crowns by mistake for twa-shilling bits; ay, and there's something dizzying in ha'en fower and twenty pennies in one piece; it has sic terrible little bulk. Sanders had aince a gold sovereign, and he looked at it so often that it seemed to grow smaller and smaller in his hand till he was feared it micht just be a half after all.

(Nanny goes for water. Gavin sets the kettle on the fire and stands looking at it dreamily. Nanny enters.)

NANNY. Is there no' a smell o' burning in the house?

GAVIN. I have noticed it since you came in. I was busy until then, putting on the kettle. The smell is becoming worse.

(Nanny sidles towards the hearth and softly lays the kettle on the earthen floor. Babbie enters.)

BABBIE. Who burned the kettle? (Ignoring Nanny's signs.)

NANNY. Lassie, it was me.

GAVIN. It was I.

BABBIE. Oh, you stupid! (She shakes the package in his face.) If the men would keep their hands in their pockets all day, the world's affairs would be more easily managed.

NANNY. Wheesht! If Mr. Dishart cared to set his mind to it, he could make the kettle boil quicker than you or me. But his thochts is on higher things.

BABBIE. No higher than this! (Holding her hand level with her brow.) Confess, Mr. Dishart, that this is the exact height of what you were thinking about. See, Nanny, he is blushing as if I meant that he had been thinking about me. He cannot answer, Nanny; we have found him out.

NANNY. And kindly of him it is no to answer, for what could he answer, except that he would need to be sure o' living a thousand years afore he could spare five minutes on you or me? Of course, it would be different if we sat under him.

BABBIE. And yet he is to drink tea at that very table. I hope you are sensible of the honor, Nanny.

NANNY. Am I no? I'm trying to keep frae thinking o't till he's gone, in case I should let the teapot fall.

GAVIN. You have nothing to thank me for, Nanny, but much for which to thank this—this—

BABBIE. This haggerty-tagerty Egyptian. But my name is Babbie.

NANNY. Weel, then, lift the lid off the kettle, Babbie, for it's boiling over.

(Babbie tucks up her sleeves to wash Nanny's cups and saucers, and Gavin, eager to help, bumps his head on the plate-rack.)

BABBIE. Sit there, and don't rise till I give you permission. (Gavin sits on stool.)

BABBIE. I got the things in the little shop you told me of, but the horrid man would not give them to me till he had seen my money.

NANNY. Enoch would be suspicious of you, you being a gypsy.

BABBIE. Ah, I am only a gypsy. Is that why you dislike me, Mr. Dishart?

NANNY. He neither likes you nor dislikes you, you forget he's a minister.

BABBIE. That is what I cannot endure, to be neither liked nor disliked. Please hate me, Mr. Dishart, if you cannot lo——ove me.

(She pretends to cry behind the towel.)

GAVIN (gallantly). Come, come, I did not say that I disliked you. I can honestly say that I like you.

BABBIE. Oh, tank oo! Nanny, the minister says me is a dood 'ittle dirl.

NANNY. He didna gang that length. Set the things, Babbie, and I'll make the tea.

(By-play: Babbie wipes her eyes when she sees Gavin looking at her. She is setting table.)

NANNY. Babbie, you didna speak about the poorhouse to Enoch?

BABBIE. No; but I knew that the Thrums people would be very unhappy until they discovered where you get the money I am to give you, and, as that is a secret, I hinted to Enoch that your benefactor is Mr. Dishart.

GAVIN. You should not have said that. I cannot foster such a deception.

BABBIE. They will foster it without your help. Besides, if you choose, you can say you get the money from a friend.

NANNY. Ay, you can say that.

BABBIE. There is no fear of Nanny's telling anyone that the friend is a gypsy girl.

NANNY. Na, na, I whinna let on. It's so queer to be befriended by a gypsy.

BABBIE. It is scarcely respectable.

NANNY. It's no.

(Babbie appears hurt.)

GAVIN. I, at least, will know who is the benefactress, and think none the worse of her because she is a gypsy.

NANNY. But I wouldna hae been nane angry if she had telled Enoch that the minister was to take tea here. Susy'll no believe 't though I tell her, as tell her I will. Draw in your chair, Mr. Dishart.

BABBIE. Yes, you take this chair, Mr. Dishart, and Nanny will have that one, and I can sit humbly on the stool.

NANNY. Keep us a'! The lassie thinks her and me is to sit down wi' the minister. We're no to gang that length, Babbie; we're just to stand and serve him, and syne we'll sit down when he has risen.

BABBIE. Delightful! Nanny, you kneel on that side of him, and I will kneel on this. You will hold the butter and I the biscuits.

GAVIN. Sit down, both of you, at once! I command you.

(The two women fall into their seats,—Nanny in terror, Babbie affecting it.)

CURTAIN.

The Examination.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

(Dramatized by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

From "Bonaventure."

CHARACTERS:

Bonaventure—the Acadian schoolmaster.

G. W. Tarbox—a book agent.

The School, composed of:

Claude,

Sidonie,

Crébiche,

Toutou,

Madeline, and others.

The Audience, composed of:

Enemies and Friends, chiefly Friends.

COSTUMES.—Boys in jean suits, roundabouts, ill-fitting half-long trousers; shabby shoes. Girls in blue jean also, tight waists and full skirts. The smaller girls in pantalettes. Bonaventure in a poorly-fitting, home-made-looking suit, worn but neat. Described in book as "scrupulously clean, ill-fitting, flimsy garments." Mr. Tarbox in a business suit of 1878. Audience, simple gray and blue home-made garments. Men in broad straw hats. Women in sun-bonnets.

SITUATION.—The French Acadians settled in Louisiana and are only partly Americanized at the time of the story. They speak a peculiar French brogue. Bonaventure, a young enthusiast, has come to the village of Grande Pointe to teach school in English. He is unconscious of his French accent. He is the spiritual type, slim, delicate, high-minded, ardent. He is in love with Sidonie, a beautiful maiden, really old enough to stop school, for she is fifteen. Claude also loves Sidonie, and Bonaventure knows

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that he has this rival. Neither of them has spoken to Sidonie, and she has shown no love for either. A few of the villagers are suspicious of the English education, and have made an effort to send away the teacher, and it has been agreed that an examination shall be held, and if a single pupil fails once the school shall be closed. They secure Mr. Tarbox as judge. He is a stranger to all, and has never seen Bonaventure when the scene opens.

SCENE.—A schoolroom in a tobacco shed. The small platform for the teacher, with his desk, and a chair for Mr. Tarbox, in the center, at back. The school seated on benches at right, arranged slantwise, so that their faces are visible. When reciting the classes stand at this same slant. The Grande Pointe audience is seated at left, on similar benches. There are three desks, for Claude, Sidonie and Madelaine. As the curtain rises, Bonaventure and Mr. Tarbox are shaking hands by the platform. The school and the spectators are seated.

BONAVENTURE. Sir, we are honored that you enter the school-place. I say not, school-house; 'tis, as its humble teacher, not fitly so nominated. But you shall find herein a school which the more taken by surprise, not the less prepared.

TARBOX. The State ought to build you a good school-house.

BONAVENTURE (smiting his breast). Ah, sir! I-I-I would reimburs't her in good citizen and mothah of good citizen! And both reading, writing and also ciphering, arithmeticalating, in the English tongue, and grammatically. But investigate. (He taps the bell, one stroke.) That, sir, is to designate attention. (He waves his hand towards the school, which is motionless.)

TARBOX. Perfect!

BONAVENTURE (in ecstasy). Chil'run, chil'run, he p'nonce you perfect! (Flirting his hand in the air.) At random! Exclusively at random, state what class! At random.

TARBOX. I-I doubt if I underst—

BONAVENTURE. Name any class, exclusively at random, and you shall see with what p'omptness and quietude the chil'run shall take each one their exactly co'ect places.

TARBOX. Oh, I understand. You want me to designate—

BONAVENTURE. Any class! at yo' caprice!

TARBOX. Well, if you have—third class in geography.

BONAVENTURE (in alarm). Or spelling?

TARBOX. Yes, spell— I meant spelling!

BONAVENTURE. Third spelling!

(The tiniest children come silently forward, with their hands held stiffly at their sides.)

BONAVENTURE. Now commencing wherever, even at the foot, if desired! Ask, sir, if you please, any English word of one syllab', of however difficult.

TARBOX. No matter how difficult?

BONAVENTURE. Well, they are timid, as you see; advance by degrees.

TARBOX. Very well, then, I will try the little boy at this end.

BONAVENTURE. At the foot; but still, 'tis well. Only—ah, Crébiche! everything depend! Be prepared, Crébiche!

TARBOX. Yes; I will ask him to spell hoss.

(Little Crébiche draws himself up rigidly, points his stiffened fingers down his thighs, rounds his mouth and speaks distinctly and melodiously.)

CRÉBICHE. O—double eth, awth!

BONAVENTURE (running to him). Ah, my lil' boy! O—double eth, listten my chile. O sir, he did not hear the word precisely. Listten, my chile, to yo' teacher! Remember that his honor and the school's honor is in yo' spelling.

(He draws back a step, poises, and then gives the word crashingly.) Or-r-r-rus-seh!

CRÉBICHE (winking with intensity). Haich-o-r-eth-e, 'Orthe.

BONAVENTURE (shaking both hands tremulously). Another! Another word! Another to the same.

TARBOX. Mouse.

BONAVENTURE (anxiously). Mah-ooseh! my nob'e lil' boy! Mah-ooseh!

CRÉBICHE (a speaking statue). M-o-u-eth-e, mouthe.

BONAVENTURE. Co'ect, my chile! And yet, sir, and yet, 'tis he that they call Crébiche, because, like the crawfish, ad-

varcing backwardly. But to the next! Another word! Another word!

TARBOX. Don't you think we'd better try another class now?

BONAVENTURE. No, no; another in this class. Give to Toutou, if you please, a word not comprise in the book, of more than one syllable.

TARBOX. Florida.

(Toutou has stood waiting with an eager grin. He seems to catch the word in the air with his hand, and rattles it off glibly, with assurance.)

TOUTOU. F-l-o, flo, warr-de, warr-da, Florida.

(Tarbox bursts into a laugh.)

BONAVENTURE (patting Toutou's head). Right! my chile! Co'ect, Toutou! Sir, let us—

SMALL MAN IN AUDIENCE. He spelt dat las word right?

TARBOX. Yes, all right.

BIG MAN IN AUDIENCE. Shet op! Sit down!

BONAVENTURE. Sir, let us not exhoss the time with spelling. You shall now hear them read.

(He taps the bell. The class retires. The larger boys and girls come forward.)

BONAVENTURE. Friends and fellow-citizens of Gran' Point', think not of the supping goodness of yo' chil'run reading. 'Tis to this branch has been given the largest attention and most assidu'ty, so thus to comprise puffection in the English tongue, whether speaking aw otherwise. I am not satisfied whilst the slightest accent of French is remaining. But yo' shall judge if they read not as if in their own vernaculary. And you shall choose the piece.

Mr. Tarbox selects and reads aloud:

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom;
 In modest tints arrayed;
 And there it spread its sweet perfume,
 Within the silent shade.

BONAVENTURE. Claude, p'ceed.

CLAUDE (taking the one book). Dthee vy-eelit. Dah-oon hin hay grin and-a shad-y bade. A mo-dest vy-ee-lit groo—Hits-a stallk whoz baint hit hawngg hits hade. Has hif-a too hah-ed frawn ve-oo. Hand h-yet it whoz a lo-vly flow'r—Hits-a co-lors brah-eet and fair—Heet moheet have grassed a rozzzy bower. Heenstade hof hah-ee-ding there—

BONAVENTURE. Stop! You pronounce a word faultily. I call not that a miss; but we must inoculate the idea of puffedion. So soon the sly-y-test misp'nounciating I pass to the next. Next.

GIRL (in high key, very slowly). Yate there eet whoz cawntaint too bulloom. Heen mo-dest teent z-arrayed. And there heet sprade heets swit pre-fume. Whit-hin thee sy-y-lent shade.

BONAVENTURE. Stop! Not that you mistook, but—'tis enough. Sir, will you give your self the pain to tell—not for my sake or reputation, but to the encouragement of the chil'run and devoid flattery—what is yo' opinion of that specimen of reading? Not t'oubling you, but in two or three words only—if you will give yo'self the pain—

TARBOX. Why, certainly; I think it is—I can hardly find words—it's remarkable.

BONAVENTURE (joyfully). Chil'run, do you hear? Remarkable! But do you not detect no slight, no small faultiness of p'nounciating?

TARBOX. No, not the slightest. I smile, but I was thinking of something else. No, sir; I can truthfully say I never heard such a p'nunciation.

BONAVENTURE. Sir! 'tis toil have po'duce it! Toil of the teacher, industry of the chil'run. But it has po'duce besides! Sir, look—that school! Since one year commencing the A, B, C, and now spelling word' of eight syllabi.

TARBOX. Not *this* school?

BONAVENTURE. Sir, you shall see—or, more p'operly, hear. First spelling!

(Several from the reading class retire. Only Claude, Sidonie and Madelaine remain to spell. Bonaventure steps

down from the platform and surveys the class. He opens the book, surveys the word, puts his finger in the place, lifts the book above his head.)

BONAVENTURE. Claude! Claude, my brave scholah, always perfect, ah you ready? Ineradicability!

CLAUDE (his face in stony vacancy). I-n, in, e, inerad, r-a-d-, inerad-, ineraddy, i, ineradica, c-a, ca, ineradica, ineradicabili, b-i-el-i, billy, ineradicabili-, t-y, ty, ineradicability!

BONAVENTURE. Right! Claude, my boy! my always good scholar, right! (He looks in book again; whirls it.) Madelaine, my dear chile, prepare! Indefatigability!

MADELAINE (turning to stone). I-n, een; d-e, de, f-a-t, fat, indefat, i, indefati, g-a, indefatiga, b-i-l, indefatigabil, i, indefatigabili-, t-y, ty, indefatigability.

BONAVENTURE. O Madelaine, my chile, you make yo' teacher proud! proh-ood, my chile. (He looks at the next word twice.) Sidonie, ah, Sidonie, be ready! be prepared! fail not yo' humble school-teacher! In-com— Incomprehensibility!

(It is evident that the class sees his mistake.)

SIDONIE (is silent, then begins). I-n, een, c-o-m, cawm, eencawm, p-r-e, pre, eencawmpre, haich-e-n, hen, eencawmprehen, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi, b-i-l-

BONAVENTURE. Ah, Sidonie! Stop! Oh, listen! Sidonie, my dear! Sir, it was my blame! I spoke the word without adequate distinction. Incomprehensi-Cability.

SIDONIE (trembling). I-n, een, —c-o-m, cawm, p-r-e, pre,—

BONAVENTURE. Right! Right! Tremble not, my Sidonie! Fear naught! Yo' loving teacher is at thy side!

SIDONIE. Haich-e-n, hen, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi, b-i-l, bil, i-t-y, ty, eencawmprehensibility!

(Bonaventure stares at her; she at him. Then she bursts into sobs and runs to her desk. The audience rises in a tumult.)

BONAVENTURE. Lost! Everything lost! Farewell, chil'run!

(The little ones run to his arms. He sinks down, holding them. Tarbox mounts his chair and calls out.)

TARBOX. Silence. Sit down! Every one! My friends, I say when a man makes a bargain he ought to stick to it. A bargain's a bargain!

VOICE IN AUDIENCE. Yass!

ANOTHER VOICE. Shet op!

TARBOX. There was a plain bargain made. There was to be an examination; the school was not to know; but if one scholar should make one mistake the school-house was to be closed and the schoolmaster sent away. Well, there's been a mistake made, and a bargain's a bargain. Do they understand?

BONAVENTURE (wretchedly). They meck out.

TARBOX. My friends, some people think education's a big thing, and some think it aint. Well, sometimes it is; sometimes it aint. Now, here's this man claims to have taught your children to read. Well, what of it? A man can know how to read, and be just as no account as he was before. He brags that he's taught them to speak English. Well, what does that prove? A man *might* speak English and starve to death. He claims, I am told, to have taught some of them to write. But I know a man in the penitentiary that can write. He wrote too well.

BONAVENTURE. Ah, sir! too true, too true ah yo' words; nevertheless their cooelty. 'Tis not what is print' in the books, but what you learn through the books!

TARBOX. Yes; and so you hadn't never ought to have made the bargain you made; but, my friends, a bargain's a bargain and the teacher's—

VOICE IN AUDIENCE. Naw, sah. Naw, he don't got to go.

ANOTHER VOICE. Shet op!

TARBOX. I say the mistake's been made. Three mistakes have been made.

ENEMIES IN AUDIENCE. Yass! Yass!

FRIENDS IN AUDIENCE. Naw, sah! Naw, sah! Wan meestick!

TARBOX. Sit down. The first mistake was in the kind of bargain you made. I came out here to show up that man as a fraud. But what do I find? A poor, unpaid, half-starved man that loves his thankless work better than his life, teaching what not one school-master in a thousand can teach; teaching his whole school four better things than

were ever printed in any school-book—how to study, how to think, how to value knowledge, and to love one another and mankind. What you'd ought to have done was to agree that such a school should keep open, and such a teacher should stay, if jest one, one lone child should answer one single book-question right. But, as I said before, a bargain's a bargain. (Confusion in audience. Cries of dissent.) Hold on there. Sit down. You sha'n't interrupt me again! The second mistake was thinking the teacher gave out that last word right. He gave it wrong. And the third mistake was thinking it was spelt wrong. *She spelled it right.* And a bargain's a bargain! The school-master stays.

(The audience cheers and claps. Bonaventure upsets the small children and seizes a book, then seizes Sidonie's hands.)

BONAVENTURE. Incomprehensibility!

(Bonaventure returns to platform. Order is restored.)

BONAVENTURE. Chil'run, beloved chil'run, yo' school-teacher has the blame of the whole mistake; and sir, gladly, oh, gladly, sir, would he always have the blame rather than any of his beloved chil'run. Sir, I will boldly ask you, *ah* you not the State Sup'intendent Public Education?

TARBOX. No, I—

BONAVENTURE. But, surely, sir, then a greater? Yes, I discover it, though you smile. Chil'run, friends, not the State Sup'intendent, but greater! Pardon; have yo' chair, sir.

TARBOX (anxiously). Why, the examination's over, isn't it? Guess you'd better call it finished, hadn't you?

BONAVENTURE. Figu'atively speaking, 'tis conclude'; but—pardon—you mention writing. Shall you paht f'om us not known—not leaving yo' name—in a copy-book, for examp'?

TARBOX. With pleasure. You do teach writing?

BONAVENTURE. If I teach writing? To such with desks, yes. 'Twould be to all but for the privation of desks. You perceive how we have here nothing less than a desk famine. Sir, do you not think every chile should be provided a desk? Ah, I knew 'twould be yo' verdic'. But how great trouble I have with that subjec'. Me, I think yes; but the parents, they contend no. Now, sir, here are three copy-books. No, commence rather with the copy-book of Madeleine; then p'ceed to the copy-book of Claude, and finally

conclude at the copy-book of Sidonie; thus rising by degrees; good, more good, most good.

TARBOX. How about Toutou and Crébiche? Don't they write?

BONAVENTURE. Oh, yes, they write; but they ah yet in the pot-hook and chicken-track stage. And now in the book of the best writing-scholah in the school—you, sir, deciding that intricacy—shall be written the name of the eminent friend of learning hereinbefo' confronting. Claude, a pen. Chil'run, he has selec' the book of Sidonie. Chil'run, hush! G., chil'run. G.— Sir, does it not signify George?

TARBOX. Yes, it stands for George.

BONAVENTURE. W! my chil'run; George W.— Sir, does it not sig— My chil'run! George Washington! George Washington, the father of his country! My chil'run and fellow-citizen', he is nominated for George Washington, the father of his country. Sir, ah you not a relation?

TARBOX. I really can't tell you. I've always been too busy to look it up.

BONAVENTURE. Tarbox. Chil'run and friends and fellow-citizen', I have the p'oudness to int'roduce you the hono'able George Washington Tarbox! And now the exhibition is dismiss'; but stop! Sir, if some, anah all, desire gratefully to shake hand?

TARBOX. I should feel honored.

BONAVENTURE. Attention, every body! Make rank! Every body by two by two, the school chil'run coming last,—Claude and Sidonie resting till the end,—pass 'round, shake hand, walk out,—similah a funial.

(All pass out, leaving Sidonie and Claude with Tarbox and Bonaventure. Claude shakes hands. Sidonie shyly puts out her hand. There is a moment of irresolution as to how they shall pair off. Claude takes the initiative. He gazes in Bonaventure's face, then reads Sidonie's, then Bonaventure's, then takes Mr. Tarbox by the hand and passes out.

BONAVENTURE. Sidonie! I love thee!

(He tries to take her hands, but she clasps them together.)

BONAVENTURE. Sidonie!

SIDONIE. Yass!

(They join hands and walk off together.)

Cordial Relations*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

From "The Dolly Dialogues."

CHARACTERS:

Miss Dorothea Foster.

Mr. Samuel Travers Carter.

Butler.

SCENE.—Miss Foster's apartments.

(Present, Miss Foster and Mr. Carter.)

MR. CARTER. Since you are going to marry Lord Mickleham, Miss Dolly, I have brought you a little gift. See (holding out the gift, which Miss Foster takes and eagerly examines), it is a little pearl heart, broken—rubies playing the part of blood—held together by a gold pin set with diamonds, and surmounted by an earl's coronet. It is my heart. The fracture is of your making; the pin—

MISS FOSTER (interrupting). What nonsense, Mr. Carter! But it's awfully pretty. Thanks, so very, very much. Aren't relations funny people?

MR. CARTER. If you wish to change the subject, pray do. I'll change anything except my affections.

MISS FOSTER. Look here (holding out a bundle of letters). Here are the congratulatory epistles from relations. Shall I read you a few?

MR. CARTER. It will be a most agreeable mode of passing the time.

MISS FOSTER. This is from Aunt Georgiana. She's a widow; lives at Cheltenham. (Reading.)

"My dearest Dorothea—"

MR. CARTER. Who?

MISS FOSTER. Dorothea's my name, Mr. Carter. It means the gift of heaven, you know.

MR. CARTER. Precisely. Pray proceed, Miss Dolly. I did not at first recognize you.

MISS FOSTER (reading). "My dearest Dorothea, I have heard the news of your engagement to Lord Mickleham with deep thankfulness. To obtain the love of an honest man is a great prize. I hope you will prove worthy of it. Marriage is a trial and an opportunity—"

MR. CARTER. Hear, hear! A trial for the husband, and—

MISS FOSTER. Be quiet, Mr. Carter. (Resumes reading.) A trial and an opportunity. It searches the heart, and it affords a sphere of usefulness which—" So she goes on, you know. I don't see why I need be lectured just because I'm going to be married, do you, Mr. Carter?

MR. CARTER. Let's try another. Who's that on pink paper?

MISS FOSTER. Oh, that's Georgy Vane. She's awful fun. (Reading.) "Dear old Dolly,—So you've brought it off. Hearty congrats. I thought you were going to be silly and throw away—" There's nothing else there, Mr. Carter. Look here. Listen to this. It's from Uncle William. He's a clergyman, you know. (Reading.) "My dear Niece,—I have heard with great gratification of your engagement. Your aunt and I unite in all good wishes. I recollect Lord Mickleham's father when I held a curacy near Worcester. He was a regular attendant at church and a supporter of all good works in the diocese. If only his son-takes after him" (fancy Archie) "you have secured a prize. I hope you have a proper sense of the responsibilities you are undertaking. Marriage affords no small opportunities; it also entails certain trials—"

MR. CARTER. Why, you're reading Aunt Georgiana again.

MISS FOSTER. Am I? No, it's Uncle William.

MR. CARTER. Then let's try a fresh cast—unless you'll finish Georgy Vane's.

MISS FOSTER. Well, here's Cousin Susan's. She's an old maid, you know. It's very long. Here's a bit (reading): "Woman has it in her power to exercise a sacred influence. I have not the pleasure of knowing Lord Mickleham, but I hope, my dear, that you will use your power over him for good. It is useless for me to deny that when you stayed with me, I thought you were addicted to frivolity. Doubtless marriage will sober you. Try to make a good use of its lessons. I am sending you a biscuit tin—" and so on.

MR. CARTER. A very proper letter.

(Miss Foster makes a grimace and takes up another letter.)

MISS FOSTER. This is from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Algenon Foster.

MR. CARTER. A daughter of Lord Doldrums, wasn't she?

MISS FOSTER. Yes. (Reading.) "My dear Dorothea,—I have heard your news. I do hope it will turn out happily. I believe that any woman who *conscientiously* does her duty can find happiness in married life. Her husband and children occupy all her time and all her thoughts, and if she can look for few of the *lighter* pleasures of life, she has at least the knowledge that she is of *use* in the world. Please accept the accompanying volumes" (it's Browning) "as a small—" I say, Mr. Carter, do you think it's really like that?

MR. CARTER. There is still time to draw back.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, don't be silly. Here, this is my brother Tom's. (Reading.) "Dear Dol,—I thought Mickleham rather an ass when I met him, but I dare say you know best. What's his place like? Does he take a moor? I thought I read that he kept a yacht. Does he? Give him my love and a kiss. Good luck, old girl.—Tom. P. S.—I'm glad it's not me, you know.

MR. CARTER. A disgusting letter.

MISS FOSTER (smiling). Not at all. It's just like dear old Tom. Listen to Grandpapa's. (Reading.) "My dear Granddaughter,—The alliance" (I rather like it's being called an alliance, Mr. Carter. It sounds like the Royal Family, doesn't it?) "you are about to contract is in all respects a suitable one. I send you my blessing, and a small check to help towards your trousseau.—Yours affectionately, Jno. Wm. Foster."

MR. CARTER. That is the best up to now.

MISS FOSTER (smiling). Yes, it's five hundred. Here's old Lady M.'s.

MR. CARTER. Whose?

MISS FOSTER. Archie's mother's, you know. (Reading.) "My dear Dorothea (as I suppose I must call you now),—Archibald has informed us of his engagement, and I and the girls" (there are five girls, Mr. Carter) "hasten to welcome his bride. I am sure Archie will make his wife very happy. He is rather particular (like his dear father), but he has a

good heart, and is not fidgety about his meals. Of course we shall be *delighted* to move out of The Towers at once. I hope we shall see a great deal of you soon. Archie is full of your praises, and we thoroughly trust his taste. Archie—"It's all about Archie, you see.

MR. CARTER. Naturally.

MISS FOSTER. Well, I don't know. I suppose I count a little, too. Oh, look here. Here's Cousin Fred's—but he's always so silly. I shan't read you his.

MR. CARTER. Oh, just a bit of it (pleadingly).

MISS FOSTER. Well, here's one bit. (Reading.) "I suppose I can't murder him, so I must wish him joy. All I can say is, Dolly, that he's the luckiest"—something I can't read—either fellow or—devil—"I ever heard of. I wonder if you've forgotten that evening—" (Stops reading.)

MR. CARTER. Well, go on.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, there's nothing else.

MR. CARTER. In fact, you have forgotten the evening.

MISS FOSTER. Entirely (tossing her head). But he sends me a love of a bracelet. He can't possibly pay for it, poor boy.

MR. CARTER. Young knave!

MISS FOSTER. Then come a lot from girls. Oh, there's one from Maud Tottenham—she's a second cousin, you know—it's rather amusing. (Reading.) "I used to know your *fiance* slightly. He seemed very nice, but it's a long while ago, and I never saw much of him. I hope he is really fond of you, and that it is not a mere *fancy*. Since you love him so much, it would be a pity if he did not care deeply for you.

MR. CARTER. Interpret, Miss Dolly.

MISS FOSTER. She tried to catch him herself.

MR. CARTER. Ah, I see. Is that all?

MISS FOSTER. The others aren't very interesting.

MR. CARTER. Then let's finish Georgy Vane's.

MISS FOSTER. Really (smiling)?

MR. CARTER. Yes. Really.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, if you don't mind, I don't (laughing. Hunts out pink note and spreads it before her). Let me see. Where was I? Oh, here. (Reading.) "I thought you were going to be silly and throw away your chances on some

of the men who used to flirt with you. Archie Mickleham may not be a genius, but he's a good fellow and a swell and rich; he's not a pauper, like Phil Meadows, or a snob, like Charlie Dawson, or—" *shall* I go on, Mr. Carter? No, I won't. I didn't see what it was.

MR. CARTER. Yes, you shall go on.

MISS FOSTER. Oh, no, I can't. (Folds up letter.)

MR. CARTER. Then I will. (Snatches letter.)

(Miss Foster jumps to her feet. Mr. Carter runs behind the table. Miss Foster runs round to catch him, but he dodges.)

MR. CARTER (reading). "Or—"

MISS FOSTER. Stop!

MR. CARTER (continuing to read). "Or a young spend-thrift like that man—I forget his name—whom you used to go on with at such a pace at Monte Carlo last winter.

MISS FOSTER. Stop! (Stamping her foot.)

MR. CARTER (reading on). "No doubt he was charming, my dear, and no doubt anybody would have thought you meant it; but I never doubted you. Still, weren't you just a little—"

MISS FOSTER. Stop! You must stop, Mr. Carter.

(Mr. Carter stops reading, folds letter and hands it back to her. She flushes when she takes it.)

MISS FOSTER (biting her lip). I thought you were a gentleman.

MR. CARTER. I was at Monte Carlo last winter myself.

BUTLER (throwing open the door). Lord Mickleham.

CURTAIN.

Truth in Parentheses.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I really take it very kind—
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner—
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)
 Your daughters, too—what loves of girls!
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it, perhaps, the measles!)

Your charming boys I see are home
 From Rev. Mr. Russell's—
 'Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)
 What! little Clara left at home?
 Well, now, I call that shabby!
 I should have loved to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby baby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well?
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy!)
 Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day—
 (Thank heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go?—next time I hope
 You'll give me longer measure,
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure!)
 Good-by! good-by! Remember, all,
 Next time you'll take your dinners—
 (Now, David—mind, I'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

The Speaker

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Whole No. 7



WHAT training should be provided for the student who aspires to give a vocal interpretation of literature? Most teachers begin with vocal exercises. Well and good. But vocal exercises are not an end. The student should be constantly reminded what they are for, what relation they have to the literature which he will be called upon to give adequate expression. His voice is to become a handy tool, which he can use without being conscious of the method, to realize his conception of the thought and feeling which he gathers from the black marks on white paper. But a trained voice can do nothing of itself. Articulation, gesture, and the other essentials of technique are alike unavailing when the real test of reading is insisted upon. Graphophone and pianola music are no worse substitutes for a musician than is the technically-trained elocutionist for an interpreter of literature. There are those who are satisfied with music boxes, and I would not deprive them of their pleasure, but let no student think that, to play a pianola well is to become a musician. I would not undervalue the excellent technical training which schools of oratory and college teachers are giving their students. But it cannot be urged too insistently that such physical training is only incidental. Most teachers recognize that the spiritual education is the end to be sought, but the physical needs are so apparent, and results in this training are so much quicker, that even the best intentions for the spiritual education of the students are often shelved until a more convenient time. There are so few students with something in them "which is clamorous for expression."

Voice
Culture

Spiritual
Education

* * *

The training for the vocal interpretation of literature should be mostly spiritual education. This is no new thought, and it is easy to repeat the words. But when shall the spiritual education be begun? Unfortunately, it should begin where the teacher cannot superintend it—in the

home. But he can begin now with the next generation, whose immediate ancestors are in his classes. Too much of the education of the day is to the end that the child shall acquire knowledge. Insist that this is pedagogically wrong; the child must feel before it can know. But when the child gets into the elementary school, test his knowledge of the structure of the language, not so much by diagramming sentences as by reading the passage. If he reads it expressively, he will indicate by his voice the relation of every word to every other word. Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell, in his valuable little book, "The Voice and Spiritual Education," which I have just been turning through for the third time, writes of the difficulty in higher education in these words:

"Call on a college student to read any prose passage extempore, and what is the result in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred? Why, he will read it *experto credite*, in a most bungling way, with an imperfect articulation, without proper grouping or perspective; and if the passage be an involved and long-suspended period, which his eye should run along and grasp as a whole in advance of his voice, he will be lost in it before he gets half way through it. He has 'parsed' much in the lower schools, but his parsing has not resulted in synthesis (which should be the sole object of all analysis), has not resulted in a knowledge of language as a living organism, and the consequence is that his extempore vocalization of the passage is more or less chaotic and—afflicting."

Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, put it strikingly when he said to a friend that his test of a student's rank in a course in literature is his ability to cry at the right place.

* * *

From the first, a student must be impressed that much is expected of him. He has no excuse for reading to others if he can give them only what they can get from the words.

The Reader's Part As Tennyson said, "A poem is only half a poem until it is well read." It is the student's business to supply that half which cannot be expressed in mere words on a page. To be able to supply that which the author thought and felt, which the printed page does not express, the student must have a deep and wide spiritual education. To quote from Professor Corson again:

"A poem is not truly a poem until it is voiced by an accomplished reader who has adequately assimilated it—in whom it has, to some extent, been born again, according to his individual spiritual constitution and experiences. The potentialities, so to speak, of the printed poem must be vocally realized. What Shelley in his lines 'To a Lady, with a Guitar' says of what the revealings of the instrument depend upon, may be said, with equal truth, of the revealings of every true poem: it

"Will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions: and no more
Is heard than has been felt before."

by those who endeavor to get at its secrets."

* * *

Is it too much to expect that the student shall read at sight better than the untrained or unprofessional reader? When a young student went to Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, then president of Northwestern University, to ask for a testimonial as a reader, the doctor said: "I have not heard you."

To which the student replied, "I want you to hear me now."

As the doctor took a chair in silence, the student understood that he had permission to recite. But he had been speaking less than five minutes when Dr. Rogers picked up a book from the table, turned to a short poem, and handed it to the student, with a request that he read it. When the poem was finished, Dr. Rogers turned to his desk and wrote a hearty endorsement. Those who know Dr. Rogers will understand that the student had met the test, otherwise he would not have received the endorsement.

The test was unusual, but I think it was fair. Many educators doubt the education and general culture of the elocutionist, as this test shows. But the audience has a right to demand that the reader shall have a broad knowledge of literature and of the human heart, and that he shall be skilled enough to interpret at sight with more than usual accuracy and insight.

**Reading at
Sight**

A reader had been giving a series of recitals at the University of West Virginia, and one morning, attending a class in literature, he was handed a book of Lanier's poems and asked to read at sight, as the students in the room were doing. It might have proved an embarrassing situation, but it turned out decidedly to the reader's advantage. It was hardly a fair test, since he might be expected to read as well at sight as he did from memory. But it was not too much to expect that he could read well at sight.

* * *

This is a form of training which is too much neglected in the home, in the school and in the special courses for readers. In his lecture, "That Boy," Bishop John H. Vincent draws a beautiful and effective picture of Tom reading aloud to the family at night. There is good home discipline in such a practice; there is in it excellent possibilities for training in literary taste, and what makes it interesting in this connection, there is in it the beginning of spiritual education.

Whether undertaken at home, at the school or at college, spiritual education is tremendously important, and must not be left to incompetents.

✦ ✦

"Every great poet at times writes more significantly than he knows."

✦ ✦

"In the creation of every great work of genius, a large degree of unconscious might enters; and this unconscious might the reader with the requisite degree of spiritual susceptibility may respond to. This is an activity of the highest order on the part of the reader."

✦ ✦

"A true poem is a piece of articulate music which may require to be long practiced upon by the voice before all its possible significance and effectiveness be realized. But there must be an ideal back of the practice (merely to keep 'going over' the poem will not do); not, of course, an entirely distinct ideal, it may be more or less vague, but such an ideal as may be got in advance through a responsiveness to its informing life. This ideal will become more and more distinct in the course of the practice."

Traveling Lindy

BY ROSA BURWELL FORD.

Written for "The Speaker."

LOUISE darted into the kitchen, where sat her good nurse, Lindy, mending a little dress. But the dress was dropped as its owner threw herself into Lindy's capacious lap, and with a hug that utterly destroyed the glory of the old woman's stiff-starched head-gear, cried:

"Please tell me tales to-night, won't you, Lindy?"

Lindy returned the hug with interest, and evidently taking it as a foregone conclusion that a story must be told, inquired:

"What you want to hear 'bout?"

There was a pause for deliberation; then "Oh-h, tell 'bout the time you came from Grandma's house to our house," came the weighty decision.

Lindy stopped only to settle the child's head more comfortably into the "sleepy hollow" of her shoulder, and then, swaying lightly to and fro in her chair, began her tale.

"Well, to start wid, Mistis told Miss Anne I could come home wid her for to take kere of you, en I sho was glad of er chance to see what was gwine on, on 'tuther side er dem big mountains, cos I knowd de whole world couldn't all be on *one* side, but somehow when de time come for to start, I didn't feel es good es I thought I would, en I said to mysef, 'Lindy, you sholy ain' gwine cry, because you'se doing what you want to, is you?' En I answers mysef back, 'No crying for dis nigger wid all dese new clean clothes.' So, when de last day come, sich er packing you nuver did see, en it look like Mammy had done put all de starch dey *was* in my clothes, en my apun was dat smooove I couldn't hold nothing in my lap, en my dress look like a balloon, it was dat stiff! But my hat was de best of all, wid er fedder whar come out of we all's last Chris'mus turkey's tail. You 'members it, don't you? er kind er mix up of black en white, en it make my hat look jes like white folks' hats, en dat was what make Miss Anne look at it so hard, like she was thinking 'twas too fine fer er *servant*, en when she cast her

eyes on my jacket, I see dat didn't please her *neither*—it was er brown jacket all line wid squiril skins whar Uncle Dan cotch in de trap, en I don't wonder Miss Anne didn't like to see my jacket, so much finer den your'. Now come my stockings, en dey sho was beauties, red, yaller, en green, fust one en then 'tuther, en my shoes was shining es er looking glass."

"Don't stop, Lindy, I'm not near asleep yet. Tell 'bout your basket of good things to eat. Wouldn't it be fine if we had it right now?"

"Well! Mammy say she didn't know what mought happen fo' I got to dat fer off State er Kentucky, en so she pack dat basket same es if I was gwine be cast off whar wa'n't nothing to eat, so she put in er bag er mountain chestnuts—dem big fat ones—en er passel er hazel nuts frum de big otter creek, en er smooove creek rock fer to crack um on, den at de bottom er all, er box er red pepper pills en er big bottle er camphor, so she say I was fix for being sick er well, either one; en when it come to hidin' my money, she made er bag, big at de bottom en little at de neck, en sew it up in de back of my dress, whar me nor no pusion else nuver could git it, 'dout de scissors, en es I was startin' off, she say, 'Don't you put your haid outen de winder, cos you'se liable not to see it no more, en if you should cross any bridge set still, en don't look out, en when you gits wid er whole passel er people back up 'ginst some wall, to keep you money frum being snatched away!'"

"Lindy, didn't you ever cry, and wish you could get back home?"

"I'll tell you, Honey, I *did* feel kinder lonesome-like, en my eyes got damp when Uncle Charles hobble up wid er bag er candy en say, 'I think mysef mighty smart in my fine new clothes startin' off fer to see de big world 'tuther side er we all's big mountains, but I had to pass through many climates er waters, 'fo I could git whar I was going, en he say dem mountains whar I was so proud to leave behind me was sho gwine linger in my mind, en 'twouldn't be long befo I'd say to mysef, 'Home's er mighty sweet place, en I wisht I was thar', en jes den de whistle say *toot* en we was gone! En es I was putting er piece er candy in my mouf, I find my eyes need 'tendin' to wid my handkerchief, but she was dat stiff I jes tuck de ind er my aprun en wipe um quick so's nobody couldn't see me, en den I jes settle down in one of dem beautiful red velvet sofas en

The Speaker

199

looked out de winder, till dem old-fashioned blue mountains fade clean away."

"Go on, Lindy, *don't* stop! Now tell 'bout the peanut boy, I *love* to hear about him."

"I tolt you dis tale so often I wonder you wants to hear it agin. Well, first thing I know'd er pow'ful polite boy come 'long wid all kinds er things good to eat in er nice *new* basket, en when he got to me he say wid er smile, 'Won't you take something?' en I ses (scornful-like), 'No, thank you,' cos I knowd whar my money was, so I shake my haid like I didn't take anything cos I didn't *want* it, but I tell you, chile, I'd er been willing to give er whole twenty-five cent piece fer dat bag er brown peanuts whar was laying in dat basket, but I jes settle back in my fine velvet seat like I didn't kere fer nothing he had, en I sho' did fool dat boy good, cos he niver come my way agin."

"Now tell about the porter, that's best of all."

"Next thing I see was er likely black man all dressed up in de whitest jacket I uver did see in all my days, en we all was riding 'long 'thout saying nothing to him, but that didn't 'peer to make no diffunce to him, cos all of er suddint he took to tarin dat fine car all to pieces, en I wondered to myself why no grown pusion niver did try to stop him, en you see me gittin mighty *skeered* es he come our way, en you whisper to me, he was what was called er '*porter*,' en dat 'twas his business to tar things apart at bed time every night, en he wouldn't stop till he had put us all to bed."

"I remember it well, Lindy, and now go on and tell about putting you to bed and the people dressing in the morning."

"You 'members, Louise, you told me not to say nothing, cos you say if I said one word to dat porter people would er laughed at me, and say I never had been no whar befo', en bad es I hated to see him tar down de whole car, I set and looked out de winder, like 'twan' nothing to *me*, same as de other people did, but Lord, Louise, didn't he make things fly? en snatch en bang um to pieces? En it look to me like he was fixing fer to bury folks alive behint dem big curtains whar he hook up so suddint, en I sot up en watch him putting folks away till you whisper, he was arter *my* seat, en I ask you to hold my basket whilst I could git er good holt on my hat, en save my fedder ef I *could*, cos he move so swif' I was feerd he'd knock my hat clean

often my haid, en it was well I did have er hard grip on it, cos fo' I could git my bref he was arter my seat, en he give one er two snatches, en say (looking at me), 'Top one fer you,' en I didn't have time fer to grab my basket fo' he had done histed me up en pull de curtains on me, en when I put my hand to my haid fer to take off my hat er big jolt come 'long so suddint, it throwed me clean to the 'tuther end er de baid, so I see 'twan no place fer to act like I was at home, en so went on to sleep jes like I was, shoes en all! en I was glad I *did*. Den de next morning Miss Anne call me sof'-like en say, 'Is you wake, Lindy?' en 'tween jerks I ses 'spectful es I could, 'Yes, 'um, en what must I do next?' En she say, 'Put on your clothes.' En I say, 'I ain nuver take um off.' Den she say, 'Wash your face.' En I say, 'I will if I *ken*, cos dese cars ain hung together right, en I look fer um to break to pieces any minit.' Den de same dressy black man, whar put me up, come wid er step ladder (like he fixing to wash winders) fer to take me down, en I nuver shall fugit how shamed I was, when dat good-for-nothing ole ladder shet up wid me, en fo' I knowd it, I was at de very ind er de car, en my feet was dat stiff in dem tight new shoes whar I was so proud of when I started, dat dey wouldn't bend! But de man was so busy letting folks outen dem tombses whar he had shet um up in de night befo, dat he nuver even had time to laugh at me, en when I looked 'roun' fer de fine ladies I had seed de night befo', I didn't see up *no whar*, cos *dese* ladies was in all kinds er curus little jackets, en was grabbin at dey haid, en stickin' pins in dey seves, en I ses to myself, 'Lindy, you ain nuver travel befo', but you sho's had more sense den to part yosef from your clothes last night, like *dem* folks did,' en de gen'men was trying fer to do de best dey could fer to git into dey clothes in er company er strange ladies, 'dout huttin' dey feelings, en sich er scanblin' 'roun' you nuver did see.

"En I says to myself, 'Lindy, nuver let nothing part you from your clothes when you gits in er mixed crowd like dis.' Louise! Louise! she's done drap off to sleep. Well, I'm glad she is, cos I got de swimming in my haid anyhow, jes thinking 'bout dat ole sleeper, en next time she'll want me to tell her 'bout dat fine hotel whar Miss Anne took me to in Louisville, en dat's something I likes to 'member."

A Soldier of France!*

BY OUIDA.

(Arranged and adapted by Edward P. Elliott from "Under Two Flags.")



It is a twice-told tale in the wonderful kaleidoscope of Life. The actors—two Soldiers of Fortune under the banner of France in Africa. The one a man! the other a child! The man—a Peer of England, royal of blood, honor, soul and mien, who sacrificed all and suffered for years the hardships of a soldier on the hot sands of Africa, to save the honor of another.

The child—a girl, born in a barrack, and meant to die in a battle; a child of the Army, who never knew fear, a mother, law or God; a vivandière; the curls around her little face as sunny as her laugh; an angel on a battlefield with her wounded—a dare-devil off; from the time she was three years old and had danced for the soldiers on the top of a big drum known to the Army of France as "La Cigarette," "The Little One"; beloved by every man as such, and never open to an insult; who had had a thousand lovers from handsome marquises to tawny, black-browed scoundrels in the Zuaves, but whose heart was as brazen as her cheek, until she met the man.

He appeared one day and volunteered. He was handsome and brave—but he was English. She hated English! He alone, never noticed her save with pity in his eyes. She had always been adored. She hated him for this. One day he called her "unsexed." Then the child became—a woman! She could have killed him in her hate, but twice she saved his life! She was as a little wren with an eagle. The great, noble eagle pitied this little wren, but never suspected love. The little wren fought the love growing in her heart and called it hate.

She goes to Algiers, and there accidentally learns the man's history. He was glorified now, but she could not forget. She vowed vengeance! A chance came. A carrier pigeon brings her a message from the army. The man had struck his superior officer for an insult to an English noblewoman, and was to be shot at sunrise.

* Reprinted from the edition of J. B. Lippincott Company, by permission.

She read the message; the blood left her face. "Shot! Shot! The blow was struck for miladi! He loves her! She—she is not 'unsexed'! I longed for vengeance—it is come! Shot!"

She was still for a moment, her white, parched mouth quivering.

"The Marshal of France! He is at the fortress. It is fifty miles, but—"

Like an arrow she flew. The last they saw of Cigarette in Algiers was on a desert horse, the gleam of the Cross on her breast, her face colorless.

She dashes up in front of the Marshal's tent at the fortress, her horse reeking with smoke and foam and blood. She took the Cross from her breast and said to the sentry:

"Take this to the man who gave it to me. Quick! Tell him Cigarette waits, and with each moment she waits a soldier's life is lost—Go!"

The Marshal of France turned to her with a smile in his keen, stern eyes.

"You, my young *décorée*! I saw you last on the battlefield of Zaraila. What brings you here?"

She came up to him with her rapid, leopard-like grace. He started. She was covered with sand and dust, and with the animal's blood-flecked foam. The beating of her heart from the fury of her gallop had drained every hue from her face. Her voice was scarcely articulate.

"Monseigneur, I have come—from Algiers—since noon—"

"From Algiers, child, since noon?"

"Since noon—to rescue a life—the life of a great soldier, a guiltless man—he who saved the honor of France at Zaraila is to die the death of a mutineer at dawn!"

"What! Your Chasseur?"

A dusky scarlet burned through the pallor of her face.

"Mine! since he is a soldier of France; yours, too, by that title. You see—you see—*how* he is—to die and why? Well, by my cross, by my flag, by my France, I swear he shall not!"

He looked at her, astonished at the courage which could come from this child.

"You speak madly! I shall not attempt to interfere—"

"Wait! You shall hear at least. You do not know what this man is—what he has had to endure—"

"It is useless to argue with me. I never change a sentence."

"But I say that you shall! You are a great chief. You are as a monarch here! But because of that—because you are as France in my eyes—I swear, by the name of France, that you shall see justice done him—after death, if not in life. Do you know who this man is—this man whom his comrades will shoot down at sunrise like a murderer?"

"He is a rebellious soldier; it is sufficient."

"He is not! He is a man who vindicated a woman's honor! He is a man who suffers in his brother's place. He is an English aristocrat, who has fought for our flag. Read that!"

All the blood was back in her cheek. She was reckless of what she said. She was conscious of only one thing—her love, its hopelessness and the despair that consumed her. The Marshal glanced at the paper and exclaimed:

"Royallieu! He—a Royallieu?"

Her hands locked on the great chief's arms.

"Quick, quick! The hours go fast. While we speak here he—"

"Pens and ink! Instantly! I will send an aide to suspend the sentence. He shall be saved if the Empire can save him."

"His honor, his honor, if not his life! Give the order to me, to me! No other will go so fast!"

"But, my child, it is an all-night ride. You are worn-out already."

She turned on him her beautiful, wild eyes, which the passionate tears were blinding.

"Do you think I would tarry for that? Oh! I wish that I had let them tell me of God, that I might ask Him to bless you! Quick! Quick! Lend me your swiftest horse, one that will not tire. Send a second order by your aide; the Arabs may kill me as I go, and then they—will not know!"

The Marshal of France stooped and touched her little brown, scorched, feverish hand with reverence.

She rode at full speed through the night, guided by the light of a lantern suspended from a lance which she held in front of her. Her brain had no sense, her hands no feeling, her eyes no sight, yet she had remembrance enough left to ride on and on and on. She never flinched from the agonies that racked her cramped limbs and throbbed in her beating temples; she had remembrance enough to strain her

blind eyes towards the east and murmur, in her terror, of that white dawn that must soon break, the only prayer she had ever uttered, "Oh, God, keep the day back!"

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There was a line of light in the eastern sky. Cecil stood erect with his face full toward the sun. The leveled carbines covered him. He raised one hand and gave the signal for his own death shot. Ere they could fire a shrill cry pierced the air:

"Wait! in the name of France!"

Dismounted, breathless, staggering, with her arms flung upward, and her face bloodless with fear, Cigarette appeared upon the ridge of rising ground. The cry of command pealed out upon the silence in the voice that the Army of Africa loved as the voice of their Little One. And the cry came too late. The volley was fired, the heavy smoke rolled out upon the air, the death that was doomed was dealt. But beyond the smoke-cloud he staggered slightly, then stood erect, still, grazed only by some of the few balls. The flash of fire was not so swift as the swiftness of her love, and on his breast she threw herself, and flung her arms about him, and turned her head backward with her old dauntless, sunlit smile as the balls pierced her bosom and broke her limbs.

Her arms were gliding from about his neck as he caught her up where she had dropped to his feet. "Oh, God, my child! they have killed you! You gave your life for mine!"

"Chut! It is the powder and ball of France! That does not hurt. But you are safe, do you hear? You are safe! Here is the Marshal's order. He suspends your sentence—!"

"Oh, my child, my child! What am I worth that you should perish for me? Such nobility, such sacrifice, such love!"

Her features grew white and quivered with pain. "Chut! You will go back to your land; you will live among your own people; and she—she will love you now. What is it to die—just to die—? Listen, make my grave somewhere where my army passes, where I can hear the trumpets, and the arms, and the passage of the troops. Oh, God! I forgot! I shall—not—wake—when the bugles sound! It will all end—now—will it not?"

"My darling, what have I done to be worthy of such love?"

The tears fell from his blinded eyes, and his head drooped until his lips met hers. The color suddenly flushed all over her blanched face. She trembled, and a great shivering sigh ran through her. "Keep those kisses for miladi! As for me, I am only a little trooper who saved my comrade! I shall not long find words, but I loved you! All is said! My soldiers, come around me an instant. Bury my Cross with me—if they will let you, and let the colors be over my grave if you can. Think of me, when you go into battle, and tell them in France—"

For the first time her own eyes filled with tears. She stretched her arms out with a gesture of infinite longing, like a lost child vainly seeks its mother.

"If I could only see France once more—France—"

It was the last word upon her utterance. Her eyes met Cecil's in one fleeting glance of unutterable tenderness; then, with her hands stretched westward to where her country was, she gave a tired sigh as of a child that sinks to sleep, and in the midst of her Army of Africa the Little One lay dead.



Casey's Revenge

BY JAMES WILSON.

(Being a reply to the famous baseball classic, "Casey at the Bat.")

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more;

There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sore.

"Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat!

And then to think he'd go and spring a bush league trick like that."

All his past fame was forgotten; he was now a hopeless "shine."

They called him "Strike-out Casey" from the mayor down the line,

And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh,
While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

The lane is long, some one has said, that never turns again,
And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men.
And Casey smiled—his rugged face no longer wore a frown;
The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come
To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum;
And when he stepped into the box the multitude went wild.
He doffed his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

“Play ball!” the umpire’s voice rang out, and then the
game began;

But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan
Who thought Mudville had a chance; and with the setting
sun

Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading “four to
one.”

The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in
the score;

But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar.
The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was
heard

When the pitcher hit the second and gave “four balls” to
the third.

Three men on base—nobody out—three runs to tie the
game!

A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville’s hall of fame;
But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night
When the fourth one “fouled to catcher” and the fifth
“flew out to right.”

A dismal groan in chorus came—a scowl was on each face—
When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his
place;

His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed; his teeth were clinched
in hate;

He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind, and glory fades away;
There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this
day.

They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored,
“Strike him out.”

But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this
shout.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose; across the plate it spread;

Another hiss, another groan—"Strike one!" the umpire said.

Zip! Like a shot, the second curve broke just below his knee—

"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot.

But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot?

A whack! a crack! and out through space the leather pellet flew—

A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirling flight

The sphere sailed on; the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight.

Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit;

But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit!

Oh, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,

And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun;

And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall;

But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball!



I Want to Go to Morrow

I started on a journey just about a week ago,
For the little town of Morrow, in the State of Ohio.

I never was a traveler, and really didn't know
That Morrow had been ridiculed a century or so.

I went down to the depot for my ticket and applied
For the tips regarding Morrow, not expecting to be guyed.
Said I, "My friend, I want to go to Morrow and return
Not later than to-morrow, for I haven't time to burn."

Said he to me, "Now let me see if I have heard you right,
You want to go to Morrow and come back to-morrow night.

The Speaker

You should have gone to Morrow yesterday and back to-day,

For if you started yesterday to Morrow, don't you see,
You could have got to Morrow and returned to-day at three.
The train that started yesterday—now understand me right—

To-day it gets to Morrow, and returns to-morrow night."

Said I, "My boy, it seems to me you're talking through your hat,

Is there a town named Morrow on your line? Now tell me that."

"There is," said he, "and take from me a quiet little tip—
To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour trip.

The train that goes to Morrow leaves to-day eight-thirty-five;

Half after ten to-morrow is the time it should arrive.

Now if from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour jump,

Can you go to-day to Morrow and come back to-day, you chump?"

Said I, "I want to go to Morrow; can I go to-day
And get to Morrow by to-night, if there is no delay?"

"Well, well," said he, "explain to me and I've no more to say;

Can you go anywhere to-morrow and come back to-day?"

For if to-day you'd get to Morrow, surely you'll agree

You should have started not to-day, but yesterday, you see.

So if you start to Morrow, leaving here to-day, you're flat,

You won't get in to Morrow till the day that follows that.

"Now if you start to-day to Morrow, it's a cinch you'll land
To-morrow into Morrow, not to-day, you understand.

For the train to-day to Morrow, if the schedule is right,

Will get you into Morrow by about to-morrow night."

Said I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly let me say,

How can I go to Morrow if I leave the town to-day?"

Said he, "You cannot go to Morrow any more to-day,

For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way."

FINALE.

I was so disappointed I was mad enough to swear;

The train had gone to Morrow and had left me standing
there.

The man was right in telling me I was a howling jay;

I didn't go to Morrow, so I guess I'll go to-day.

A Fight for the City*

BY WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME.



I AM not in this campaign to discuss issues. I am in this campaign to fight. Issues imply that there is something to be discussed. Issues mean that there is something upon which honest men may honestly differ. I have never known anyone take issue on the commandment, "*Thou shalt not steal*"; and I have found reason to believe that one of the basest forms of stealing is blackmail.

For six years and a half I have occupied a judicial position. The people of this city and of every city have a right to ask that their judges shall not enter into politics. But can they go farther and ask that their judges shall not pursue crime? Do they ask—can they ask—their judges, when the very foundation of social life is threatened, to wrap themselves in the judicial ermine and prate of judicial proprieties? I do not believe it. Wrongs, cruel wrongs, bitter wrongs come to the poor and the weak from men who rule this city with an iron hand; come to the poor and the weak, not to the rich and the strong; the rich and the strong might fight. These wrongs come to the knowledge of most of the well-to-do amongst us in isolated instances only; but to me, sitting as I have sat during the past six and a half years, in a minor criminal court, presiding in that time over some eighteen thousand cases; these wrongs have not come in isolated instances only; they have come day by day; they have come until they have burned into my soul; they have come until I have felt that if only there were a vigilance committee in this city of ours, we should free ourselves by the strong hand.

I want to say something to you of the brown-stone district. You are of my own social class. I was born one of you, and bred with you. And what I want to say is that you are of no use to this city. I would not turn a hand to help one of you, I feel so bitterly against you for your heartlessness. Morally you are not worth the powder to blow you

* This speech was delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York, during Mr. Jerome's first campaign for District Attorney of New York City. This and other addresses of the campaign were included in a volume, "*A Fight for the City*," by Alfred Hodder, published in 1903 by The Macmillan Company, New York.

out of existence. You are altogether what is called "too respectable" an audience to care, or to understand, what I have to say, or what any man has to say, who speaks of the things that lie near his heart. The really respectable audiences meet in that part of the city where a man finds human intelligence; where a man finds humanity trying to lead a clean life, and to help its fellow-men to lead a clean life; in that part of the city which we are accustomed to call the East Side, and to think of as inhabited by people crowded together in tenement houses, to whom we must hold out a helping hand. Why, gentlemen, morally, a helping hand, if ever it is held out, will be held out by the poor East Side Jew to just such people as are gathered in this audience. You pride yourselves on intelligence and imagine that because you have read and thought a little, no one else has read and thought at all; why, gentlemen,—and ladies,—when I talk up here of a question that affects the physical and moral welfare of this city, I have almost to use a diagram. The curtest reference is understood in Progress Hall. Your Democracy and your Republicanism, your wisdom about the Philippines, and international politics, and imperialism! Much you know of them,—you who know nothing of, or who know and are careless of, the conditions right here in New York. What has any one of you done to make life sweet and clean in the city that gave you birth? How many of you have given even a dollar of the contemptible money you have made here? Look into your own hearts and consciences, you, who sit before me, and tell me, or tell yourselves, what sort of American citizens you honestly think you are. It is you who are responsible for the condition of this city; with every dollar you have laid by, with every step you have climbed in the social scale, with every gift of education, and riches, and position, and luck, that has come to you, there has been laid upon you an obligation to have a care that men and women who are poorer, more obscure, and less lucky than yourselves, shall not find it difficult to lead decent, clean lives, if they want to, and to breed up their children to lead decent, clean lives; and you have been false to every obligation laid upon you. You have allowed the affairs of this city to take such shape that an honest laboring man, who cannot afford to pay for an entire house for the use of himself and his family, cannot go to his work without the fear in his heart that his daughters, and even his sons, may be corrupted. You have allowed the affairs of this city to take such shape

that the powers that rule the police have become the allies and paid protectors of harlots and gamblers, instead of being the protectors of the decent, clean-living poor. And you come here to-night, not out of any desire to hear the truth, and not with any determination to give your help in proportion to your wealth and power to those who are making a fight for the right thing in this city; you are not accustomed to the truth, you do not want the truth, you want to be amused; and you come here to-night as on an excursion to a hippodrome to see some one advertised in the papers as a whirlwind. I do not feel inclined to waste even bitter words on you. Do you think I care particularly for your votes? I do, and I do not. If it were merely a personal matter, I should say, Take your votes to Tammany Hall, where they belong by reason of your neglect of civic duty, and your lack of civic pride, and your lack of decent manliness and patriotism. I will wittingly do no man wrong; and there are a few noble men and women even in my own class who have worked and striven for better things; but the greater part of the help and comfort that has been given them has come from some poor Irish patrolman, from some poor Russian Jew or Socialist. I know the clubs of this city, and I have seldom seen a man in those clubs of social position, who from the point of view of civic honor is worthy of a decent burial.

A very good friend of mine came to me the other day to tell me that there is a proposition on foot to organize the women of the city to work for the fusion ticket. They are to go into the laborers' homes to do canvassing, to distribute literature, to prove themselves in general a great force in the campaign. I told him in the name of God to keep those women above Fourteenth Street; and I tell you the same thing now. The people below Fourteenth Street have a pride to the full as great as your own; they are not asking for charity; they are asking for justice; and as for instruction, they are more competent to give it you than you are to give it them. The women below Fourteenth Street have forgotten more about politics than in all likelihood you will ever learn. To them politics is not an abstraction; it is not a thing that they read about in books and in an editorial in the *Evening Post*; it is a part of the gossip and business of their day. Talk to an East Side audience, and you don't need to explain a political situation with diagrams. *You* can't go down into their homes to work. *You* can't go down in a rustle of fine clothes and say to a woman who works or to the wife of

a man who works: "Won't you please get your sweetheart or your husband to vote for Mr. Low? I know he is the best man, and here is a pamphlet that tells all about it. I have not read all of the pamphlet, and I am not sure what a good deal that I have read means, but I know that it is true. But please have your sweetheart or your husband vote for Mr. Low anyhow!" You would lose more votes in ten minutes than we can gain in a week. Your interest in city politics, and that of so-called decent people generally, has come too late; you do not know what you are talking about; you are perfect children about what is happening in this city. There are only two helpful things you ladies can do. It is too late for you to do any real work in politics in this campaign; it is too late for you to learn how; but it is not too late for you to raise money. There are a great many men on the East Side and elsewhere who know what you do not, and who would be glad to work for a decent city, and who cannot, because they have families to support and are dependent on their daily work for their daily bread. Help us to get the money to pay those men to go out and work for us in the homes of people they know, of people whose lives they share and whose language they speak, and you will be doing the only thing in your power of service to us at the moment. After the campaign, and for the rest of your lives, there is one thing more that you can do, and that is to clean your own homes, and to keep them clean, before you undertake to clean the homes of the people below Fourteenth Street. I know, and you know, what society in the brown-stone districts and in Newport is; there is abundant missionary work cut out for you right there in conditions that you are familiar with and understand. Before you women set out to clean other people's homes, clean your own homes; before you talk of coming below Fourteenth Street to make the men there vote right, make your own men vote right; in the meantime leave the district below Fourteenth Street to the management of the people living below Fourteenth Street; they are quite able to take care of themselves."

The Misdemeanors of Nancy*

BY ELEANOR HOYT.

[In this book of captivating sketches there are several excellent readings. Of the eleven chapters any one will cut well. Special attention is directed to Chapter 9, "A Touch Down," and to Chapter 1, a cutting from which is here produced by special permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.]



NE could hardly approve of the disreputable young person called Nancy. It was easy to adore her. If the Fates had offered Nancy the choice of being approved or adored, she would have chosen the latter without an instant's hesitation; so, on the whole, matters were satisfactorily arranged.

"When a Kentucky belle marries a New Hampshire lawyer, there are rocks ahead for coming generations," Nancy reasoned.

"Given Kentucky impulses and a New Hampshire conscience, what can one do? You really shouldn't expect much of me."

It was while Nancy's family were in Florida that she and Priscilla shared lodgings in a fine old house which had been remodelled for a use unknown to New York until a few years ago.

All meals are cooked in the kitchen in the basement and sent up on dumb-waiters to the different apartments.

The meals were the only stumbling-block to the girls. They were elaborate. The menus were wonderfully and fearfully constructed by an expensive French chef, and the meals, like the chef, came high.

"We can arrange it," said the affable landlord, moved by Nancy's disappointed upper lip. "It is exceptional. It must not be told. I have never allowed such an arrangement, but this is for a short time, and I like to accommodate my tenants. Can you put up with a continental breakfast?"

Nancy could.

"Coffee, rolls, butter, eggs. That will do, then. Our regular breakfast has six courses. Now about luncheon. We have also a six-course luncheon."

"Two courses would do for us," said Nancy, humbly.

"To be sure. The chef can send up the menu early, and you can choose. Then, from the nine-course dinner, you might choose three courses. You could live so."

Nancy thought she might drag out a starving existence on that provision.

During the first few days the meals came up in rather hig-gledy-piggledy fashion. They were put on the dumb-waiter and jerked up to the second floor, in an emphatic way that spoke volumes for an opinion of young women who waited upon themselves. But, on the third evening, the girls heard a masculine voice calling up through the dumb-waiter to the maid on the third floor.

Nancy arose with a gleam of battle in her eye.

"Priscilla," she said, sternly, "this is where I reason with the chef. Something tells me that he will be amenable to reason, if rightly approached."

A moment later the up-gazing Frenchman saw between him and the offended Irish maid a vision that made even his white cap quiver. A fluff of golden-brown hair, sparkling gray eyes, flushed cheeks, dimples, a smile that would thaw a Teuton—what could a Frenchman do?

"You are the chef?" asked a voice that would stir the soul of a clam.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"I've wanted so much to speak to you," cooed the vision. "You see, I am one of the young ladies who have taken Mrs. Blank's apartment for a little while. We are just doing it for fun while our people are away, and we haven't any maid, and we've arranged to take only a part of the menu, but things haven't been quite nice, you know."

"Ah, mademoiselle?" ~~with anguish in the tone.~~

"Oh, it isn't your fault. Things are deliciously cooked. That *pâte* last night! Such another was never made outside of Paris; but, you see, things come up cold, and they aren't daintily served, and the menu isn't sent up for us to choose from. I thought you would make it all right, and now that I've seen you, I'm quite sure you will."

"But, mademoiselle, eet ees my privilege. I am unhappy to the heart zat it has so happened. I go to change it all."

The white-capped head disappeared. Nancy went back to her soup.

"Priscilla," she said, meditatively, "something tells me that the next course will be hot."

It was.

The next morning, the breakfast tray came up a thing of beauty. Toast and muffins came with the rolls, the eggs were apotheosized in a mushroom omelet; the cream pitcher had multiplied its size by two, and a pot of marmalade made its début.

"Priscilla," said Nancy, as she eyed the tray, "reason is a wonderful thing. Did you ever study psychology, Priscilla? Experimental psychology should be a part of every girl's education. It broadens her scope. It will stand by her when French and music fail her.

"Still there may be emergencies in life in which a knowledge of colloquial French is not to be despised."

That night, when she looked down at the impressionable chef and asked for the menu, she spoke to him in his own language, spoke soft Parisian French, with only an adorable little struggle over the r's to hint at her being an alien.

"Quelle ange," murmured the demoralized Frenchman.

An eight-course dinner came up that night.

"It is always well, Priscilla, to give a fellow human being simple pleasure when one can. What a boon education is to woman!"

"It must be stopped," said Priscilla. "I feel as if I had the landlord's spoons in my pocket. You brought this thing on; you must stop it. Go to that dumb-waiter and explain to the man we appreciate his kindness, but we can't eat what we do not pay for."

"Now, look here, my dear. I'm no more fond of down-right theft than you are. I dislike this thing as much as you do. I will not have it, and I will make the chef understand that; but I won't heave a brick at him or hit him with an axe."

The next breakfast was inoffensive; luncheon ditto; dinner was monumental. The girls looked at it aghast. Some one tapped at their door. Nancy answered and confronted a smiling and benevolent landlord. She was the picture of detected crime, and inwardly gave thanks that only one course at a time was in evidence on the table.

"I've been talking to the chef," said the landlord, with the air of a fat and bald fairy godfather. "He tells me he sent up a bit of cream with your dinner last night, and you were dreadfully distressed about the thing. Now, I have given positive orders" (increased benevolence radiating from every pore) "that whenever he has more of anything nice than

will be used by the other diners, he shall just send that course up with your things."

"So awfully good of you," ~~smiled~~ Nancy, "but I don't feel right about it."

"It is all settled. The chef understands, and you must leave the matter with him."

He disappeared in an aureole of self-satisfaction.

Nancy sat down on the nearest chair.

"France is the country of diplomacy. Now, Priscilla, what can we do?" ~~asked~~ Nancy.

"It's worse than theft now. It's conspiracy," ~~groaned~~ Priscilla.

"I've done my best to be honest. I call the gods to witness that I was willing to give up even Mocha cream for the sake of moral integrity," ~~protested~~ Nancy.

So the girls lived upon the fat of the land. There was apparently too much of everything in the kitchen.

"Thank Heaven, we shall be here only six weeks," sighed Priscilla of the Puritan conscience. "I shall never feel honest again as long as I live."

The six weeks went by quickly, and Nancy's family was due on Monday.

When Nancy took the Sunday luncheon from the waiter, an agitated face appeared at the kitchen slide.

"Mademoiselle," ~~said the chef, in trembling French.~~ "I hear something. I hear that you leave to-morrow. It is not so? No? It is? Mon Dieu!"

"Priscilla, what was that exceedingly original and instructive remark of yours about moderation?" Nancy asked with a little furrow between her brows.

Priscilla went out for tea. Nancy sat reading by a shaded lamp. The hall-boy brought her a card.

"Monsieur François Henri Veuilliquez," she read, in a puzzled way. "Show the gentleman in," she said.

Then she looked at the card some more, with an evident effort to corral a fugitive memory. She had lived in Paris for three years. Had she known this Frenchman there, or had some Parisian friend given him a card of introduction, or——

The door opened. A tall, handsome Frenchman, in an irreproachable frock coat, stood bowing to her. Distinguished, immaculate, graceful, but visibly agitated, he faced her. There was something strangely familiar about him.

She must have known him in Paris. How awkward that she should have forgotten. She smiled a welcome.

"Monsieur ——?"

"Mademoiselle ——"

The voice was more familiar than the face. Nancy looked dazed.

"Mademoiselle ——"

Then a torrent of French broke loose and surged through the room. It washed Nancy off her feet, and she sat down limply.

"It is a liberty. You will turn me away, but it is desperate. You go. I see you no more. It is to die. My heart is torn. I must speak."

The excited Frenchman was on his knees before her, raving, pleading, sobbing. She looked helplessly toward the bell by the door.

Mad, evidently, quite mad, and there was no one she could call. She must humor him—humor him and escape. She was desperately frightened, but she pulled herself together and smiled at him sweetly.

"But I cannot answer all this now," she said, with Machiavellian strategy. "It is so sudden; you must be patient. You will go away now and come again, and I will talk to you then."

The kneeling man seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! You give me hope. You are not insulted. You realize that I am a man—a man and a Frenchman. Rank! What is that? Moi! I am of Rousseau a disciple. It is but to love. That levels all. You—you see the man under the cook."

"The cook!"

Nancy gave one great gasp of comprehension. The handsome, impassioned face, with its dapper moustache and its imperial, framed itself in white linen and stood out against a background of dumb-waiter walls.

Gracious Heaven! The chef! Her sins had found her out!

There was a rap on the door. The Frenchman sprang to his feet. Nancy's heart leaped for joy. She recognized the knock.

"Come," she said, faintly, and the man who came often stepped into the room.

He felt the electricity in the air and stopped short, looking at the flushed and nervous Frenchman with that chilly

aggressiveness which covers the Anglo-Saxon like a garment when he does not understand.

Nancy shot one beseeching, imploring glance at him. Then she rose to the occasion.

"Bobby, this is Monsieur Veuilliquez. He has been a very good friend to Priscilla and me. You will want to thank him. Monsieur Veuilliquez, this is Mr. Stanton, my fiancé."

Bobby gave one startled gasp, then looked at Nancy and shut his mouth firmly.

The Frenchman bowed low. His face was white, and his lips trembled under the dapper moustache, but his manner was intact.

"Monsieur is to be congratulated. It is an honor even to be called mademoiselle's friend. I have the honor to wish you both good-day."

He was retiring in good order. Nancy looked at him doubtfully, then suddenly reached out her hand.

"Good-by, monsieur. I am very grateful to you. Forgive me. I did not dream."

He bent and kissed her hand with a manner that would have done credit to a marquis of the old régime.

"It was I who dreamed, mademoiselle."

The door closed behind him. She turned to an irate Bobby, who bristled with a demand for an explanation.

"Pardon my taking liberties with you, Bobby. I won't carry it any further and insist upon being really engaged to you, and he will not spread the report. He's not in our set."

"Who is the beggar? If he was annoying you, I'll break——"

"Oh, no, you won't break every bone in his body. You'll never see him again. He's our chef."

The man uttered an exclamation that sounded unfit for polite society, but Nancy created a diversion by dropping down upon the divan and beginning to cry hysterically.

That night, as Priscilla was dozing sleepward, Nancy shook her into attention.

"Priscilla," she said, resolutely, "I shall never be happy until I've had a French count making love to me. If an ordinary Frenchman can do the thing so magnificently, what, oh, what would the nobility achieve!"

The First Piano in Camp

BY SAM DAVIS.

[This story originally appeared several years ago in the Virginia City "Chronicle," and was then named "A Christmas Carol." Its literary merit, quaint humor, and pathos were at once recognized, and in the course of the next six months it was republished in scores of newspapers throughout the country. It next reached England, and from there its popularity spread to the Continent, with the result that it was translated into nearly every European language.

In several cases newspapers in reprinting the story failed to give the name of the author, and, believing that it had originally been published anonymously, a number of persons asserted that it had been written by them. These claims were quickly disproved, however, and in the numerous collections of specimens of American humor in which it now appears due credit is given to Sam Davis, who was brought up in the same atmosphere which gave life to the genius of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Mr. Davis was for several years editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise" and the Virginia City "Chronicle." He is now the State Comptroller of Nevada and the proprietor and editor of the Carson "Appeal."]



IN 1858—it might have been five years earlier or later—there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset.

When the day was over, these men did not rest from their labors, like honest New England agriculturists, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef, and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with their pull. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible through the glimmer of a stray light than it began to affect the idlers.

Death always enforces respect, and even though no one

had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued, and, when the horses came to a standstill, the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe, and lit it as he continued:

"Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade!"

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the man at once.

"I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a moment, and then the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank, all I have to say is, that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off, and then pulled out some rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Presently the whole of the box-cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

The next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon, owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in the State.

It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thrummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete.

It was Christmas eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-hell with springs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play the instrument.

"Christmas night, and no piano-pounder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words:

<p>\$20 REWARD TO A COMPETENT PIANO PLAYER</p>
--

This he stuck up on the music-rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merrymaking went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man, crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left—were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in a while as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nog, advanced and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and, walking over to the lunch-counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and lighten up.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled.

"December 24th, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the Church."

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the expression.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune! Nary a man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but, seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and, as he wove his chords together, the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out tears as from a wet sponge.

As the strains flowed one upon the other, the listeners saw their homes of the long-ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea, as it beat upon their memories, vaguely. Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry and devilment left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, with his head on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before mornin? I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down, astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 24th, 1858.

The Mother of Lincoln

[The following extract, which may well be called a companion piece to Ingersoll's "Vision of War," was delivered by General John C. Black, before an audience of twenty thousand, on the occasion of the dedication of a monument over the grave of Abraham Lincoln's mother.]



AND now a great throng is here who have come to testify of their affection for her, and who have singled out this one woman for this unusual honor. Well might her simple spirit, if recalled to this scene, bid us leave her slumber unbroken and her ashes again to the urn of oblivion. Well may all inquire why, after many years, this stately concourse? Why the recall of these aged companions? Why this muster of these heroic veterans? Why these honored women? Why should the great State itself turn back through the loftiest century of time to stand in the persons of its governor and officials in splendid ceremony about a wilderness grave? And with solemn voice we answer: "That justice may be done; that wrong may be righted; that truth eternal as the reign of God may be established. We come, O, woman and mother, here to build our memorial to thee. Thine earthly garments were damp with the dews of the wilderness; thy feet were torn by the thorns of thy pathway; thine eyes dimmed by the tears of thy travail; but in thine arms thou didst bear, and at thy bosom thou didst nourish the babe of thy sacrifices, the child of thy toil, him the master of his time, the beloved of centuries to be, the servant of justice and the liberator of the oppressed! And so, for thine own sake and for thy child's we are here to do this fitting honor."

I have often wondered whether this pair, Thomas and Nancy, fled from the fate of slavery, with conscious knowledge of its baleful power, or whether their flight was simply from conditions not understood, but not the less intolerable. But be that as it may, "He arose and took the young child and his mother and departed hither." Here in Indiana they rested; here she gave that child, in the simple

cabin now gone to ruin, his first lessons; here in his father's presence she sowed the seed of truth and justice afterward to mature a mighty harvest. Here she stood and pointed upward, little comprehending, if at all, the future that awaited. We cannot say she did not see anything of that future. What mother that bends above an American babe was ever wholly blind to the possibilities? Duller, indeed, than any mother must she have been not to have known that her cabin-born child was not equal in advantages with the child of the plantation; less than a mother, had she not rebelled at the distinction and sought to obviate it, but in any event here she came, and, having placed his feet on freedom's soil, she yielded her blameless life back to the grave.

And this is all her story—a short and simple annal of the poor. But the years passed on, the nation was in the throes of a great war for its prolonged existence; at its head was the child of this woman, and over against him the child of the plantation. The struggle was to decide as the chieftain himself said, whether a nation dedicated to liberty could live, or whether a government of the people for the people and by the people should perish from the earth. Was that leader equal to the task? Could he save a nation for righteousness and liberty? Whence was his training, and who had laid the moral foundations on which he should stand in this awful struggle? We see that son bowed by the weight of cares such as rarely have fallen upon human shoulders. He wielded the power and enjoyed the affection of a great people. Armies moved at his command and navies obeyed his orders. Disasters recurring filled the earth with loudest clamors against him. Calumny belied him and hate spied upon his every act; but ever louder and louder sounded the bugles of advancing victory, and in the midst of this vast strife, from the stress of public trials and the pain of personal woes, we hear the worn and weary President, matchless orator, great civic leader, emancipator, patriot—he whose lips spoke rebellion down and liberty to the stars—we hear him declare, "All that I am or may be I owe to my sainted mother." High testimony this and most exalted witness.

And at last the great war drew to its triumphal close. Its mightiest actor, too, approached his end. Behold him surrounded by his friends and advisers; he is telling of all that he hopes for the land of his love. On him so speaking

falls the melancholy which he has inherited from his mother, and he tells of the dream which, often occurring, has always been a harbinger of some great grave event. Before victory or before disaster had that dream come to him—"A shadowy ship bears me rapidly toward a shadowy shore."

I sometimes fancy that on the dark barge of the President's dream there waited for him, standing 'midst the dense throng of his dead guards and statesmen who had sailed before, and who had returned to meet him, this woman, this wilderness queen, this tallest and stateliest of them all, this mother whom to-day we honor. Well, it may have been; the world beyond has its own mysteries; so to the living they will forever continue, and so we leave them—one here in Indiana, two in Illinois; in the grasp and bond of the Union their lives preserved we leave them—son and father and mother in equal honor and in eternal peace.



Opportunity

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
 That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
 Blunt thing!—he snapt and flung it from his hand,
 And lowering crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Charles Stuart and the Burglar*

BY MAY KELSEY CHAMPION.



HE cook had gone to the theater, and he was alone in the house except for Fanny—Fanny, who did not dare open the door in broad daylight to send a ragman off, and who had to smell of salts when she heard that there had been a burglar in the next block the night before. She was up in the third story now, with her door locked.

He tried to imagine what he would do if there were actually a burglar in the house.

"If a burglar should come in now—if a burglar should come in now—I'd seize—

Then Charles Stuart's heart beat as he had never heard it before, for he saw the form of a man stealing cautiously along the dimly-lighted passage.

It was the burglar!

Charles Stuart stepped behind a rubber-plant and wondered what he should do.

In his dreams he always met a burglar alone and overcame him with the greatest ease. But in his dreams he never had the trickles down his spine.

He remained a few seconds behind the rubber-plant, then hurried to the telephone closet and shut the door tight. In a low voice, but as distinctly as possible, he called up the restaurant where his friend Terry Donovan cooked.

He was told that Terry had just stepped across the street, but would be back at once.

"Please tell him to come as qu—quick as he can to Mr. York's house, Congress Avenue," said Charles Stuart. "Can you hear?—Mr. York's."

In a short time he heard a light, clicking sound from the back of the hall. The burglar was at the safe.

Charles Stuart waited a minute or two longer, and wondered if he would be shot, and how he would look on the

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hall floor when his father and mother came home. Then he went out softly.

"Good evening."

At this sudden salutation close behind his right ear, the burglar, who had been half lying and half sitting before the safe, sprang to his feet.

"Good evening. How long do you suppose it will take you to do that? Because it wouldn't pay you to spend much time on it. Of course we don't keep money there."

"What do you keep in it? Larndry? Or fruit cake?"

"There are some papers that are valuable to us. But I don't think you would care for them. There's a letter from Lafayette, and one from Joseph Jefferson—and—and my first pair of shoes, and—er— It's mostly for fire, you see."

"You know so well what's in it; maybe you know the combination. Do you?" As he moved out of the shadow of the stairs the light fell on a white, gaunt face, yellow, scrubby beard, eyes with dark circles round them—and spectacles.

It was a surprise—a disappointment also—for, as Charles Stuart gazed upon these disenchanting features, he realized that the burglar of his dreams had been, after all, but his old and faithful friend the pirate—tall, black-bearded, with eyes like coals and an ugly scar upon his cheek, his belt heavy with revolvers and cartridges—yes, and dirks—it was hard to give up dirks.

"Do you?"

"I—I used to."

"Then I'll ask you to open it, and save time."

But Charles Stuart dug his heels into the carpet and folded his arms.

"Oh," said the burglar, and, drawing a revolver from his coat pocket, he placed it against Charles Stuart's yellow locks.

This was much as Charles Stuart had dreamed it; but, instead of striking aside the revolver with noble scorn—as he had always done—and felling the burglar with a single easy, skilful blow, landed heavily in precisely the right spot—which he never failed of—he moved rather quickly toward the safe.

"I wish you would take away that pistol, please. I think it makes me nervous."

"All right. Opening safes is nervous work."

"Thank you."

Charles Stuart continued his invention of new and intri-

cate combinations for a few minutes. "It doesn't seem to open."

"No, I see it don't. I guess I better try and see what I can do."

"It's quite hard to remember, but if you will wait just a little longer." Charles Stuart changed his position. His joints were beginning to ache.

Then a cramp seized his leg. He turned suddenly and thrust it out before him with a quick, sharp jerk, forgetting everything but the pain of the contracted muscle. "M-m! I have a cramp!" he said, rubbing vigorously.

The burglar also gave an exclamation of pain, and Charles Stuart looked up to see him standing on one foot, with the other in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said. "I hurt you, didn't I? I didn't mean to."

The man still bent over his foot.

"Is it a corn?"

"Chilblains."

Then Charles Stuart saw that there was scarcely any sole to his shoe.

"Why," he said, "your shoes aren't worth anything."

"I guess that's right. But I've walked half way—from Boston in them."

"Can you wear an eight?"

"That's my number."

"I think I can get you a pair."

In a short time Charles Stuart returned with a pair of shoes—the pair that his father wore every day to business—and two pairs of socks.

"See if these fit."

"You look hungry!"

"Hungry! Yes, I'm hungry."

"Then let's go out in the kitchen. There isn't anybody but one girl in the house, and she's way up in the third story, with her door locked, most likely. The rest won't be back for an hour and a half or two hours."

With the lantern still in his hand, he started down the hall. The burglar picked up his shoes and socks and followed.

"Can you make coffee?"

"If I get a chance," the burglar said.

"Then, would you mind doing it yourself? Mine isn't very good."

"Didn't you really get the money they said you did, last night?" he asked.

The burglar looked puzzled.

"The paper said, you know, that you took a hundred and eighty dollars, besides the other things."

"I guess I don't understand."

"I thought you were the one who—er—entered the Remsens' house last night," he explained.

The man shook his head. "No," he said, "this is my first job. And I've slipped up on this like everything else I've took hold of. Couldn't expect anything different," he added, bitterly.

"Then you're not a real burglar at all—yet!"

"Not yet," he replied. "That is, if a man isn't a burglar till he's stole something. I hadn't taken anything upstairs."

"What is your name? Mine is Charles Stuart York."

"Rockefeller."

"John D., I suppose?"

"John D."

"You could have trusted me."

The man rose abruptly, and, going to the stove, poured himself a cup of coffee. When he came back he stood for a moment by his chair. "My name is——"

But Charles Stuart interrupted.

"Never mind. Rockefeller will do for to-night. You can tell me the other some other time."

The man filled his plate with a second supply, and then a third. Charles Stuart occupied himself with the lantern, which was lighted.

At last, to break the monotony of silence, he said: "I'm very glad to have you to supper."

"It's a week since I've had a good, square meal like this."

He filled his glass with water. He had already nearly emptied the water-bottle. "Salt codfish's been my diet for to-day—some pieces I found in a box back of a grocery store."

"Raw?"

"It's not bad. It makes you dry, though. I was looking for crackers. I didn't find any, but I found something besides codfish in the codfish box."

The man drew the revolver from his pocket and laid it on the table beside the lantern. "That's where I found these—done up in a newspaper. I suppose they'd either

been dropped or hid there. I'd of given a good deal if I'd dared to sell 'em, but I daresent offer 'em. It's a pretty good revolver, though it isn't much use, except for intimidatin', until it's loaded."

"Oh, isn't it loaded?"

"No. You were safe enough. The lantern isn't worth much. The slide don't work smooth—makes a noise, see? I could make a better one with my eyes shut. I've made a few thousand lanterns."

"Is that your business?—lanterns?" asked Charles Stuart.

"Camera supplies—all sorts. Or that's what it was for fifteen years, till the company shut down, two months ago. Since then it's been walking the streets of Boston looking for another job. Now I'm trying country roads and railroad ties. If I can get to Rochester, there's a place there that a friend of mine can hold till to-morrow night.

"If I hadn't of done a foolish thing two years ago," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I shouldn't be in the fix I'm in now. I put every cent I had into Gold Horseshoe copper stock, and six months afterwards the bottom dropped out of the whole business."

Charles Stuart nodded. He could understand—with steel so low. All that he owned was in steel. His grandfather had left it to him that way.

"Since that there hasn't been much of any kind of sickness that we haven't had in the family, from appendicitis to floating kidney. I had a letter from my wife last night. She says our oldest boy is down with typhoid, and she must have some money to pay the doctor. I've *got* to have some money!" A fierce light burned in the man's eyes. "I've *got* to get to Rochester and get that job!"

"You say you would like to sell these?"

Mr. Rockefeller nodded. "But I daresent. The police may be lookin' for these very articles, and if they should get interested in me, then where'd I be?"

Charles Stuart ceased to swing his legs. "I will give you ten dollars for them," he said.

The man moved uneasily in his chair. Then he poured himself another glass of water. The temptation was very great.

"Will ten dollars take you to Rochester?"

There was a low assent.

Charles Stuart disappeared. He returned in a few

moments with the two five-dollar gold pieces that his father and mother had given him on his last birthday, and laid them by the man's plate.

The man shook them in his hand. It shook. "It's too much," he said, and his voice was unsteady also.

"All right!"

He took up the revolver—still cautiously, but with the joy of possession.

"You didn't find a—a jimmy, too?" he suggested, consciously.

Mr. Rockefeller shook his head.

"No; there wasn't anything else in the codfish box." He rose, and picking up the old shoes and socks which had been lying on the floor by his side, walked to the stove and dropped them in. Then he returned to the table.

"I'll pay this back as soon as I can," he said. "What's your street and number?"

"Congress Avenue—238," said Charles Stuart. "But I don't want the money back. That's for these, you know. I'll be glad to hear from you when you get settled, though."

The man was writing. When he had finished he looked down at Charles Stuart.

"And I'd like to shake hands," he said.

Charles Stuart's hand went out promptly, but the other withheld his for a moment, while a brown flush suffused his face.

"I'm honest still, I believe," he said. "Maybe it'll be worth something to you some day to remember that you once saved a man from his first crime. And I—I thank God!"

Charles Stuart did not know what to say. The man was so earnest and his voice broke so. Charles Stuart was not accustomed to deep feeling or intense moments. They made him uncomfortable. He shook hands gravely. Then he glanced at the clock. It was nearly time to expect some of them home. He had given up Terry's coming long ago, and been glad that something had kept him.

The man's gaze turned toward the clock also. He drew himself up. His shoulders seemed to broaden. A new courage dwelt within him.

"Well, I guess I'd better be looking up the deepo, now," he said.

Charles Stuart took his newly-purchased revolver in one hand and the lantern under his arm, and together they

returned to the front hall. As they passed the safe, the man's glance rested upon it for an instant, then traveled quickly to Charles Stuart. But Charles Stuart's eyes did not once turn in that direction.

"I'd like to tell my boys about you," said the man, still looking down upon the crown of soft, yellow hair by his side. "But I—I can't. I shall tell my wife, though."

Charles Stuart felt his insufficiency to meet the demands upon him.

"I hope you'll get that place," was all he could think of to say.

As they reached the front door, he heard steps outside. He opened it, and Terry Donovan's six feet two and proportionate breadth filled the doorway.

"Oh, good evening, Terry! Come in."

Mr. Donovan came in. His gaze dwelt upon the man who was just going out—upon the beard of several days, the flannel shirt, and the badly-worn overcoat; then it rested upon Charles Stuart and his revolver and lantern. Mr. Donovan not only came in, but he closed the door behind him, and stood with his back against it while he surveyed these things.

It was an awkward moment.

"You're late, Terry," said Charles Stuart, in flushed discomfort. "Mr. Rockefeller thinks he must be going. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Donovan. Excuse me, Terry, please."

Charles Stuart's eyes met Terry's with a steady gaze, and Terry moved slowly and unwillingly to one side.

Charles Stuart opened the door.

"Good-by. And write."

"Yes. Good-by."

The man went down the steps. Charles Stuart was as long as possible closing the door. Then he turned back to meet Terry.

Mr. Donovan said nothing, but relieved him of his revolver and lantern, and, sitting down on the sofa, examined them with critical attention. Then he regarded Charles Stuart—also with critical attention.

"Where did you get these?"

"I bought them. If you'd come earlier, Terry, we might have had a game of bezique."

Gradually one end of the straight line that was Terry's mouth extended. Slowly he reached out a broad palm.

"Put it there."

For a second time that evening Charles Stuart shook hands.

Suddenly something seemed to go from his knees. He leaned against a chair.

"Terry," he said, "if you'll excuse me—I know it isn't very polite—but I believe I'd like to go to bed. We'll have that game of bezique some other time."

He glanced toward the upper hall, where only a dim light was burning. It was still and dusky, especially toward the farther end.

"And would you—would you mind going upstairs with me?"



Lullaby

BY J. W. FOLEY.

Sleepy little, creepy little goblins in the gloaming,
 With their airy little, fairy little faces all aglow,
 Winking little, blinking little brownies gone a-roaming,
 Hear the rustling little, bustling little footfalls as they go.
 Laughing little, chaffing little voices sweetly singing
 In the dearest little, queerest little baby lullabies,
 Creep! Creep! Creep!
 Time to go to sleep!

Baby playing 'possum with his big brown eyes!
 Cricket in the thicket with the oddest little clatter
 Sings his rattling little, prattling little, tattling little tune;
 Fleet the feet of tiny stars go patter, patter, patter,
 As they scamper from the heavens at the rising of the
 moon.

Beaming little, gleaming little fireflies go dreaming
 To the dearest little, queerest little baby lullabies.
 Creep! Creep! Creep!
 Time to go to sleep!

Baby playing 'possum with his big brown eyes!
 Quaking little, shaking little voices all a-quiver
 In the mushy little, rushy little, weedy, reedy bogs,
 Droning little, moaning little chorus by the river,
 In the croaking little, joking little cadence of the frogs.
 Eerie little, cheery little glowworms in the gloaming
 Where the clover heads like fairy little nightcaps rise,
 Creep! Creep! Creep!
 Time to go to sleep!

Baby playing 'possum with his big brown eyes!

The Waiting Figure

From the "Outlook."



HOST of stars watching in the vast silence of the night; the earth, a great ball, still and white and dim with sleep, sweeping through illimitable space, feeling in the distance the long, faint glow of time, visible for a moment like a beam of light on a measureless sea; suddenly an apparition, born of the night and the stars, and the endless movement of the years as they steal out of eternity and recede again into its depths, which every man sees and no one knows. The figure is vague, mysterious, veiled from head to foot in soft radiancy; a form undefined and elusive, but with hidden nobility of line, molded like a goddess, and, like a goddess, shielded from the intimate gaze of men. About this sublime figure a mist, in which the light and darkness are magically blended, floats, half revealing and half concealing, as if a soul were in the process of birth—a soul penetrated with strange, dim, obscure radiations of the remote past and waiting for the plastic touch of the future; old as the stars, but wearing the garb of immortal youth; bearing the impress of immemorial years, and yet sensitive to the stir of the forces that play through the life of to-day and to the shaping touch of to-morrow. A mysterious figure seen by all and known by none, with a face that seems on the verge of clear revelation into familiar features, with intimations of lifelong acquaintance, and yet waiting for some final act of creation, some touch that shall define and fix and turn the plastic stuff of life into perfect distinctness and immortality. Beside every man the figure seems to stand silent, waiting the impress of his hand; full of all nobility of line and feature; a shape for the touch of genius to mold into a beauty akin with the stars, and yet at the mercy of the hand that strikes blindly, passionately, idly, ignobly, the stuff of immortality waiting for myriad-handed time to mar or glorify; coming from the Infinite to set the eternal beauty again in the ways of men, or to bear again the old marks of those who waste and spoil and destroy the fair visions of the soul: the veiled figure of the New Year, standing mysterious and silent beside every man, under the vast and solemn arch of the midnight stars.

The New South

An Extract.

BY HENRY W. GRADY.

[The New England Society of New York city, whose dinners are famous for their oratory, has had, at one time or another, nearly all the great speakers of the North as guests at its board. But no Southerner was ever so honored until, to the 81st annual banquet, held on December 22d, 1886, Mr. Grady, then known only as the progressive editor of the leading paper of Atlanta, was invited and asked to speak on the South. Afterward Mr. Grady said: "When I found myself on my feet every nerve in my body was strung as tight as a fiddle string, and all tingling. I knew then that I had a message for that assemblage, and as soon as I opened my mouth it came rushing out." What he said was as successful as it was unpremeditated. The speech was reported over the whole country and at once gave him a national reputation.]



HERE was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. I would not if I could dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization, never equaled, and perhaps never to be equaled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a new South, not through protest against the old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and inspirations.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how in the pomp and circumstance of war they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their

glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war? An army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitter-

ness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory. . . .

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the peoples of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion—revolution and not conspiracy—and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man, who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave

his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted—in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness, in its white peace and prosperity, to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not—if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever."

The Mission of Kitty Malone

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



IT was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day.
 "'Tis goin' out ye are, Kitty?"
 "I was that same. 'Tis a beautiful day entirely. The—the walk 'ud do me good."
 "Faith, no doubt of that. Ye've been kep' in the house pretty clost with that long pneumony of mine. Will ye be gone long, alanna?"

"Sure, 'tis quite a step to market, Dennis. I think I'll be goin' to the farthest wan. They do be havin' things there more reasonable-like. It's—it's—our Thanksgivin' dinner I'm goin' to—get!"

"I wouldn't be afther buyin' anythin' exthravagant, Kitty. The dochther an' medicines must have took a heap of our savin's. I wouldn't buy what might be called luxuriant, so to spake."

"I won't, Dennis! I—I won't!"

She did not leave the room at once. She stood behind him, trembling, cowering, irresolute, a queer agitation convulsing her worn and wrinkled countenance.

"It may happen that I mayn't be back for a—for a rale good bit, Dennis. 'Tis thinkin' I am of goin' over to see Nora, if 'twould be safe to lave you that long."

"'Tis fine I'll be goin' on, plaze God. Do be steppin' along now, Kitty woman! Don't be afther givin' me airy a thought. Sure, the stren'th is comin' back in me to bate anythin' ye ever dramed of. An' what with this illegant lunch—the bit o' bacon, an the cheese, an' the crackers—not to talk of the tay on the stove ferninst me—why, it's good enough for the President, Kitty. With the ould blanket on me shoulders, an' all an' all, it's like I'll dthrop asleep after I've said my decade. I won't be lookin' for ye till 'tis past noon. Now don't stand thriflin', woman, dear. Gwan! But," his piping voice followed her out of the door, "I wouldn't be gettin' a—luxuriant dinner, so to spake, Kitty!"

Mrs. Malone skurried along one of the poor streets that lie south of Van Buren and east of Blue Island Avenue, bending her spare little body against the rancorous east wind and hastened on. "Sure, if I cud make up me mind to go to Thomas—but he hasn't only all his own to kape, but

his wife's ould aunt as well. An' Daylia, that's cook on the North Side—" Was it possible she might let Delia know of their straits? Delia had been saving to buy an automobile-coat and a feather-boas. Delia always had been stylish. And it was grand Delia looked, to be sure, when she was dressed up. No; it would never do to appeal to Delia. If only Rody were at home! Rody, the gay, loving, hard-working young fellow, who would never let her or his father suffer! But he had gone off to the Philippines this many a month back. Was he alive or dead? Sure 'twas a sad world, it was! "Arrah, 'tis nothin' of the sort!" she told herself with sudden energy. "Isn't it ashamed of yerself ye are to be paradin' along like a hin on a rainy day—now runnin' a bit an' then sthoppin' entirely? Go on wid ye! Go—" She stopped short as a massive form loomed up before her—as a broad, roseate countenance beamed down upon her.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Comisky!"

"'Tis me. 'Tis a month o' Sundays since I set eyes on you," she went on. "I heard Dennis was took rale bad some weeks back. Better, is he? That's good. You're not lookin' very well yourself. I've been down to visit my niece Maria. 'Tis twins—an' the christenin' is to be fit for a Roosian. But where might you be goin', Mrs. Malone? You're not walkin' down town?"

"I—I was goin' to—to do some shoppin'!"

Now Mrs. Comisky, for all her ponderosity and apparent obtuseness, could see through a stone wall as well as any one. This was not the first time she had known a neighbor to slip timorously towards the city, carrying an empty basket. But she had not dreamed things had come to such a pass with the once "aisy" Malones.

"An awful nuisance the shoppin' one must be doin', I spent every last dollar Tim gave me except fifty cents. I'm goin' to stop into his saloon on me way home. 'Tis lucky I met with ye if 'tis only the half dollar I got left. This long time I've been sayin' to Tim I must pay you for that hin. So here 'tis—an' wishin' it was five dollars I owed you—I do now!"

"What—what hin?"

"Och, hear the woman now! The black wan, to be sure! The wan you let me have to make broth for Leo when you lived in the brick house. 'Tis like you to be forgettin' it!" She thrust the coin into Kitty's cold little claws of hands.

"Take a car—do now! You'll find the shops most illegant. Good afternoon to you, ma'm!"

"Glory be to God! What hin? I don't mind lettin' her have enny black wan—no, nor a white wan! But she never looked at the basket. Sure now, I'll stop stewing meself about it! 'Twas the saints sent it— Glory be—"

Never loomed Bastille before a prisoner as frowned the grim gray wall of the building wherein is located the County Agent's office before the shrinking gaze of Kitty Malone. Never did feet more reluctant creep up the dirty stone steps into the dreary, many-angled room. Never did heart sink sodden in a woman's breast as sank hers when, in obedience to a motion from the policeman on duty, to whom she had whispered her street and number, she crept to the foot of one of the waiting lines of applicants.

A queer blackness came in fragmentary clouds before her. She had eaten no breakfast. There had been only enough to leave for Dennis. Involuntarily she put out her hand—clutched at the ledge to steady herself. Then she walked out.

She had made a public demand—she had asked for and received charity for the first time in all her cheerful, uncomplaining, hard-working, heroic old life. And the knowledge stung her. Her thin cheek was crimson. Her faded eyes had a strange glitter. She had begged—she! And she knew if it were to save Dennis from suffering she would do it again. What would her children say if they knew! Thomas, who was mail-carrier; Nora of the scant possessions and tender heart; Delia, who was a credit to the family when she came to see them, wearing her best clothes; Malachi, who would give if he had it—to any one, for the matter of that; and Rody—the baby of the family, "the best of the bunch!" as Dennis put it. She—their mother—had disgraced them all! A rush of tears blinded her.

"Look out!" "Get out of there!" "Hi!" "You'll be—" "There—she's down!"

She was crossing the street when the shrill Babel of cries assailed her. Startled, confused, she stood still. The delay was fatal. The next instant the speeding street-car had caught the skirt of her gown. She fell—rolled over—over. Rice, soap, flour, coffee—all that she had striven so hard to procure, lay scattered on the half-frozen ground. But Kitty, bruised, shocked, quivering with nervous fright, was not seriously hurt.

"Dont say anythin' to the man, gentlemen!" she pleaded. "'Twas me own fault. I do get romancin' when I'm alone. I wasn't lookin' out when I ought! 'Twas plannin' how I'd stuff the turkey for Thanksgivin' I was, when I got in the way. Sure," as some one expressed regret for her loss, "what's the vally of a few thrifles like that same!"

She would not give her name and address. She permitted herself, however, to be helped on the car she mentioned. She rode home in penniless, coffeeless, beanless state. And all the time, quite unconsciously, she gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in her fingers.

The sight of a crowd gathered before her little shanty sent her reeling onward with a cry—faint, ineffective, quavering.

Dennis! Something had happened to Dennis!

It was Patsy Heffernan who reassured her—Patsy capering around, and yelling like an Indian. "There's a sojer—a sojer—a rale sojer in there!"

A path was made for the tottering old figure. She got to the door. It was opened. The blackness which had descended the day previous again came before her. This time it was lit by dancing flecks of flame. She staggered—fell forward.

"Mother! She's coming to—mother!" Strong arms were around her. A man's face bent over her—a brave, good face, brown and rugged, with straight mouth, square chin, and eyes full of loving solicitude.

"I didn't think my surprising you would give you such a turn, mother! I was wounded awhile back. I got leave with some others. I wanted to be with you and father for Thanksgiving. I got most of my back pay saved."

"Rody, you—you know!"

"Oh, mother!" He crushed a bit of cardboard in her hand. "Mother, if—if I hadn't come—"

"'Tis your mother's gettin' gay, Rody!" cried Dennis. "Visitin' yesterday! Gallavantin' again to-day!" he cackled joyously. "I was thinkin' she'd use all our money on carfare. Then, mebbe," laughing again at his own joke, "we might have to go to the county for help—Kitty an' me!"

"No fear of that. No fear—eh, mother?"

"No—glory be to God! Glory, an'——"

"Thanksgiving!"

A Story of the Sea

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Once late in the fall came a terrible night,—
The sky was black and the sea was white;
The fishing fleet had been out all day
With their nets and trawls on the lower bay;
Though little of wind, we knew by the ruck
Of smoke-colored clouds around Tuckernuck,
By the whimper of gull and scream of curlew
As they wheeled and away for Muskeget flew,
By the sky flattened now like an adder's crest,
And the flashing of forked tongues in the northwest,
That a pot-full old Davy had put on to brew,
And soon it would simmer there, back of Coatue.

Night came, and the tempest, with drive and din,
Till the bravest well wished the boats were in,—
And more than wished when there came a shout
That the light on the end of the jetty was out!
It was then Sid Fisher said this thing to me:
"Ne'er a dory could land in that red-hot sea;
And my cat-boat out in that crunchin' swell
Wouldn't live no longer 'n a cat in hell!
If their boats bound in on the jetty'd strike.
'Tain't just what you'd call a promisin' night;
But I guess I'll skin out an' fix my light."

"It ain't no sort o' use," said old Skipper Snow;
But he said, said Sid Fisher, "I'm a-goin' to go!"
He tightened no belt, for no belt he wore;
He cast no last look as he left the shore
(And mostly you'll find these belts and looks
Are frequentest tightened and cast in books);
But he took off his shoes—a practical thing—
That his feet to the rocks might like limpets cling,
And out in the night and the storm he crept
To the jetty's end where the light was kept.
God! it was something to see him go
Out on that reef of fear and woe!
However he did it I do not know!

The rocks all green with a slippery moss
 Gave little of foothold by which to cross,
 And with jagged points and barnacle shells
 Cut wounds that were all of them crimson wells;
 But he climbed and bled through that hell of hells,—
 Through lurid billows that high and higher
 Swung torches of phosphorescent fire;
 Through smother of spray and fret of spume
 That flew like waste from a weaver's loom,—
 Until lost in the night; and we saw no more,
 Though all waited and watched upon the shore,
 Till a red light showed on the jetty's end,
 And the boats came bowling into the bend.

For he got there—and back; just how I can't say;
 But all out that night were alive next day;
 For the matter of that, most are living yet,
 Still busy with dredge, with trawl, and net—
 Thanks to heaven—and something to Sid,
 Who showed them a light when the stars were hid.



A Ballad of Crossing the Brook

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Oh, it was a dainty maid that went a-Maying in the morn,
 A dainty, dainty maiden of degree.
 The ways she took were merry and the ways she missed for-
 lorn;
 And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty maid;
 The little winds they kissed her, every one;
 At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not afraid;
 And the water lay a-whimpling in the sun.

Oh, the dainty, dainty maid to the borders of the brook
 Lingered down as lightly as the breeze;
 And the shy water-spiders quit their scurrying to look;
 And the happy water whispered to the trees.

She was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty, dainty
maid;

But first she lifted up her elfin eyes
To see if there were cavalier or clown a-near to aid—
And the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

The brook bared its pebbles to persuade her dainty feet,
But the dainty, dainty maid was not content.
She had spied a simple country lad (for dainty maid un-
meet),
And the sly water twinkled as it went.

As the simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty maid
(O maidens, well you know how it was done!)
Stood a-gazing at her feet until he saw she was afraid
Of the water there a-whimpling in the sun.

Now, that simple lad had in him all the makings of a man;
And he stammered, "I had better lift you over!"
Said the dainty, dainty maid, "Do you really think you
can?"
And the water hid its laughter in the clover.

So, he carried her across, with his eyes cast down,
And his foolish heart a-quaking with delight.
And the maid she looked him over with her elfin eyes of
brown;
And the impish water giggled at his plight.

He reached the other side; he set down the dainty maid;
But he trembled so he couldn't speak a word.
Then the dainty, dainty maid—"Thank you, sir! Good-
day!" she said—
And the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.

Oh, she tripped away so lightly, a-Maying in the morn,
That dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
But she left the simple country lad a-sighing and forlorn
Where the mocking water twinkled to the sea!

His Mother's Sermon

BY IAN MACLAREN.

[Now that the fad for Scotch stories has run its course, we have left some excellent literature which will continue. Among the best that is left over are the sweetly simple, spontaneous and intensely human "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" stories, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.* Many of these are admirably adapted to recitation. Besides the one printed below, the several incidents of "A Doctor of the Old School" and "Domsie" are especially commended.]



HE was an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four cart-loads of furniture and a maiden aunt. For three days he roamed from room to room in the excitement of householding; then he shut himself up in his study to prepare the great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe. During meals on Friday he explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon, and that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammell scholarship, a deliverance was expected by the country. He would be careful and say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald.

While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, his aunt's thoughts were in a room where they had both stood five years before, by the death-bed of his mother. His sobs shook the bed; he could not look nor speak.

"Ye'll no forget me, John. I ken that weel, and I'll never forget you. I've loved you here, and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be an 'oor when I'll no pray for ye, and I'll ken better what to ask than I did here, sae dinna be comfortless. I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there,

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The Speaker

249

and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ; an' John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

A minute after, she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother, my mother!"

It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked of Mary's Son.

Five years had passed, crowded with thought and work, and his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"Dinna be angry wi' me, John, but a'm concerned aboot Sabbath, for a've been praying ever syne ye were called to Drumtochty that it micht be a great day, and that I micht see ye comin' tae yir people, laddie, wi' the beauty o' the Lord upon ye, according tae the auld prophecy: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,' " and again she stopped.

"Go on, auntie, go on," he whispered; "say all that's in yir mind."

"It's no for me tae advise ye, who am only a simple auld woman. Ye'll say what's right, nae doot o' that, and a'boddy 'ill be pleased wi' ye, but, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went into the garden. The manse garden lies toward the west, and, as the minister faced its little square of turf, sheltered by fir hedges, the sun was going down behind the Grampians.

The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in the golden glory, and then before his eyes the gold deepened into an awful red, and the red passed into the shades of violet and green, beyond painter's hand or the imagination of man. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the afterglow of his mother's life fell solemnly on his soul. The last trace of the sunset had faded from the hills when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision.

He looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp, and demanding judgment. He had finished its last

page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening, with its historic parallel; this review of modern thought, reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished and left one care-worn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? And then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the *magnum opus* that was to shake Drumtochty into the heart of the red fire, and he saw, half smiling and half weeping, the impressive words, "Semitic environment" shrivel up and disappear. As the last black flake fluttered out of sight the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet, brown eyes were full of peace. "My mother! my mother!" he prayed, and an indescribable contentment filled his heart.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. When winter lies heavy upon the glen I go upon my travels, and in my time have seen many strange religious functions. I have been in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, when the people wept one minute and laughed the next; have heard Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and the sound of that high, clear voice is still with me, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion"; have seen high mass in St. Peter's, and stood in the dusk of the Duomo at Florence when Padre Agostino thundered against the evils of the day. But I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

Texts I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of sermons; but the subject was Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I was convinced, who am outside dogmas and churches, that Christ was present. The preacher faded from before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, best loved of every human soul, with a face of tender patience, such as Santo gave the Master in

the Church of the Annunziata, and stretching out His hands to old folk and little children as He did, before His death, in Galilee. His voice might be heard any moment, as I have imagined it in my lonely hours by the winter fire or on the solitary hills—soft, low, and sweet, penetrating like music to the secret of the heart, “Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.”

The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of our men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone.

Donald Menzies walked with me homewards, but would only say:

“There was a man sent from God whose name was John.”

His aunt could only meet him in the study. She flung her arms round his neck.

“Oh, laddie, laddie, yon was yir mither’s sermon.”



My Star

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,
 hangs furled;
 They must solace themselves with the
 Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore
 I love it.

—Robert Browning.

Don't You?*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

When the plan that I have to grow suddenly rich
Grows weary of leg and falls into the ditch,
And scheme follows scheme
Like the web of a dream
To glamor and glimmer and shimmer and seem,
Only seem;
And then, when the world looks unfadably blue,
If my rival sails by,
With his head in the sky,
And sings "How is business?" why, what do I do?
Well, I claim that I aim to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When something at home is decidedly wrong,
When somebody sings a false note in the song,
Too low or too high,
And, you hardly know why,
But it wrangles and jangles and runs all awry,
Aye, awry!
And then, at the moment when things are askew,
Some cousin sails in,
With face all a-grin,
And a "Do I intrude? Oh, I see that I do!"
Well, then, though I aim to be honest and true,
Still I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When a man that I need has some foible or fad,
Not very commendable, not very bad;
Perhaps it's his daughter,
And some one has taught her
To daub up an "oil" or to streak up a "water";
What a "water"!
And her grass is green green and her sky is blue blue,
But her father with pride,
In a stagy aside,
Asks my "candid opinion." Then what do I do?
Well, I claim that I aim to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?

* From *Impertinent Poems*, by Forbes & Co., Chicago. Published by permission.

The Bravest Battle

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
 Shall I tell you where and when?
 On the maps of the world you will find it not;
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
 With sword or nobler pen!
 Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
 From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
 A woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently bore her part—
 Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave;
 But, oh! these battles they last so long,
 From babyhood to grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
 She fights in her walled-up town—
 Fights on and on in the endless wars;
 Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
 And soldiers to shout and praise,
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought
 Are fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame!
 With splendid and silent scorn,
 Go back to God as white as you came,
 The kingliest warrior born.

Unexpected Guests*

BY MARGARET CAMERON.



Now Eleanore, if you can't keep out of the way, you run right up stairs and play. I can't have you hanging to my skirts while I'm getting luncheon. Well, Katie's washing, you know. No, of course you can't go where Katie is! She's cross enough now, goodness knows! Here she comes! Now, you run right out of the kitchen.

I've just come out (apologetically) to make a cup of tea, Katie. I'll have some bread and butter and tea for luncheon, and Eleanore can have bread and milk. No bread! Why, Katie! Oh yes, of course! I forgot that we had a chafing-dish supper last night. Yes, you're quite right; it takes a great deal of bread to make toast. Of course you couldn't be expected to foresee emergencies like that. Oh, well, we'll eat crackers. And I'll get some jam.

Eleanore, what are you doing? Mercy! There's the door-bell! Just noon. Must be a peddler. I can't go, and you—oh no, of course I never expect you to answer the bell on wash-day, Katie. Eleanore, *you* go to the door, and say that I'm busy, and that I don't want anything.

What? Ladies! At this hour? Let me see, Eleanore. Mrs. James Norton Enderby! My land! I asked her to come to luncheon any day that she happened to be in town—and she's come! And it's wash-day! And Katie's perfectly savage! And there's not a slice of bread in the house! Two ladies, did you say? Oh, well, she can't intend to stay, then. I'll just leave this until she's gone.

Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Enderby? So delighted to see you! Your sister? Not your sister Florence, whom you have told me so much about? Oh, so charmed to meet you, Miss Johnson! Why, certainly, Mrs. Enderby! So nice of you to understand that I should want to meet her at once! No, I won't make a bit of fuss. Just what we should have ourselves, you know. Let me take your wraps. It's so delightful to have you drop in in this informal way! Eleanore and I are often quite lonely. Oh no, not the least in the world! That's one thing that my maids always understand from the first,—that there shall be no complaints about un-

expected guests. Oh yes, it requires a little firmness and tact in the beginning, but they can always be trained, and I simply will not be a slave to my cook!

Oh, dear! what shall I do? I've got to tell Katie! If— Well, there's no help for it! Katie! Oh, Katie! Come here a moment, please. Some ladies have just come and— Oh, I'm very sorry, Katie, but really, I can't help it!—and we've got to give them something to eat.

Well, but we must have something to eat! It's one o'clock now! Katie! Leave me—now? Oh, you can't! You—you mustn't! I know! It was very thoughtless of Mrs. Enderby to come on Monday—stupid thing she is, anyway!—and I ought not to have given her that sort of an invitation! But, if you'll stay and serve luncheon, I'll—I'll give you that new silk petticoat of mine! It's just about long enough for you. No, you needn't cook anything! We'll have—let me see!—is there any boned chicken in the house? I mean canned chicken, you know! Well, if you'll open a can of that, I'll cream it in the chafing-dish, and— No, you needn't make biscuits; I'll serve it on toasted crackers. If you'll set the table, Katie, and toast the crackers, and open the chicken, and serve the luncheon, I'll wash the dishes—and give you that silk petticoat—and—yes, and a whole day off! To-morrow? Yes, the ironing can wait.

Yes, we went to hear her last night. Do you think she's as attractive in this rôle as she was in "The Prisoner of Zenda"? Oh, well, perhaps I wasn't in a very responsive mood. Oh, no, not in the least, Mrs. Enderby! Indeed, I'm going to take you at your word, and give you a picked-up luncheon—just what we should have had ourselves, you know. But on Mondays we always have luncheon rather late—in fact, we have it quite late. I hope you don't mind? Yes, I have a very satisfactory maid—as maids go. Of course, she needs a little managing, but I really think I have a way with servants. I really have. I seldom have much trouble with them, until they get perfectly unendurable, and then—I simply dismiss them, you know. Have you heard about poor Mrs. Drayton? She tried to dismiss her cook last week, and the woman drove her out of the kitchen by throwing things at her—anything within reach, you know! Poor Mrs. Drayton was so upset, she had to send for the doctor and a policeman. Now, if I had a maid who was given to throwing things about, I should— Good gracious! what's that? Excuse me a moment!

Oh, you dropped the chafing-dish, Katie? They are slippery things. I dropped one once myself. Anything broken? No, I think it's all right. Have you the crackers ready to toast? Here's the chicken—butter—cream—flour—olives—yes, I think that's all. Oh, did you fill the lamp—the alcohol-lamp under the chafing-dish? Never mind; I'll do it. And tea, jam, and little cakes for dessert. All ready, Katie? Won't you come out to luncheon, ladies?

+ +

John Graham

BY GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

[From "*Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son.*"]



I'm glad, my boy, that you are getting along so well in your new place. In the future, however, you needn't tell me about it. There is never any use trying to hide the fact that you are a "jim dandy"; you're bound to be found out. A man who does big things is too busy to talk about them. When the jaws really need exercise—chew gum!

Hot air can take up a balloon a long ways, but it can't keep it there. I don't know anything that's quite so dead as a man who's fallen three or four thousand feet off the edge of a cloud.

The only way to gratify a taste for scenery is to climb a mountain. Life isn't a spurt, but a long, steady climb. You can't RUN far up hill without stopping to sit down.

The only undignified job I know of is loafing, and nothing can cheapen a man who sponges instead of hunting any sort of work. You can always bet that when a fellow's pride makes him touchy, it's because there's some mighty raw spots in it. I never see one of these fellows swelling around with their petty larceny pride, that I don't think of a little experience of mine when I was a boy. An old fellow caught me lifting a water melon from his patch one afternoon, and, instead of cuffing me and letting me go, as I had expected if I got caught, he led me home by the ear to my ma, and told her what I had been up to.

Your grandma had been raised on the old-fashioned plan, and she had never heard of these new-fangled theories of reasoning gently with a child 'til its under lip begins to stick out and its eyes to fill with tears as it sees the error of its ways. She fetched the tears all right—with a trunk strap or a slipper. Your grandmother was a pretty substantial woman. When she was through I knew that I had been licked—and then she sent me to my room and told me not to poke my nose out of it till I could recite the Ten Commandments and the Sunday School lesson by heart.

There was a whole chapter of it—an Old Testament chapter at that—but I laid right into it because I knew ma, and supper was only two hours off. I can repeat that chapter still, forward and backward, without missing a word or stopping to catch my breath.

Every now and then old Doc Hoover used to come into the Sunday School room and scare the scholars into fits by going around from class to class asking questions. The old Doc's creed was built of sheet iron and bolted together with inch iron rivets. There warn't no evasions or generalities in his religion. The lower layers of the hereafter were not Hades, or Gehenna, but just plain—H-e-ll.

The next Sunday, for the first time, I was glad to see him happen in, and I didn't try to escape attention when he worked around to our class. For ten minutes I'd been busting for him to ask me to recite a verse of the lesson, and when he did I simply cut loose and recited the whole chapter and threw in the Ten Commandments for good measure. It sort of dazed the Doc, because he had been to me for information before. When he got over the shock he made me stand right up before the whole school and do it again. Patted me on the head and said I was an honor to my parents and an example to my playmates.

I had been looking down all the time feeling mighty proud and scared, but at that I couldn't help glancing up to see the other boys admire me. But the first person my eyes lit on was your grandma standing in the back of the room and glaring at me in a mighty unpleasant way.

"Tell 'em, John," she said right out loud before everybody.

There was no way to run, for the elder had hold of my hand, and there was no place to hide, though I reckon I could have crawled into a rat hole. So, to gain time, I blurted out:

"Tell 'em what, mam?"

"Tell 'em how you come to have your lesson so nice!"

I learned to hate notoriety right then and there, but I knew there was no switching her off on the weather when she wanted to talk crops. So I shut my eyes and let it come, though it caught on my palate once or twice on the way out.

"Hooked a water melon, mam."

There warn't any need of further particulars with that crowd; they simply howled. Ma led me to our pew, allowing that she would tend to me Monday for disgracing her in public—and she did.

That was a twelve-grain dose, without any sugar coat, but it sweat more cant and false pride out of my system than I could get back for the next twenty years. I learned right then and there how to be humble, which is a heap more important than knowing how to be proud.



My Ships

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Weighed down with gems and silk and gold,
Ah, well, the harbor could not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea
And bro't their precious freight to me,
Ah, well, I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasure that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the storm cloud then might form,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honor, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds blow free;
Blow all my ships safe home to me.
But if thou sendest some awrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But bring my love ship home to me.



To Celia

BY BEN JONSON.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine,
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

In Trust

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

The Library Scene from Romola.

(Dramatized by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

In this scene we have a strong study in character. The book must be read in order adequately to understand Romola and Tito and their situation. Tito, a young man of rare personal charm, but selfish to the core, is already perceived by his lofty-souled wife, to be of different grain from herself, but she has refused to admit this knowledge, even to herself.

Bardi, Romola's old father, has recently died, leaving it as a trust to Romola that his collection of books and antiquities should be kept together, and in his name should be given to the city of Florence.

CHARACTERS:

*Tito di Melema.**Romola*—his wife.

COSTUMES.—Romola is dressed in flowing black robes, cut square. Her red-gold hair is loose except for a fillet over the brow. Tito may be dressed as fancifully as is possible, but an approximate attire for the young Florentine noble would be silken hose, velvet trunks and a gay mantle and plumed cap.

SCENE.—An old library, in a mansion in Florence; a large, dark room filled with books and curios. Table in center. To the left, at the back, a tall reading desk. A large grate at the right. Chair and stool in front—to the right. Romola is standing at the desk, but turns to listen and runs to greet Tito, who enters at the right. She lays her hands on his shoulders and looks in his face.

ROMOLA. Tito, dearest, I did not know you would come so soon.

TITO. I am not welcome then?

ROMOLA. Tito!

(He strokes her hair, and she assists him to remove his wraps.)

ROMOLA. If I had expected you so soon, I would have had a little festival prepared. I did not mean to be here in the library when you came home.

TITO. Never mind, sweet, do not think about the fire. Come—come and sit down.

(Romola sits on a low stool beside his chair and leans against him while she puts back his hair caressingly. Suddenly she starts and gazes at him in alarm.)

ROMOLA. What have you got under your tunic, Tito? Something as hard as iron.

TITO. It is iron—it is chain armor.

ROMOLA. There was some unexpected danger to-day, then? You had it lent to you for the procession?

TITO. No; it is my own. I shall be obliged to wear it constantly, for some time.

ROMOLA. What is it that threatens you, my Tito?

TITO. Every one is threatened in these times who is not a rabid enemy of the Medici. Don't look distressed, my Romola. This armor will make me safe against covert attacks.

ROMOLA. But my godfather, then, is not he, too, in danger? And he takes no precautions. Ought he not, since he must surely be in more danger than you, who have so little influence compared with him?

TITO. It is just because I am less important that I am in more danger. I am suspected constantly of being an envoy. And men like Messer Bernardo are protected by their position and their extensive family connections, which spread among all parties, while I am a Greek that nobody would avenge.

ROMOLA. But, Tito, is it a fear of some particular person, or only a vague sense of danger, that has made you think of wearing this?

TITO. I have had special threats, but I must beg you to be silent on the subject, my Romola. I shall consider that you have broken my confidence if you mention it to your godfather.

ROMOLA. Assuredly I will not mention it if you wish it to be a secret. But, dearest Tito, it will make you very wretched.

TITO. What will make me wretched?

ROMOLA. This fear—this heavy armor. I can't help shuddering as I feel it under my arm. I could fancy it a story of enchantment—that some malignant fiend had changed your sensitive human skin into a hard shell. It seems so unlike my bright, light-hearted Tito.

TITO. Then you would rather have your husband exposed to danger, when he leaves you? If you don't mind my being poniarded or shot, why need I mind? I will give up the armor. Shall I?

ROMOLA. No, Tito, no. I am fanciful. Do not heed what I have said. But such crimes are surely not common in Florence? I have always heard my father and godfather say so. Have they become frequent lately?

TITO. It is not unlikely they will become frequent, with the bitter hatreds that are being bred continually.

(Romola is silent a moment, then speaks cheerfully.)

ROMOLA. Tell me what has happened to-day. Has all gone off well?

TITO. Excellently well. First of all, the rain came and put an end to Luca Corsini's oration, which nobody wanted to hear, and a ready-tongued personage—some say it was Gaddi, some say it was Melema; but really it was done so quickly no one knows who it was—had the honor of giving the Cristianissimo the briefest possible welcome in bad French.

ROMOLA. Tito, it was you, I know. How is it you never care about claiming anything? And after that?

TITO. Oh, after that there was a shower of armor and jewels and trappings. There was strutting, and prancing, and confusion, and scrambling, and the people shouted, and the Christianissimo smiled from ear to ear. And after that there was a great deal of flattery, eating and play. I will tell you about it to-morrow.

ROMOLA. Yes, dearest, never mind now. I have been enjoying the clang of the bells for the first time, Tito. I liked being shaken and deafened by them. I fancied I was something like a Bacchante possessed by a divine rage. Are not the people looking very joyful to-night?

TITO. Joyful after a sour and pious fashion, but, in truth, those who are left behind in Florence have little cause to be joyful. It seems to me, the most reasonable ground of gladness would be to have got out of Florence.

ROMOLA. Why, Tito? Are there fresh troubles?

TITO. No need of fresh troubles, my Romola. There are

three strong parties in the city, all ready to fly at each other's throats. For my own part, I have been thinking seriously that we should be wise to quit Florence, my Romola.

(She starts.)

ROMOLA. Tito, how could we leave Florence? Surely you do not think I can leave it; at least, not yet—not for a long while.

TITO. That is all a fabric of your imagination, my sweet one. Your secluded life has made you lay such false stress on a few things. You know I used to tell you, before we were married, that I wished we were somewhere else than in Florence. If you had seen more places and more people, you would know what I mean when I say that there is something in the Florentines that reminds me of their cutting spring winds. I like people who take life less eagerly; and it would be good for my Romola, too, to see a new life. I should like to dip her a little in the soft waters of forgetfulness.

(He kisses her brow, but she does not heed him.)

ROMOLA. Tito, it is not because I suppose Florence is the pleasantest place in the world that I desire not to quit it. It is because I—because we have to see my father's wish fulfilled. My godfather is old; he is seventy-one; we could not leave it to him.

TITO. It is precisely those superstitions which hang about your mind like bedimmed clouds, my Romola, that make one great reason why I could wish we were two hundred leagues from Florence. I am obliged to take care of you in opposition to your own will. If those dear eyes, that look so tender, see falsely, I must see for them, and save my wife from wasting her life in disappointing herself by impracticable dreams. You know, dearest—your own clear judgment always showed you—that the notion of isolating a collection of books and antiquities, and attaching a single name to them forever, was one that had no valid, substantial good for its object; and yet more, one that was liable to be defeated in a thousand ways. See what has become of the Medici collections. And, for my part, I consider it even blameworthy to entertain those petty views of appropriation. Why should any one be reasonably glad that Florence should possess the benefits of learned research and taste more than any other city? I understand your feeling about the wishes of the dead; but wisdom puts a limit to these sentiments, else lives might be continually wasted in that sort of futile devotion—

like praising deaf gods forever. You gave your life to your father while he lived; why should you demand more of yourself?

ROMOLA. Because it was a trust. He trusted me; he trusted you, Tito. I did not expect you to feel anything else about it—to feel as I do, but I did expect you to feel that.

TITO. Yes, dearest, of course I should feel it on a point where your father's real welfare or happiness was concerned; but there is no question of that now. Ask yourself, dearest, what possible good can these books and antiquities do, stowed together under your father's name in Florence, more than they would do if they were divided or carried elsewhere?

(Romola has drawn away from him and sits with her hands clasped, cold and still.)

ROMOLA. You talk of substantial good, Tito. Are faithfulness, and love, and sweet, grateful memories, no good? Is it no good that we should keep our silent promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth? Is it no good that a just life should be justly honored? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the wants and hopes of those who have depended upon us? What good can belong to men who have such souls? To talk cleverly, perhaps, and find soft couches for themselves, and live and die with their base selves as their best companions. I know of no good for cities or the world if they are to be made up of such things. But I am not thinking of other Italian cities and the whole civilized world. I am thinking of my father, and of my love and sorrow for him, and of his just claims on us. I would give up anything else, Tito. I would leave Florence. What else did I live for but for him and you? But I will not give up that duty. What have I to do with your arguments? It was a yearning of his heart, and therefore it is a yearning of mine.

TITO. I am sorry to hear you speak in that spirit of blind persistence, my Romola, because it obliges me to give you pain. But I partly foresaw your opposition, and as a prompt decision was necessary, I avoided that obstacle, and decided without consulting you. The very care of a husband for his wife's interest compels him to that separate action sometimes, even when he has such a wife as you, my Romola. (She turns her eyes on him in breathless inquiry.) I mean that I have arranged for the transfer, both of the books and of the antiquities, where they will find the highest use and

value. The books have been bought for the Duke of Milan, the marbles and bronzes and the rest are going to France; and both will be protected by the stability of a great power, instead of remaining in a city which is exposed to ruin.

(Romola starts from her seat and stands looking at him with tightened hands, and speaks in scorn and anger.)

ROMOLA. You have sold them?

TITO. I have.

ROMOLA. You are a treacherous man! . . . It may be hindered. I am going to my godfather.

(Tito starts up, goes to the door, locks it, and takes out the key.)

TITO. Try to calm yourself a little, Romola. Try at least to understand the fact and do not seek to take futile steps which may be fatal. It is of no use for you to go to your godfather. Messer Bernardo cannot reverse what I have done. Only sit down. You would hardly wish, if you were quite yourself, to make it known to any third person what passes between us in private.

ROMOLA. Why can it not be reversed? Nothing is moved yet.

TITO. Simply because the sale has been concluded by written agreement; the purchasers have left Florence, and I hold the bonds for the purchase money.

ROMOLA. If my father had suspected you of being a faithless man he would have placed the library out of your power. But death overtook him too soon, and when you were sure his ear was deaf, and his hand stiff, you robbed him. Have you robbed somebody else who is not dead? Is that the reason you wear armor?

TITO. It is useless to answer the words of madness, Romola. Your peculiar feeling about your father has made you mad at this moment. Any rational person looking at the case from a due distance will see that I have taken the wisest course. Apart from the influence of your exaggerated feelings on him, I am convinced that Messer Bernardo would be of that opinion.

ROMOLA. He would not. He lives in the hope of seeing my father's wish exactly fulfilled. We spoke of it together only yesterday. He will help me yet.

TITO. No, my Romola. Understand that such thoughts as these are impracticable. You would not in any reasonable moment ask your godfather to bury three thousand florins in addition to what he has already paid on the library.

I think your pride and delicacy would shrink from that. (She sinks trembling on a chair.) Moreover, it is not my will that Messer Bernardo should advance the money, even if the project were not an utterly wild one. And I beg to consider, before you take any step or utter any word on the subject, what will be the consequence of your placing yourself in opposition to me, and trying to exhibit your husband in the odious light which your own distempered feelings cast over him. What object will you serve by injuring me with Messer Bernardo? The event is irrevocable. The library is sold, and you are my wife.

(She sits looking away from him, and finally speaks, coldly and quietly.)

ROMOLA. I have one thing to ask.

TITO. Ask anything that I can do without injuring us both, Romola.

ROMOLA. That you will give me that portion of the money which belongs to my godfather, and let me pay him.

TITO. I must have some assurance from you, first, of the attitude you intend to take towards me.

ROMOLA. Do you believe in assurances, Tito?

TITO. From you, I do.

ROMOLA. I will do you no harm. I shall disclose nothing. I will say nothing to pain him or you. You say, truly, the event is irrevocable, and I am your wife.

TITO. Then I will do what you desire to-morrow morning.

ROMOLA. To-night, if possible, that we may not speak of it again.

TITO. It is possible. (He goes to the desk, writes, then puts a paper in her hand.) You will receive something in return, you are aware, my Romola?

ROMOLA. Yes, I understand.

TITO. And you will forgive me, my Romola, when you have had time to reflect.

(She is aware that he unlocks the door and goes out. She moves her head and listens. A door opens and shuts again. She starts up as if some sudden freedom has come, and goes to her father's chair where his picture is propped, falls on her knees before it, and bursts into sobs).

Retribution

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

From "The Dolly Dialogues."

CHARACTERS:

Lady Mickleham.

Mr. Samuel Travers Carter.

Five Young Ladies.

Butler.

Miss Dorothea Foster.

Lord Mickleham.

SCENE.—Lady Mickleham's drawing-room.

(Present: Lady Mickleham and five young ladies, the young ladies sitting in straight-backed chairs, doing embroidery. Butler opens door and ushers in Mr. Carter.)

LADY MICKLEHAM (looking at Mr. Carter through her *pince nez*) Mr.—er—Carter?

(Mr. Carter bows.)

LADY MICKLEHAM (to young ladies). My dears!

(Young ladies rise, bow and file out of the room, leaving their embroidery. A pause follows. Mr. Carter appears nervous.)

LADY MICKLEHAM. I have sent for you, Mr. Carter, because I've been reading an unpleasant story.

MR. CARTER (apologetically). In these days of French influence, Lady Mickleham,—

LADY MICKLEHAM. Contained in a friend's letter (focusing her *pince nez* full on Mr. Carter's face.)

(Mr. Carter bows.)

LADY MICKLEHAM. It must have been as painful for her to write as for me to read. And that is saying much. Be seated, pray.

(Mr. Carter bows, and sits down in one of the straight-backed chairs. Begins nervously to play with one of the pieces of embroidery.)

LADY MICKLEHAM. Is Lady Jane's work in your way?

(Mr. Carter drops embroidery and puts foot on his hat.)

The Speaker

LADY MICKLEHAM. I believe, Mr. Carter, that you are acquainted with Miss Dorothea Foster?

MR. CARTER. I have that pleasure.

LADY MICKLEHAM. Who is about to be married to my son, the Earl of Mickleham?

MR. CARTER. That, I believe, is so.

LADY MICKLEHAM. My son, Mr. Carter, is of a simple and trusting disposition. Perhaps I had better come to the point. I am informed by this letter that, in conversation with the writer, the other day, Archibald mentioned, quite incidentally, some very startling facts. Those facts concern you, Mr. Carter.

MR. CARTER. May I ask the name of the writer?

LADY MICKLEHAM. I do not think that is necessary. She is a lady in whom I have the utmost confidence.

MR. CARTER. That is, of course, enough.

LADY MICKLEHAM. It appears, Mr. Carter—and you will excuse me if I speak plainly—that you have, in the first place, given to my son's bride a wedding present, which I can only describe as—

MR. CARTER (interrupting). A pearl ornament, with a ruby or two, and—

LADY MICKLEHAM. A pearl heart! er—fractured, and that you explained that this absurd article represented your heart.

MR. CARTER. Mere *badinage*.

LADY MICKLEHAM. In execrably bad taste.

(Mr. Carter bows.)

LADY MICKLEHAM. In fact, most offensive. But that is not the worst. From my son's further statements it appears that on one occasion, at least, he found you and Miss Foster engaged in what I can only call— (Mr. Carter raises hand in protest. Lady M. takes no notice and continues.) What I can only call *romping*. (Last word violently, shuddering afterwards.)

MR. CARTER. Romping!

LADY MICKLEHAM. A thing not only atrociously vulgar at all times, but under the circumstances—need I say more? Mr. Carter, you were engaged in chasing my son's future bride round a table!

MR. CARTER. Pardon me, Lady Mickleham. Your son's future bride was engaged in chasing me round a table.

LADY MICKLEHAM. It is the same thing.

MR. CARTER. I should have thought there was a distinction.

LADY MICKLEHAM. None at all.

MR. CARTER. I didn't let her catch me, Lady Mickleham.

LADY MICKLEHAM. No, sir! If you had—

MR. CARTER. Goodness knows (shaking his head)!

LADY MICKLEHAM. As it happened, however, my son entered in the middle of this disgraceful—

MR. CARTER. It was at the beginning (sighing regretfully).

(Lady Mickleham, very angry, grips the handle of her *pince nez* with such force that she breaks it in two. In a moment she looks as though nothing had happened, but Mr. Carter laughs, then immediately becomes grave. Lady Mickleham rises, Mr. Carter also rising immediately afterwards.)

LADY MICKLEHAM (freezingly). You are amused?

(Mr. Carter stumbles on his hat and it rolls to Lady Mickleham's feet.)

LADY MICKLEHAM. It is not probable that after Miss Foster's marriage you will meet her often. You will move in—er—somewhat different circles.

MR. CARTER. I may catch a glimpse of her in her carriage from the top of my 'bus.

LADY MICKLEHAM. Your *milieu* and my son's—

MR. CARTER. I know his valet, though.

(Lady Mickleham stares at Mr. Carter a moment through her *pince nez*, then marches disdainfully out of the room. Mr. Carter picks up his hat and starts to leave. Miss Foster and Lord Mickleham enter. Mr. Carter goes on, ignoring them.)

LORD MICKLEHAM (seizing Mr. Carter by the coat-tails). Do you mean to cut us?

MR. CARTER. Yes.

LORD MICKLEHAM. Why, what the deuce—?

MR. CARTER. I've seen your mother. I wish, Mickleham, that when you do happen to intrude, as you did the other day, you wouldn't repeat what you see.

LORD MICKLEHAM. Lord! She's not heard of that? I only told Aunt Cynthia.

MISS FOSTER. Does—does she know it *all*?

MR. CARTER. More than all—much more.

MISS FOSTER (reproachfully). Didn't you smooth it over?

The Speaker

MR. CARTER. On reflection, I don't know that I did—much.

(Lord Mickleham bursts out laughing.)

LORD MICKLEHAM. What a game!

MISS FOSTER. That's all very well for you, but do you happen to remember that we dine with her to-night?

(Lord Mickleham grows grave.)

MR. CARTER. I hope you'll enjoy yourselves. I always cling to the belief that the wicked are punished (looking at Miss Foster).

LORD MICKLEHAM. Never you mind, little woman (drawing Miss Foster's arm through his.) I'll see you through. After all, everybody knows that Carter's an ass.

(Lord Mickleham and Miss Foster leave the room, Miss Foster looking up at Lord M.)

MR. CARTER. Well, that piece of universal knowledge may help matters, but I do not quite see how. I might as well go now. Miss Dolly has quite forgotten me. She was looking up at Archie Mickleham like—well, hang it, in the way they do, you know. So I'll just walk on. I believe Miss Dolly has got a husband who is (let us say) good enough for her. And, for one reason and another, I am glad of it. And I also believe that she knows it. And I am—I suppose—glad of that, too. Oh, yes, of course I am. Of course. (Goes out.)



A Friendly Cloud

BY A. LORIE FLINT.

Diamon's in ha' eyes,
Spa'kles on de wata';
An' I doan kiss ha',
But I t'ink I oughta'.

Moon so sheeny bright,
Boat so gently tossin',
Pert sta's so blinky
Tink dat dey am bossin'.

Um—dat scrumptious cloud
Snuggled ha' to ma hawt!
Moonshine am alright,
But a cloud played de part.

Confessions*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

From "A Duet."

(Arranged by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

SCENE.—A pretty living room lighted by a lamp. Divan, easy chair, table.

CHARACTERS:

He.

She.

(She is propped in cushions on the divan. He is in the easy-chair with his paper. She watches him intently; then speaks earnestly.)

SHE. Tell me, Frank, did you ever love any one before me?

HE. How badly trimmed the lamp is to-night.
(He occupies some seconds with the lamp.)

SHE. Did you, Frank?

HE. Did I what?

SHE. Ever love any one else?

HE. My dear Maude, what is the use of asking questions like that?

SHE. You said that there were no secrets between us.

HE. No; but there are some things better left alone.

SHE. That is what I should call a secret.

HE. Of course, if you make a point of it—

SHE. I do.

HE. Well, then, I am ready to answer anything that you ask. But you must not blame me if you do not like my answers.

SHE. Who was she, Frank?

HE. Which?

SHE. O Frank, more than one?

HE. I told you that you would not like it.

SHE. Oh, I wish that I had not asked you.

HE. Then do let us drop it.

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SHE. No, I can't drop it now. Frank, you have gone too far. You must tell me everything.

HE. Everything?

SHE. Yes, everything, Frank.

HE. I am not sure that I can.

SHE. Is it so dreadful as that?

HE. No, there is another reason.

SHE. Do tell me, Frank.

HE. There is a good deal of it. You know how a modern poet excused himself to his wife for all his pre-matrimonial experiences. He said he was looking for her.

SHE. Well, I do like that!

HE. I was looking for you.

SHE. You seem to have looked a good deal.

HE. But I found you at last.

SHE. I had rather you had found me at first, Frank.

HE. Isn't it time for supper?

SHE. How many did you really love? Please don't joke about it, Frank. I really want to know.

HE. If I chose to tell you a lie—

SHE. But you won't.

HE. No, I won't. I could never feel the same again.

SHE. Well, then, how many did you love?

HE. Don't exaggerate what I say, Maude, or take it to heart. You see, it all depends upon what you mean by love. There are all sorts and degrees of love, some just the whim of a moment, and others the passion of a lifetime. Some are founded on mere physical passion, and some on intellectual sympathy, and some on spiritual affinity.

SHE. Which do you love me with?

HE. All three.

SHE. Sure?

HE. Perfectly sure.

(She comes to him and kisses her fingers, lays them on his lips, then goes back.)

SHE. Well, now, the first?

HE. Oh, I can't, Maude. Don't.

SHE. Come, sir; her name?

HE. No, no, Maude; that is going a little too far. Even to you I would never mention another woman's name.

SHE. Who was she, then?

HE. Please don't let us go into details. It is perfectly horrible. Let me tell things in my own way.

SHE. You are wriggling, sir. But I won't be hard upon you. Tell it your way.

HE. Well, in a word, Maude, I was always in love with some one.

SHE. Your love must be very cheap.

HE. It's almost a necessity of existence for a healthy young man who has imagination and a warm heart. It was all—or nearly all—quite superficial.

SHE. I should think all your love was superficial if it came so easily.

HE. Don't be cross, Maude. I had never seen you at the time. I owed no duty to you.

SHE. You owed a duty to your own self-respect.

HE. There, I knew we should have trouble over it. What do you want to ask such questions for? I dare say I am a fool to be so frank.

(She sits quiet and cold, then rallies.)

SHE. Well?

HE. Must I go on?

SHE. Yes, I may as well hear it.

HE. You'll only be cross.

SHE. We've gone too far to stop, and I'm not cross, Frank. Only pained a little. But I do appreciate your frankness. I had no idea you were such a—such a Mormon! (laughing).

HE. I used to take an interest in every woman.

SHE. "Take an interest" is good.

HE. That was how it began. And then, if circumstances were favorable, the interest deepened until at last naturally—well, you can understand.

SHE. How many did you take an interest in?

HE. Well, in pretty nearly all of them.

SHE. And how many deepened?

HE. Oh, I don't know.

SHE. Twenty?

HE. Well—rather more than that, I think.

SHE. Thirty?

HE. Quite thirty.

SHE. Forty?

HE. Not more than forty, I think.

SHE. Let me see, you are twenty-seven now, so you have loved four women a year since you were seventeen.

HE. If you reckon it that way, I am afraid that it *must* have been more than forty.

SHE (crying). It's dreadful.

HE (kneeling down in front of her and kissing her hands). You make me feel such a brute. Anyhow, I love you now with all my heart and mind and soul.

SHE. Forty—firstly and lastly. (She sobs, half-laughing and half-crying. Then she pulls his hair to reassure him.) I can't be angry with you. Besides, it would be ungenerous to be angry when you tell me things of your own free will. You are not forced to tell me. It is very honorable of you. But I do wish you had taken an interest in me first.

HE. Well, it was not so fated. I suppose there are some men who are quite good when they are bachelors. But I don't believe they are the best men. They are either arch-angels upon earth—young Gladstones and Newmans—or else they are cold, calculating, timid, unvirile creatures, who will never do any good. The first class must be splendid. I never met one except in memoirs. The others I don't want to meet.

SHE. Were they nicer than I?

HE. Who?

SHE. Those forty women.

HE. No, dear, of course not. Why are you laughing?

SHE (laughing). Well, it came into my head how funny it would be if the forty were all gathered into one room, and you were turned loose in the middle of them.

HE. Funny!

SHE. It doesn't strike you as comic?

HE. No, it doesn't.

SHE. Of course it wouldn't.

HE (stiffly). When you have quite finished—

SHE. All right now. Don't be cross. If I didn't laugh I should cry. I'm sorry if I have annoyed you. (He has gone back to his chair, so she pays him a flying visit.) Satisfied? (Sits on arm of his chair.)

HE. Not quite.

SHE. Now? (Puts her hand in his.)

HE. All right. I forgive you.

SHE. That's funny, too. Fancy *you* forgiving *me*, after all these confessions. But you never loved one of them all as you love me?

HE. Never.

SHE. Swear it.

HE. I do swear it.

SHE. Morally, and what do you call it and the other?

HE. Not one of them.

SHE. And never will again?

HE. Never.

SHE. Good boy, forever and ever?

HE. Forever and ever.

SHE. And the forty were horrid?

HE. No, hang it, Maude, I can't say that.

(She pouts and hangs her head.)

SHE. You like them better, then?

HE. How absurd you are, Maude. If I had liked one better, I should have married her.

SHE. Well, yes, I suppose you would. You must have taken a deeper interest in me than in the others since you married me. I hadn't thought of that.

HE. Silly old girl! Of course, I liked you best. Let us drop the thing and never talk about it any more.

SHE. Have you their photographs?

HE. No.

SHE. None of them?

HE. No.

SHE. What did you do with them?

HE. I never had most of them.

SHE. And the others?

HE. I destroyed some when I married.

SHE. That was nice of you. Aren't you sorry?

HE. No; I thought it was only right.

SHE. Were you fondest of dark women, or fair?

HE. Oh, I don't know. I never was pernicketty in my tastes. You know those lines I read you from Henley: "Handsome, ugly—all are women." That's a bachelor's sentiment.

SHE. But do you mean to say, sir—now you are speaking on your honor—that out of all these forty there was not one who was prettier than I am?

(Stands before him.)

HE. Do let us talk of something else.

SHE. And not one as clever?

HE. How absurd you are to-night, Maude.

SHE. Come, answer me.

HE. I've answered you already.

SHE. I did not hear you.

HE. Oh, yes, you did. I said that I had married you, and that shows that I liked you best. I don't compare you quality for quality against every one in the world. That would be

The Speaker

absurd. What I say is, that your combination of qualities is the one which is most dear to me.

SHE. Oh, I see. How nice and frank you are.

(Goes back to couch.)

HE. Now I've hurt you.

SHE. Oh, no, not in the least. I like you to be frank. I should hate to think that there was anything you did not care to tell me.

HE. And you, Maude—would you be equally frank with me?

SHE. Yes, dear, I will. I feel that I owe it to you after your confidence in me. I have had my little experiences, too.

HE. You?

SHE. Perhaps you would rather that I said nothing about them. What good can there be in raking up these old stories?

HE. No, I had rather you told me.

SHE. You won't be hurt?

HE. No, no; certainly not.

SHE. You may take it from me, Frank, that if any married woman ever tells her husband that until she saw him she never felt any emotion at the sight of another man, it is simply nonsense. There may be women of that sort about, but I never met them. I don't think I should like them, for they must be dry, cold, unsympathetic, unemotional, unwomanly creatures.

HE. Maude, you have loved some one else.

SHE. I won't deny that I have been interested, deeply interested in several men.

HE. Several?

SHE. It was before I had met you, dear. I owed you no duty.

HE. You have loved several men.

SHE. The feeling was for the most part quite superficial. There are many sorts and degrees of love.

HE. Good heaven, Maude. How many men inspired this feeling in you?

SHE. The truth is, Frank, that a healthy young woman who has imagination and a warm heart is attracted by every young man. I know that you wish me to be frank and to return your confidence. But there is a certain kind of young man with whom I always felt my interest deepen.

HE. Oh, you did discriminate.

SHE. Now you are getting bitter. I will say no more.

HE. You have said too much. You must go on now.

SHE. Well, I was only going to say that dark men always had a peculiar fascination for me. I don't know what it is, but the feeling is quite overpowering.

HE. Is that why you married a man with flaxen hair?

SHE. Well, I couldn't expect to find every quality in my husband, could I? It would not be reasonable. I assure you, dear, that taking your *tout ensemble*, I like you far the best of all. You may not be the handsomest, and you may not be the cleverest—one cannot expect one's absolute ideal—but I love you far, far the best of any. I do hope I haven't hurt you by anything I have said.

HE. I am sorry I am not your ideal, Maude. It would be absurd to suppose myself anybody's ideal; but I hoped always that the eyes of love transfigured an object and made it seem all right. My hair is past praying for, but if you can point out anything that I can mend—

SHE. No, no; I want you just as you are. If I hadn't liked you best I wouldn't have married you, Frank, would I?

HE. But those other experiences?

SHE. Oh, we had better drop them. What good can it possibly do to discuss my old experiences? It will only annoy you.

HE. Not at all. I honor you for your frankness in speaking out, although I acknowledge that it is a little unexpected. Go on.

SHE. I forget where I was.

HE. You had just remarked that before your marriage you had love affairs with a number of men.

SHE. How horrid it sounds, doesn't it?

HE. Well, it did strike me in that way.

SHE. But that's because you exaggerate what I said. I said that I had been attracted by several men.

HE. And that dark men thrilled you.

SHE. Exactly.

HE. I had hoped that I was the first.

SHE. It was not fated to be so. I could easily tell you a lie, Frank, and say that you were, but I should never forgive myself if I were to do such a thing. You see, I left school at seventeen, and I was twenty-three when I became engaged to you. There are six years. Imagine all the dances, picnics, parties, visitings, of six years! I could not help meeting young men continually. A good many were interested in me, and I—

HE. You were interested in them.

SHE. It was natural, Frank.

HE. Oh, yes, perfectly natural. And then I understand that the interest deepened.

SHE. Sometimes. When you met a young man who was interested several times running at a dance, then in the street, then in the garden, then a walk home at night—of course your interest deepened.

HE. Yes.

SHE. And then—

HE. Well, what was the next stage? (Walks excitedly.)

SHE. Sure you're not angry?

HE. No, no, not at all. Go on. The next stage was—?

SHE. Well, when you have been deeply interested some time, then you begin to have experiences.

HE. Ah!

SHE. Don't shout, Frank.

HE. Did I shout? Never mind. Go on. You had experiences.

SHE. Why go into details?

HE. You must go on. You have said too much to stop. I insist upon hearing the experiences.

SHE. Not if you ask for them in that way, Frank.

HE. Well, I don't insist. I beg you to have confidence in me, and tell me some of your experiences.

(She leans back in her armchair, with her eyes half-closed and a quiet retrospective smile upon her face.)

SHE. Well, if you would really like to hear, Frank, as a proof of my confidence and trust, I will tell you. You will remember that I had not seen you at the time.

HE. I will make every excuse.

SHE. I will tell you a single experience. It was my first of the sort, and stands out very clearly in my memory. It all came through my being left alone with a gentleman who was visiting my mother.

HE. Yes.

SHE. Well, we were alone in the room, you understand.

HE. Yes, yes; go on.

SHE. And he paid me many little compliments, kept saying how pretty I was, and that he had never seen a sweeter girl, and so on. You know what gentlemen would say.

HE. And you?

SHE. Oh, I hardly answered him; but, of course, I was young and inexperienced, and I could not help being flat-

tered and pleased at his words. I may have shown him what I felt, for he suddenly—

HE. Kissed you.

SHE. Exactly. He kissed me. Don't walk up and down the room, dear. It fidgets me.

HE. All right. Go on. Don't stop. After this outrage, what happened next?

SHE. You really want to know?

HE. I must know. What did you do?

SHE. I am sorry that I ever began, for I can see that it is exciting you. Light your pipe, dear, and let us talk of something else. It will only make you cross if I tell you the truth.

HE. I won't be cross. Go on. What did you do?

SHE. Well, Frank, since you insist—I kissed him back.

HE. You—you kissed him back?

SHE. You'll have Jemima up if you go on like that.

HE. You kissed him back!

SHE. Yes, dear; it may be wrong, but I did.

HE. Great heavens. Why did you do that?

SHE. Well, I liked him.

HE. A dark man.

SHE. Yes, he was dark.

HE. O Maude, Maude. Well, don't stop. What then?

SHE. Then he kissed me several times.

HE. Of course he would if you kissed him. What else could you expect? And then?

SHE. Oh, Frank, I can't.

HE. Go on. I am ready for anything.

SHE. Well, do sit down and don't run about the room. I am only agitating you.

HE. There, I am sitting. You can see that I am not agitated. For heaven's sake, go on.

SHE. He asked me if I would sit upon his knee.

HE. Yek!

SHE (beginning to laugh). Why, Frank, you are croaking, like a frog.

HE. I am glad you think it is a laughing matter. Go on; go on. You yielded to his very moderate and natural request. You sat upon his knee.

SHE. Well, Frank, I did.

HE. Good heavens!

SHE. Don't be so excitable, dear. It was long before I saw you.

The Speaker

HE. You mean to sit there and tell me in cold blood that you sat upon this ruffian's knee?

SHE. What else could I do?

HE. What could you do? You could have screamed; you could have rung the bell; you could have struck him; you could have risen in the dignity of your insulted womanhood and walked out of the room.

SHE. It was not so easy for me to walk out of the room.

HE. He held you?

SHE. Yes, he held me.

HE. Oh, if I had been there!

SHE. And there was another reason.

HE. What was that?

SHE. Well, I wasn't very good at walking at that time. You see, I was only three years old.

HE. You little wretch! (He sinks feebly in chair.)

SHE. Oh, you dear old goose. I feel so much better.

HE. You horror!

SHE. I had to get level with you over my forty predecessors. You old Bluebeard! But I did harrow you a little, didn't I?

HE. Harrow me? I'm raw all over. It's a nightmare. O Maude, how could you have the heart?

SHE. Oh, it was lovely, beautiful.

HE. It was dreadful!

SHE. And how jealous you were! Oh, I am so glad.

HE. I don't think that I ever realized quite before how a woman might look at a man's foolishness. Come here, you angel!

CURTAIN.



Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.—*Cervantes*.

Topsy

From "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(Arranged by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS:

Miss Ophelia.

Eva.

Topsy.

SITUATION.—Topsy has been given to Miss Ophelia to be trained. Miss Ophelia comes from the North, and is unacquainted with the negroes.

This scene could be played by three children, but, if Miss Ophelia is played by an adult, Eva and Topsy should be little girls.

SCENE.—A bedroom. A couch can be used as a bed. A dressing-table, with neat arrangement, except that a ribbon and a pair of gloves are lying on it. Chairs. Work-basket. Any accessories. Miss Ophelia, sitting sewing. Enters Topsy in short, clean gown of calico. Barefooted.

MISS OPHELIA. Now, Topsy, you are clean and tidy at last, I hope?

TOPSY. Laws, yes, Miss Feely! There's not a speck o' dirt left on me.

MISS OPHELIA. That is better; I hope you will always keep clean and tidy in the future. There is nothing I dislike so much as dirt.

TOPSY (rolling her eyes and making a face). Yes, missis.

MISS OPHELIA. Now, I have a few questions to ask you before we set to work. How old are you, Topsy?

TOPSY (grinning). Dunno, missis.

MISS OPHELIA. Don't know how old you are! Did nobody ever tell you? Who was your mother, then, child?

TOPSY (with another grin). Never had none.

MISS OPHELIA. Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were you born?

TOPSY. Never was born. (Does a few steps of cake-walk.)

MISS OPHELIA (sternly). You mustn't answer me like that, child. I am not playing with you. Tell me where you were born and who were your father and mother.

TOPSY (emphatically). Never was born, never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin'!

MISS OPHELIA. Topsy, how can you say such things! How long have you lived with your master and mistress?

TOPSY. Dunno, missis.

MISS OPHELIA. Is it a year, or more, or less? Try to answer properly, this time.

TOPSY. Dunno, missis.

MISS OPHELIA. Worse and worse! Do you know anything at all, I wonder! Have you ever heard of God, Topsy? (Topsy shakes her head.) Do you know who made you?

TOPSY (laughing). Nobody as I knows on; 'spects I grow'd. Don't think nobody ever made me.

MISS OPHELIA (shocked). Terrible! whatever shall I do with a child like this! Do you know how to sew, Topsy?

TOPSY. No, missis.

MISS OPHELIA. What can you do? What did you do for your master and mistress?

TOPSY. Fetch water, wash dishes, and clean knives and wait on folks.

MISS OPHELIA (going to left side of bed). Well, now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it. Come to the other side and watch me well.

TOPSY (going to right side). Yes, ma'am.

MISS OPHELIA. Now, Topsy, look here. This is the hem of the sheet. This is the right side of the sheet. This is the wrong. Will you remember?

TOPSY (with a big sigh). Yes, ma'am.

MISS OPHELIA. Well, now, the undersheet you must bring over—like this—and tuck it right down under the mattress, nice and smooth—like this. Do you see?

TOPSY (with a bigger sigh). Yes, ma'am.

MISS OPHELIA. But the upper sheet must be brought down and tucked under, firm and smooth at the foot—like this—the narrow hem at the foot.

TOPSY (snatching the gloves and the ribbon off the dressing-table, as Miss Ophelia bends over the bed). Yes, ma'am. (Slips them into her sleeve.)

MISS OPHELIA (pulling off the clothes again). Now, Topsy, let me see if you can do it.

(Topsy quickly and neatly makes the bed again.)

MISS OPHELIA (watching her). Very good, . . . very good indeed, Topsy! We shall make something of you yet.

TOPSY (tucking in the sheet). Yes, missis.

(As she does so the ribbon falls from her sleeve.)

MISS OPHELIA (picking it up). What is this? You naughty, wicked child! You have been stealing!

TOPSY (very surprised). Why! That's Miss Feely's ribbon, ain't it? How could it a' got into my sleeve?

MISS OPHELIA. Topsy, you naughty girl, don't tell me a lie. You stole that ribbon!

TOPSY. Missis, I declare I didn't. Never seed it till dis blessed minnit.

MISS OPHELIA. Topsy, don't you know it is wicked to tell lies?

TOPSY. I never tell no lies, Miss Feely. It's jist the truth I've been tellin' now. It ain't nothin' else.

MISS OPHELIA. Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so.

TOPSY (beginning to cry). Laws, missis, if you whips all day, couldn't say no other way. I never seed that ribbon. It must a' caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must a' left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve.

MISS OPHELIA (angrily shaking her). Topsy, how dare you! Don't you tell me that again. (The gloves fall to the ground.)

MISS OPHELIA (holding them up). There! Will you tell me you didn't steal the ribbon?

TOPSY (still crying loudly). O missis, missis, I'se so sorry! I won't never do it again, I won't.

MISS OPHELIA. Stop crying, then, and tell me if you have taken anything else since you have been in the house. If you tell me truthfully, I won't whip you.

TOPSY. Laws, missis, I took Miss Eva's red things she wears on her neck.

MISS OPHELIA. You did? You naughty child! Go and bring it me this minute.

TOPSY. Laws, missis, I can't—they's burnt up.

MISS OPHELIA. Burnt up? What a story! Go and get them or I shall whip you.

The Speaker

TOPSY (groaning and crying). I can't, I can't, Miss Feely! They's burnt up, they is.

MISS OPHELIA. What did you burn them up for?

TOPSY (rocking to and fro). 'Cause I'se wicked, I is. I'se mighty wicked. I can't help it.

(Enter Eva, wearing red necklace.)

MISS OPHELIA. Why, Eva, where did you get your red necklace?

EVA. Get it? Why, I have had it on all day, and, what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed.

MISS OPHELIA (lifting her hands in despair). What ever shall I do with her! What in the world made you tell me that you took the necklace, Topsy?

TOPSY (wiping her eyes). Missis said I must 'fess. I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess.

MISS OPHELIA. But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do; that is telling a lie just as much as the other.

TOPSY (very surprised). Laws now, is it?

MISS OPHELIA. Topsy, what makes you behave so badly?

TOPSY (grinning). Dunno, missis, 'spects it's my wicked heart.

MISS OPHELIA. What shall I do with you? I'm sure I don't know; this is terrible.

TOPSY. Laws, missis, you must whip me. I ain't used to workin' unless I gets whipped; but I dunno that it helps much neither. My old missis, she whipped me hard an' pulled my hair, and knocked my head agin the door, but it didn't do me no good. I 'spect if they was to pull every hair out o' my head it wouldn't do no good, neither. I'se so wicked. I'se nothin' but a nigger.

MISS OPHELIA (going to door). I never saw such a child! Topsy, if you do not try to be more honest, and better in every way, I shall have to speak to your master.

[Exit.

EVA. What makes you so naughty, Topsy? Why don't you try to be good? (Taking her hand.) Don't you love anybody, Topsy?

TOPSY (blinking her eyes). Dunno nothin' 'bout love. I love candy; that's all.

EVA. But you love your father and mother?

TOPSY. Never had none; I telled ye ~~that~~ before, Miss Eva.

EVA (sadly). Oh, I forgot; but hadn't you any brother or sister, or aunt, or . . .

TOPSY (interrupting). No, none on 'em. Never had nothin' nor nobody.

EVA. But, Topsy, if you would only try to be good, you might . . .

TOPSY (interrupting). Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good. If I could come white, I'd try then. (Cake walk.)

EVA. But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good.

TOPSY (laughing). Would she, though?

EVA. Don't you think so?

TOPSY. She can't bear me 'cause I'm a nigger. She'd as soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care. (Hums and cake walks.)

EVA (laying her hand on Topsy's shoulder). O Topsy, I will love you; I love you now, because you haven't any mother or father or friends; because you have been beaten and starved and ill-used, I love you, and I want you to be good. It makes me sorry to have you so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, Topsy. Won't you?

(Topsy suddenly sits down on the floor and cries softly, hiding her face in her apron.)

EVA (stroking her head). Poor Topsy!

TOPSY. O Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva, I will try . . . indeed I will. I never did care nothin' about it before.

CURTAIN.



His Impolite Inquiry

"Women claim that the way to get on with a man is to give him plenty of nicely-cooked food."

"Well," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, irritably, "why don't some of them try it?"—*Washington Star*.

Io Victis

BY W. W. STORY.

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of
life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resound-
ing acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chap-
let of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and des-
perate part;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped, who
stood at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, uplifted, un-
heeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but
their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for
those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the
breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the
field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded,
and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted
brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only
the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;

Who have held to their faith, unseduced by the prize that
the world holds on high;

Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if
need be, to die !”

Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long
annals and say—

Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won
the success of the day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Ther-
mopylæ's tryst?

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?



The Comet

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Comet! He is on his way,

And singing as he flies;

The whizzing planets shrink before

The spectre of the skies;

Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,

And satellites turn pale,

Ten million cubic miles of head,

Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,

He flashes and he flames;

He turns not to the left nor right,

He asks them not their names;

One spurn from his demoniac heel,—

Away, away they fly,

Where darkness might be bottled up

And sold for “Tyrian Dye.”

And what would happen to the land,

And how would look the sea,

If in the bearded devil's path

Our earth should chance to be?

Full hot and high the sea would boil,

Full red the forests gleam;

Methought I saw and heard it all

In a dyspeptic dream!

The Speaker

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like waterspouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the fireman why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain,
Such midnight visions sweep
Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

The Speaker

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Whole No. 8



WHAT are the qualities of the orator? What is the place of the orator in modern life? How does the oratory of to-day differ from that of antiquity? These are questions which every thinking man has asked himself. Few are in a position to know, and still fewer are in a position to speak with authority on the subject, but the late Senator George F. Hoar in his "Autobiography of Seventy Years" discusses these matters in an informing, interesting and authoritative manner. Senator Hoar was a student, a skillful speaker, and a practical statesman, so that he writes with knowledge, appreciation and experience. Below is an extended quotation from the second volume of his autobiography published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The longer I live, the more highly I have come to value the gift of eloquence. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not the single gift most to be coveted by man. It is hard, perhaps impossible, to define, as poetry is impossible to define. To be a perfect and consummate orator is to possess the highest faculty given to man. He must be a great artist, and more. He must be a great actor, and more. He must be a master of the great things that interest mankind. What he says ought to have as permanent a place in literature as the highest poetry. He must be able to play at will on the mighty organ, his audience, of which human souls are the keys. He must have knowledge, wit, wisdom, fancy, imagination, courage, nobleness, sincerity, grace, a heart of fire. He must himself respond to every emotion as an Æolian harp to the breeze. He must have

The Orator's Power

"An eye that tears can on a sudden fill,
And lips that smile before the tears are gone."

He must have a noble, personal presence. He must have, in perfection, the eye and the voice which are the only and natural avenues by which one human soul can enter into and

subdue another. His speech must be filled with music, and possess its miraculous charm and spell,

“Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river’s fall.”

He must have the quality which Burke manifested when Warren Hastings said, “I felt, as I listened to him, as if I were the most culpable being on earth;” and which made Philip say of Demosthenes, “Had I been there he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself.”

In my opinion, the two most important things that a young man can do to make himself a good public speaker are:

First.—Constant and careful written translations from Latin or Greek into English.

Second.—Practice in a good debating society.

It has been said that all the greatest Parliamentary orators of England are either men whom Lord North saw, or men who saw Lord North—that is, men who were conspicuous as public speakers in Lord North’s youth, his contemporaries, and the men who saw him as an old man when they were young themselves. This would include Bolingbroke, and would come down only to the year of Lord John Russell’s birth. So we should have to add a few names, especially Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright, and Palmerston. There is no great Parliamentary orator in England since Gladstone died. I once, a good many years ago, studied the biographies of the men who belonged to that period who were famous as great orators in Parliament or in Court, to find, if I could, the secret of their power. With the exception of Lord Erskine and of John Bright, I believe every one of them trained himself by careful and constant translation from Latin or Greek, and frequently a good debating society in his youth.

Training

But to go back to what makes an orator. His object is to excite the emotions which, being excited, will be most likely to impel his audience to think or act as he desires. He must never disgust them, he must never excite their contempt. He can use to great advantage the most varied learning,

The Voice

the profoundest philosophy, the most compelling logic. He must master the subject with which he has to deal, and he must have knowledge to illustrate and adorn it. When every other faculty of the orator is acquired, it sometimes almost seems as if voice were

nine-tenths, and everything else but one-tenth, of the consummate orator. It is impossible to overrate the importance to his purpose of that matchless instrument, the human voice.

It is often said that if a speech read well it is not a good speech. There may be some truth in it. The reader cannot, of course, get the impression which the speaker conveys by look and tone and gesture. He lacks that marvelous influence by which in a great assembly the emotion of every individual soul is multiplied by the emotion of every other. The reader can pause and dwell upon the thought. If there be a fallacy, he is not hurried away to something else before

Do Speeches he can detect it. So, also, more careful and
Read Well? deliberate criticism will discover offenses of style and taste which pass unheeded in a speech when uttered. But still the great oratoric triumphs of literature and history stand the test of reading in the closet, as well as of hearing in the assembly. Would not Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, had it been uttered, have moved the Roman populace as it moves the spectator when the play is acted, or the solitary reader in his closet? Does not Lord Chatham's "I rejoice that America has resisted" read well? Do not Sheridan's great perorations, and Burke's, in the Impeachment of Warren Hastings, read well? Does not "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever!" read well? Does not "Give me Liberty or Give me Death!" read well? Does not Fisher Ames' speech for the treaty read well? Do not Everett's finest passages read well?

There is one great difference between the condition of the American orator and that of the orator of antiquity. The speaker in the old time addressed an audience about to act instantly upon the emotions or convictions he had himself caused. Or he spoke to a Judge who was to give no reason for his opinion. The sense of public responsibility scarcely existed in either. The speech itself perished with the occasion, unless, as in some few instances, the orator preserved it in manuscript for a curious posterity. Even then the best of them had discovered that not eloquence, but wisdom, is the power by which states grow and flourish.

Cicero's oratory is to excite his hearers, whether Judges or popular assembly, for the occasion. Not so in general with our orator. The auditor is ashamed of excitement. He takes the argument home with him. He sleeps on it. He reads it again in the newspaper report. He hears and

reads the other side. He discusses with friends and antagonists. He feels the responsibility of his vote. He expects to have to justify it himself. Even the jurymen hear the sober statement of the Judge, and talk the case over with his associates of the panel in the quiet seclusion of the jury-room. The Judge himself must state the reasons for his opinions, which are to be read by a learned and critical profession and by posterity. The speaker's argument must be sounded, and rung, and tested, and tried again and again, before the auditor acts upon it. Our people hear some great orators as they witness a play. The delight of taste, even intellectual gratification, caused by what is well said, is one thing. Conviction is quite another. The printing-press and the reporter, the consultation in the jury-room, the reflection in the Judge's chamber, the delay of the election to a day long after the speech, are protections against the mischief of mere oratory, which the ancients did not enjoy.



Of a' the Airts

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best;
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air;
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Revel

BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

[The inspiration of this poem is said to have been a plague in an English garrison in India. So isolated that they were unable to leave, and believing death to be inevitable, the officers abandoned themselves to a spirit of revelry, resolved that their last hours should be as merry as possible.]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

The Speaker

Time was when we laugh'd at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here the wise:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betray'd by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Da 'Mericana Girl

BY T. A. DALY.

From the "Catholic Standard and Times."

I gatta mash weeth Mag McCue,
 An' she ees 'Mericana, too!
 Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,
 You weell no calla me so slow
 Ef som' time you can looka see
 How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me
 Most evra two, t'ree day, my frand,
 She stop by dees peanutta-stand
 An' smile an' mak' da googla-eye
 An' justa look at me an' sigh,
 An' alla time she so excite'
 She peeck som' fruit an' taka bite.
 Oh, my, she eesa look so sweet
 I no care how much fruit she eat.
 Me? I am cool an' mak' pretand
 I want no more dan be her frand;
 But een my heart, you bat my life,
 I theenk of her for be my wife.

To-day I theenk: "Now I weel see
 How moocha she ees mash weeth me,"
 An' so I speak of dees an' dat,
 How moocha playnta mon' I gat,
 How mooch I makin' evra day
 An' w'at I spand an' put away,
 An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:
 "You theenk som' pretta girl weell try
 For lovin' me a littla beet?"
 Oh, my! she eesa blush so sweet!—
 "An' eef I ask her lika dees
 For geevin' me a littla keess,
 You s'pose she geeve me wan or two?"
 She tal me: "Twanty-t'ree for you!
 An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:
 "Skeeddoo! Skeeddoo!" an' run away.

She like so mooch for keesa me
 She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!
 I s'pose dat w'at she say—"skeeddoo"—
 Ees alla same "I lova you."
 Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so
 You weell no calla me so slow!

A Dialogue from Plato

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."
—Claude Tillier.

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming.

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear—the next's in stronger style;
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more: "My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concoctors."

Then I: "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
Diana's apparition.'"

She blushed—this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a-walking."



Maloney's St. Patrick's Day Hat

From "Puck."

Fer three sixty-four—and in lape-year wan more—
Av the days av the long, lonesome year,
It hangs all aslant in the closet beyant,
With the sorrer caller ter cheer;
The linin' is tore and the band is all wore,
An' 'tis gray as a grandfather rat,
An' the dust settles down on the brim and the crown
Av Maloney's St. Pathrick's Day hat.

It was tony and foine in the year forty-noine,
An' they called it an elegint tile;
But ye take it to-day, and perhaps ye moight say
'Twas a bit antiquated in style.
The brim, it is true, is a taste out av skew,
An' 'tis shedding its fur loike a cat;
An' there's spots here and there that is scraped a bit bare
On Maloney's St. Pathrick's Day hat.

The dint in the roof is the place where the hoof
Av O'Brien's fool hoss put a kick;
An' that hole that looks bad is a mix-up it had
With a Donegal b'y and a brick;

The Speaker

Thim creases round there on the side show ye where
Big Hogan sat down on it flat.

Sure, a vet'ran, no less, like its wearer, I guess,
Is Maloney's St. Pathrick's Day hat.

An' it hangs on the hook in its dusty ould nook
Till the night of the sixteenth of March;
Thin 'tis took down and rubbed and most moightly
scrubbed,

Till it shoines loike 'twas polished with starch.
And thin, the next day, it is thrimmed up so gay
With the shamrock and green and all that,
If ye don't want to foight ye must swear 'tis all roight—
Brave Maloney's St. Pathrick's Day hat.

Ah! there's years not a few since that cady was new
An' Maloney was proide av the place;
Now the hair that was red is snow-white on his head
And the wrinkles are thick on his face.
But his heart is still young, loike the brogue on his
tongue,

And the p'rade wouldn't start without Pat,
Fer we think it looks grand whin it follers the band—
Ould Maloney's St. Pathrick's day hat.



Cleon and I

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

The Speaker

299

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
 Free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,
 Need of none have I;
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
 Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come, he'll find me ready—
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature,
 In a daisy, I;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing
 In the sea and sky;
 Nature sings to me forever,
 Earnest listener I;
 State for state, with all attendants,
 Who would change? Not I.

+ +

At Dancing School

From the Denver Post.

My mother makes me awful mad,
 I wisht she'd let me be.
 But, dern the luck, she seems to think
 That she's a-runnin' me.
 Now, here I am dressed like a dude,
 At this here dancin' school;
 I might look clean an' sporty, but
 I feel jest like a fool.
 The other kids keep guyin' me,
 Because I come down here;
 Such things as "girly boy" an' "dude"
 They holler in my ear.
 Course, I can't blame 'em, 'cause I do
 Look mushy-like, an' yet
 If they don't cut that guyin' out,
 I'll punch some heads, I'll bet.
 They ain't no fun in huggin' girls,
 But what else kin I do,
 With Mom a-settin' lookin' on?
 Doggone it, I feel blue.
 Mom says I'll be a gentleman
 In years that is to come;
 If she keeps sendin' me down here,
 I won't—I'll be a bum.

A Fight with a Cannon

BY VICTOR HUGO.

From "Ninety-Three."

A VIEUVILLE'S words were suddenly cut short by a desperate cry, and at the same instant they heard a noise as unaccountable as it was awful. The cry and this noise came from the interior of the vessel.

The captain and lieutenant made a rush for the gun-deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were hurrying frantically up.

A frightful thing had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes his course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty.

The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ox, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this?

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to

assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided?

The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant—the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework.

The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seem to cry out, streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his orders the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and bales of false assignats.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable—it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made—but how?

“Only God can aid us here,” said Boisberthelot.

All were silent; the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe—the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began, a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

“Come!” said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

“Come on!” the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of

flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The cannon sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an ax-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a

spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This manœuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger.

Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely

shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him:

"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued:

"General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added:

"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambushade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other, slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added:

"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding sheet. The ship's chaplain accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.



The Primrose

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet Infanta of the year?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose thus bepearl'd with dew?
 I will whisper to your ears:—
 The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending (yet it doth not break)?
 I will answer:—These discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Armgart

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

(Arranged by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS:

Armgart—the singer.

Walpurga—her lame cousin.

Graf Dornberg—Armgart's lover.

Leo—Armgart's teacher.

Dr. Grahn.

SITUATION.—Armgart, a young singer, is making her first appearance as *Orpheus* in Gluck's opera, "Orpheus and Eurydice." Graf Dornberg, a nobleman in love with Armgart, hurries to her salon from his diplomatic mission to await her return from the opera house. Armgart's cousin, the lame Walpurga, is with him.

SCENE I.—A salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. Enter Leo, with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for Armgart, who wears a furred mantle and hood, her arms full of flowers.

LEO. Place for the queen of song!

GRAF (advancing toward Armgart, who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair). A triumph, then.

You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMGART. O kind!—you hastened your return for me.

I would you had been there to hear me sing!

Walpurga, kiss me; never tremble more

Lest Armgart's wing should fail her.

. Tell them, Leo, tell them

How I outsang your hope and made you cry

Because Gluck could not hear me That was folly!

He sang, not listened; every linked note

Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,

And all my gladness is but part of him.

LEO (sardonically). Ay, ay, but mark you this,
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!

ARMGART. You were wrong—
Dear Leo, you were wrong; the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

LEO. Will you ask the house
To teach you singing? Quit your Orpheus then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience
To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

ARMGART (taking up Leo's hand, and kissing it).
O I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO. I stop my ears.
Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

GRAF. Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

WALPURGA (turning from her occupation of decking the
room with the flowers).

Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.
Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

LEO. Not a sound!
She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see naught but what no man saw.
Well! The first notes came clearly, firmly forth.
And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently; heads were still;
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood

The Speaker

As if she had been new-created there
 And found her voice which found a melody.
 Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.

. . . . The final note
 Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
 That surged and ebbd and ever surged again,
 Till expectation kept it pent awhile
 Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! He was changed:
 My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
 That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
 Backward the rising tear.

ARMGART (advancing, but then turning away, as if to check
 her speech). I was a bride.

As nuns are at their spousals.

WALPURGA. I hope the house
 Kept a reserve of plaudits. I am jealous
 Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
 That should have seemed the better and the best.

LEO. No; 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
 Their opening cup. I think the artist's star,
 His audience keeps not sober; once afire,
 They flame toward climax, though his merit hold
 But fairly even.

ARMGART (her hand on Leo's arm).

Now, now, confess, the truth:
 I sang still better to the very end—
 All save the trill; I give that up to you.
 To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
 Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
 That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO (shaking his finger). I was raving.

ARMGART. I am not glad with that mean vanity
 Which knows no good beyond its appetite
 Full feasting upon praise. I am only glad,
 Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
 Glad of the proof that I myself have part
 In what I worship. At the last applause
 Think you I felt myself a *prima donna*?
 No, but a happy spiritual star,
 Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
 Of light in Paradise, whose only self
 Was consciousness of glory, wide-diffused,
 Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
 With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO (with a shrug). I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
Valued by thalers. Come, my Lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good, warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.

ARMGART. Own it? Why not?
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men, and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.

GRAF. Ecstasies
Are short—most happily. We should but lose
Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

ARMGART (taking out the gem and looking at it).
This little star. I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendors which flash out the glow I make,
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a continent? No, may it come,
That splendor. May the day be near when men
Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretense.
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come

Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
I cannot bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims
Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness. But I ——

GRAF. Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.
And I too glory in this issue; I confess
Life is not rounded in an epigram,
I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved—
Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think that life had been
Without the stamp of eminence;
. . . . Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, with tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARMGART. I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble;
I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

GRAF. A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood;
Therein alone she is royal.

ARMGART. Yes, I know
The oft-taught gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
To do aught best save pure subservience;
Nature has willed it so." O blessed Nature!
Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
Such as she only gives a woman child,
Best of its kind; gave me ambition, too,
That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
Of swaying multitudes, of being adored

The Speaker

For such achievement, needed excellence,
 As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
 Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
 " 'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
 She is a woman "—and then turn to add,
 " Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
 Better, of course; she's but a woman spoiled."
 I beg your pardon, Graf; *you* said it.

GRAF.

No.

How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
 The magic of your nature-given art
 As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
 Which, being to my choice the best, must find
 The best of utterance. But this I say:
 Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
 A strain of lyric passion for a life
 Which in the spending is a chronicle
 With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me;
 Pain had been saved,
 Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
 As woman only, holding all your art
 As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
 Concentrating your power in home delights
 Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMGART. What! Leave the opera with my part ill sung
 While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
 Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
 My husband reading news? Let the world hear
 My music only in his morning speech.
 No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
 The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—
 That were fit proem to your argument.
 Till then, I am an artist by my birth—
 By the same warrant that I am a woman;
 Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
 Supreme vocation; if a conflict comes,
 Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
 Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
 Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
 For women's voices, and great Music wants me.

GRAF.

. . . . Armgart, I came not to seek
 Any renunciation save the wife's,

Which turns away from other possible love
 Future and worthier, to take his love
 Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
 Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
 May come without suspicion now to seek
 Armgart applauded.

ARMGART. Graf, you are a noble,
 And have a high career; just now you said
 'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
 Beyond mere womanhood. What follows, then?
 You soon must find
 Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
 To share renunciation or demand it.
 Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
 As in a nation's need both man and wife
 Do public services, or one of us
 Must yield that something else for which each lives
 Beside the other. Men are reasoners;
 That premise of superior claims perforce
 Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."

GRAF. But, if I say I have considered this,
 Returned to say, "You shall be free as now
 Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
 My love will give you freedom"—then your words
 Are hard accusal.

ARMGART. Well, I accuse myself.
 My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF. Again—my will?

ARMGART. Oh, your unspoken will.
 You silent tolerance would torture me,
 And on that rack I should deny the good
 I yet believed in.

GRAF. Then I am the man
 Whom you would love?

ARMGART. Whom I refuse to love.
 No; I will live alone and pour my pain
 With passion into music, where it turns
 To what is best within my better self.
 I will not take for husband one who deems
 The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
 The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,

The Speaker

To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF. Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love.

ARMGART. It lies deep enough
To chafe the union.

. . . . Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgart. Nay; it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.

GRAF. Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will——

ARMGART. She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will—
The man who marries me must wed my Art—
Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF. The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as naught with you against his love.

ARMGART. Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF. Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him?

ARMGART. You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, nor any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF. And happily, for the world.

ARMGART. Yes, happily.
Let it excuse me that my kind is rare:
Commonness is its own security.

GRAF. Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.

ARMGART. Oh, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.

GRAF. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?

ARMGART. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell.

SCENE 2.—A year later—the same Salon. Walpurga is standing looking toward the window with an air of uneasiness.

(Enter Dr. Grahn.)

DR. GRAHN. Where is my patient, fraulein?

WALPURGA. Fled, escaped.

Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?

DOCTOR. No, no; her throat is cured. I only came

To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?

WALPURGA. No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,

“The doctor has a right to my first song.”

Her gratitude was full of little plans,

But all were swept away like gathered flowers

By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—

It was a wasp to sting her; she turned pale,

Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,

“I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none

Shall sing *Fidelio* to-night but me.”

Then rushed down stairs.

DOCTOR (looking at his watch). And this, not long ago?

WALPURGA. Barely an hour.

DOCTOR. I will wait. She can take no harm.

’Twas time for her to sing; her throat is well.

It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;

I had to use strong remedies, but—well.

(Armgarth enters, followed by Leo. She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back toward the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything. Walpurga casts a questioning, terrified look at Leo. He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind Armgarth, who sits like a helpless image, while Walpurga takes off her hat and mantle.)

WALPURGA. Armgarth, dear Armgarth (kneeling and taking her hands), only speak to me,

Your poor Walpurga. Oh, your hands are cold.

Clasp mine, and warm them. I will kiss them warm.

(Armgarth looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair, Walpurga rising and standing near.)

DOCTOR. You sang? Your voice? It tired you?

ARMGARTH (starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently). Oh, you have murdered it.

Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,

And kept me living.

The Speaker

You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—

. . . . Oh, your cures
Are devil's triumphs; you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture.

(Turns and sinks back on her chair.)

O misery, misery.

You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here.
In some new unremembered world,—not here,
Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words
Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCTOR (after a moment's silence). A sudden check has
shaken you, poor child. . . . Tell me, Leo;
'Tis not such utter loss.

(Leo, with a shrug, goes quietly out.)

ARMGART.

Oh, you stand

And look compassionate now, but when Death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice,
To die a singer, lightning struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures—

. . . as meaningless

As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. Oh, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
Leave me alone.

DOCTOR.

Well, I will come again.

ARMGART.

Oh, there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.

DOCTOR (to Walpurga). One word, dear fraulein. (He
whispers to her.)

(The doctor goes out after pouring drops into a glass.)

ARMGART. I wish to be alone.

WALPURGA. I will not leave you.

ARMGART.

Will not, at my wish?

WALPURGA. Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.

ARMGART. The doctor gave it you?
It is an anodyne. Put it away.
He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALPURGA (setting down the glass).
Then you must see a future in your reach
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.

ARMGART. Oh, you intone
That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALPURGA. No; I would not console you, but rebuke.
I say, then, you are simply fevered, mad;
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay on good refused
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours.
Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMGART. Not me, not me.
He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that all unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. Oh, a man's love.
Think you he loves a woman's inner self,
Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers
Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?

WALPURGA. But the Graf
Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now—

ARMGART. Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,
(She takes up a hand mirror.)

Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain, brown girl.

WALPURGA. For shame.

Armgar, you slander him. What would you say
If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?

ARMGART. No, and thrice no;

It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous, too.

WALPURGA. Proud, Armgar, but not generous.

ARMGART. Say no more.

He will not know until——

WALPURGA. He knows already.

ARMGART (quickly). Is he come back?

WALPURGA. Yes, and will soon be here.

The doctor went to him.

. . . . What if he were outside?

I hear a footstep in the ante-room.

ARMGART (raising herself and assuming calmness).

Why, let him come, of course. I shall behave

Like what I am, a common personage

Who looks for nothing but civility.

I shall not play the fallen heroine,

Assume a tragic part and throw out cues

For a beseeching lover.

WALPURGA. Some one raps.

(Goes to the door.)

A letter—from the Graf.

ARMGART. Then open it.

(Walpurga still offers it.)

Nay, my head swims. Read it. I cannot see.

(Walpurga opens it, reads, and pauses.)

Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.

(Walpurga reads, in a low, hesitating voice.)

“I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahm. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation; who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I

cannot depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the government with business which may be of long duration.

(Walpurga sits down dejectedly.)

ARMGART (after a slight shudder, bitterly).

The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.

He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.

What I like least is that consoling hope—

That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"

Handed me as a cordial for despair.

(Slowly and dreamily.) Time—what a word to fling as charity!

Bland, neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—

Days, months, and years—if I would wait for them.

(She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her. Walpurga leaves the room.)

Why, this is but beginning. (Walpurga re-enters.)

Kiss me, dear.

I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.

Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot;

"Genteel?" "O yes, gives lessons; not so good

As any man's would be, but cheaper far."

"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit

For good society. Poor thing! she sews

Both late and early, turns and alters all

To suit the changing mode. Some widower

Might do well, marrying her; but in these days—

Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains

By writing, just to furnish her with gloves

And droschkies in the rain. They print her things

Often for charity."—Oh, a dog's life.

A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart

Voted a nuisance! I am going now.

WALPURGA. Not now; the door is locked.

ARMGART. Give me the key!

WALPURGA. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key;

She is gone on errands.

ARMGART. What! do you dare to keep me

Your prisoner?

WALPURGA. And have I not been yours?

Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.

The Speaker

Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
With far-off scorn. . . .

ARMGART. I paint what I must be.
What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom? Now I can do naught
Better than what a million women do—
Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life
Beating upon the world without response,
If I *would* do it.

WALPURGA (coldly). And why should you not?

ARMGART (turning quickly).
Because heaven made me royal—wrought me out
With subtle finish toward pre-eminence.
All the world now is but a rack of threads
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
And basely feigned content, the placid mask
Of women's misery.

WALPURGA (indignantly). Ay, such a mask
As the few born, like you to easy joy,
Cradled in privilege, take for natural
On all the lowly faces that must look
Upward to you. . . .

. . . . You who every day
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,
And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
The girl without pretension to be aught,
A splendid cousin for my happiness;
To watch the night through when her brain was fired
With too much gladness—listen, always listen
To what *she* felt, who, having power, had right
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
The souls around her with the poured-out flood
Of what must be ere she were satisfied!
That was feigned patience, was it?
Oh, such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
Of natures you call royal, who can live
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMGART (tremulously). Nay, Walpurga,
I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me.
 Yet you speak the truth;
I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.

WALPURGA. Oh, I but stand
As a small symbol for the mighty sum
Of claims unpaid to needy myriads;
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling?
Say, rather, the deserter's. Oh, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMGART. I was blind
With too much happiness; true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang—
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALPURGA. One—near you—why, they throng, you hardly stir
But your act touches them.

ARMGART. Who has need of me?

WALPURGA. Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.

ARMGART. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
You humored all my wishes till to-day,
When fate has blighted me.

WALPURGA. You would not hear
The chant of consolation; words of hope
Only embittered you. Then hear the truth—
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being cheerful. . . .
A word of truth from her had startled you;
But you—you claimed the universe; naught less
Than all existence working in sure tracks
Toward your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart—which you had not.

The Speaker

For what is it to you that women, men,
 Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
 Of aught but fellowship, save that you spurn
 To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
 Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the crowd;
 Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
 Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
 Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
 Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.

ARMGART. O no, hark. Some one knocks. Come in—
 come in.

(Enter Leo.)

LEO. See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
 Longer away from you.

ARMGART. Sit down, dear Leo.
 Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.
 (Walpurga goes out.)

LEO (hesitatingly). You mean to walk?

ARMGART. No; I shall stay within.
 (She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits
 down immediately. After a pause, speaking
 in a subdued tone to Leo.)

How old are you?

LEO. Three score and five.

ARMGART. That's old.
 I never thought till now how you have lived.
 They hardly ever play your music?

LEO (raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip). No.
 Schubert too wrote for silence; half his work
 Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
 That warmed the grass above him. Even so.
 His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMGART. Do you think yours will live when you are dead?

LEO. Pfui. The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
 And found it heady, while my blood was young;
 Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
 I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
 Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
 Why not thy handful?"

ARMGART. Strange, since I have known you
 Till now I never wondered how you lived.
 When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
 But you were old already.

LEO. Yes, child, yes;
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but traveled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well,
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMGART. Good Leo. You have lived on little joys,
But your delight in me is crushed forever.

LEO. Nay, nay, I have a thought; keep to the stage,
To drama without song, for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?

ARMGART. I know, and you;
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone; but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only, action came;
 . . . But now—
Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and
 rules—
Say, "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my fame—and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there. Good Leo, advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing—what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?

(She pauses with a sob in her voice.)

LEO. Yes, yes, dear child.
And it were well, perhaps, to change the place—
Begin afresh, as I did when I left
Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMGART (roused by surprise). You?

LEO. Well, it was long ago. But I had lost—
No matter. We must bury our dead joys

The Speaker

And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like to go?

ARMGART. To Freiburg.

LEO. In the Breisgau? And why there?

It is too small.

ARMGART. Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her there.
Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.

ARMGART. Oh, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."

She sings . . .

I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO. Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

END.



Song

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye;
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

BY SHAKESPEARE.

(Arranged by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS :

Helena—in love with Demetrius.
Hermia—in love with Lysander.
Lysander—in love with Hermia.
Demetrius—also in love with Hermia.
Oberon—King of the Fairies.
Titania—Queen of the Fairies.
Puck—attendant to Oberon.
Cobweb—Fairy of Titania's train.
Peaseblossom—Fairy of Titania's train.
Mustard-seed—Fairy of Titania's train.
As many fairies as desired.

COSTUMES.—The mortals in Greek attire. Queen Titania and her fairies in long gauzy robes with small wings; hair loose. Oberon and Puck in short skirts, belted jackets. Oberon and Titania are crowned and carry scepters. Puck wears a close-fitting cap, shaped like a flower.

SITUATION.—The father of Hermia commands her to marry Demetrius or be a nun. She flies with her love, Lysander, to a wood near Athens. Her friend, Helena, who loves Demetrius, tells him Hermia's plans in order to have his company as she takes him to the rendezvous of the lovers.

(This scene is excellently adapted for a girl's school. Mendelssohn's music should be used in accompaniment.)

SCENE.—A wood near Athens. Ferns, shrubs, flowers. Green on floor and green cloth in semblance of mounds.

(Enter a Fairy on one side and Puck on the other.)

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY. Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough briar,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,

The Speaker

I do wander everywhere
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen.
 To dew her orbs upon the green:
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling:
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do quarr'l; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

FAIRY. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Called Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labor in the quern;
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

PUCK. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile.
 But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

FAIRY. And here my mistress:—Would that he were gone!
 (Enter Oberon, on one side, and Titania, on the other.)

OBERON. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON. Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy.
To be my henchman.

TITANIA. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order.
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBERON. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITANIA. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
(Exeunt Titania and her train.)

OBERON. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBERON. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—

The Speaker

Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

(Exit Puck.)

OBERON. Having once this juice.

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

(Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.)

DEMETRIUS. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and woo'd within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HELENA. And even for that do I love you the more—
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you:

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you do use your dog?

DEMETRIUS. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA. And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not:
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HELENA. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack world of company;
For you, in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEMETRIUS. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story will be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

DEMETRIUS. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

(Exeunt Demetrius and Helena.)

OBERON. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

(Re-enter Puck.)

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

The Speaker

OBERON.

I pray thee give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
 There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
 But do it when the next thing he spies
 May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care; that he may prove
 More fond of her, than she upon her love:
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
 (Exeunt. Enter Titania with her train.)

TITANIA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.
 (She goes behind a flowery screen.)

SONG.

I.

FIRST FAIRY. You spotted snakes, with double tongue
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
 Newts, and blind worms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

II.

SECOND FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here:
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

SECOND FAIRY. Hence, away; now all is well:
 One, aloof, stand sentinel. [Exeunt Fairies.]

(Enter Oberon. He looks about and goes behind the screen.)

OBERON. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 (Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.)
 Do it for thy true love take;
 Love and anguish for his sake;
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
 Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.
 (Enter Lysander and Hermia.)

LYSANDER. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
 wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER. Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!
 (They sleep. Enter Puck.)

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian find I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he my master said
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.

The Speaker

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the powers this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.

(Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.)

HELENA. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEMETRIUS. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.

HELENA. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, where soe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away with fear.

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

(Waking.)

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart,

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword?

HELENA. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
 though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

LYSANDER. Content with Hermia? No; I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HELENA. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abus'd [Exit.

LYSANDER. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers address your love and might
To honor Helen, and to be her knight. [Exit.

HERMIA (starting). Help me, Lysander, help me, do thy
best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

(Enter Oberon.)

OBERON. I wonder, if Titania be wak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

(Enter Puck.)

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to a close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's noll I fixed on his head;
And left sweet Pyramus there:

When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBERON. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With love-juice, as I bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping,—that is finished, too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.
(Enter Demetrius and Hermia.)

OBERON. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,
And kill me, too.

It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS. I would rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than mine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEMETRIUS. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS. An' if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

DEMETRIUS. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

OBERON. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

PUCK. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

OBERON. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

(Re-enter Puck.)

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
 Helena is here at hand,
 And the youth, mistook by me,
 Pleading for a lover's fee;
 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON. Stand aside: the noise they make,
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK. Then will two at once woo one—
 That must needs be sport alone;
 And those things do best please me,
 That befall preposterously.

(Enter Lysander and Helena.)

LYSANDER. Why should you think that I should woo in
 scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.
 Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 In their nativity all truth appears.
 How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HELENA. You do advance your cunning more and more.
 When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
 These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
 Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
 Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

HELENA. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS (awakening). O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
 divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
 When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA. O spite! O spite! I see you all are bent
 To set against me for your merriment.
 If you were civil and knew courtesies,
 You would not do me thus much injury.
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so.
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me in your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena;
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! none of noble sort
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYSANDER. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart.
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HELENA. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none;
 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.

LYSANDER. Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.—
 Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.
 (Enter Hermia.)

HERMIA. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense:
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
 to go?

HERMIA. What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
 Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery orbs and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

The Speaker

HELENA. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HERMIA. I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA. Ay, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena

HELENA. O, excellent!

HERMIA. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS. Quick, come,—

HERMIA. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER. Away, you Ethiop!

DEMETRIUS. No, no, sir—

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let
loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HERMIA. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love?

LYSANDER. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!

HERMIA. Do you not jest?

HELENA. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS. I would have thy bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

The Speaker

HERMIA. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
 Am I not Hermia? Are you not Lysander?
 I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
 Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
 Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!
 In earnest, shall I say?

LYSANDER. Ay, by my life;
 And never did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
 Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest,
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HERMIA. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
 You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
 And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA. Fine, i' faith!
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
 Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
 Now I perceive that she hath made compare
 Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
 And with her personage, her tall personage,
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
 And are you grown so high in his esteem,
 Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
 How low am I? I am not yet so low,
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen
 Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice;
 Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
 Because she's something lower than myself,
 That I can match her.

HERMIA. Lower, hark again.

HELENA. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
 He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

HERMIA. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

HELENA. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HERMIA. What, with Lysander?

HELENA. With Demetrius.

LYSANDER. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her
part.

HELENA. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

LYSANDER. Get you gone, dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

LYSANDER. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
(Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.)

HERMIA. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HELENA. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company,
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away. [Exit.

HERMIA. I am amazed, and know not what to say.
(Exit, pursuing Helena.)

OBERON. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

The Speaker

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
While I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBERON. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But notwithstanding, haste; make no delay.
We may effect this business yet ere day.

(Exit Oberon.)

PUCK. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

(Enter Lysander.)

LYSANDER. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou
now.

PUCK. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYSANDER. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK. Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

(Exit Lysander, as following the voice. Enter Demetrius.)

DEMETRIUS. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy
head?

PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd
That draws sword on thee.

DEMETRIUS. Yes; art thou there?

PUCK. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

(Exeunt. Re-enter Lysander.)

LYSANDER. He goes before me, and still he dares me on,
When I come where he calls then he is gone
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster did he fly;
That fallen am I in dark, uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Lies down.

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

(Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.)

The Speaker

PUCK. Ho, ho ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEMETRIUS. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, not look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

PUCK. Come hither; I am here.

DEMETRIUS. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
(Lies down and sleeps. Enter Helena.)

HELENA. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
Then I may back to Athens, by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [Sleeps.]

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
(Enter Hermia.)

HERMIA. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires,
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[Lies down.]

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy (squeezing the juice on Lysan-
der's eye).
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his love again, and all shall be
well.
(Exit Puck. Demetrius, Helena, etc., sleep.)



Love Is a Sickness

(From "*Hymen's Triumph*.")

Love is a sickness, full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

A Misdemeanor of Nancy*

BY ELEANOR HOYT.

From "Misdemeanors of Nancy."

(Arranged by Kate Wisner McCluskey.)

CHARACTERS:

Nancy—a hopeless flirt.

Mrs. Winston—her friend.

Cook—a very large woman.

Mr. Winston.

The Englishman—a Baronet.

SCENE.—A dining-room, handsome as possible. Table set for three. Pretty glass, china, silver and flowers. Mrs. Winston and Nancy standing.

MRS. WINSTON. He's wild to meet you.

NANCY (indifferently). English, you said?

MRS. WINSTON (rapturously). Yes.

NANCY. And titled?

MRS. WINSTON. Oh, yes. Of course, he's only a baronet, but it's a very good family.

NANCY (conclusively). I don't care to meet him.

MRS. WINSTON (gasping). Why, Nancy? Refuse to meet a new man?

NANCY. My dear, I've borne much at the hands of my married friends. I've helped them entertain cowboys and Indians and anarchists and poets and Bostonians. Whenever there has been a San Juan to storm, I've been called in and have led the charge. But I must draw the line somewhere. In England I will do as the English do. I will flirt with Englishmen because there are no other men available—and, incidentally, because the English girls don't like it; but, in a land literally flowing with masculine milk and honey, to deliberately devote an evening to an Englishman! Never!

MRS. WINSTON. But, my dear, he's perfectly lovely.

The Speaker

NANCY. Elizabeth, I know that you've already married me to the baronet, have been invited to visit at the castle (has he a castle?), and are having tea on the terrace, beyond the yew walk. But, my dear, you've got to tumble your luggage out of that pink guest-chamber and give up your Hunt Ball. I know those Englishmen. I've spent two summers over there. I've scoured the country for the brilliant, fascinating Englishmen of the novels, and the Englishwomen with French clothes and morals. I didn't find either. The Englishman makes love badly, and the Englishwoman dresses badly. Neither can be saved. I won't meet your lion. I'm positive he couldn't roar.

MRS. WINSTON. But, Nancy, I promised him.

NANCY. The moral of that is, don't count your Anglo-mania before it is hatched.

MRS. WINSTON. Nancy, there are times when—well, my dear, when you are actually a wee bit vulgar.

NANCY. I should hope so.

(Enter cook.)

COOK. Shure, it's a lettther the bye's afther bringin'.

(Mrs. Winston reads and sinks into chair.)

MRS. WINSTON. It's from John. He's bringing him to-night.

NANCY. The baronet?

MRS. WINSTON. Yes.

NANCY. Well, that's good. If I were you, I'd want to have it over.

MRS. WINSTON. But Mary has gone. I've no maid. Oh, what an idiot John is!

NANCY. Can't Nora cook and serve too?

MRS. WINSTON (scornfully). Serve? Serve! Look at her. She'd fill the dining-room and ooze out at the windows. There'd be no room for us. She'd stick between the chairs and the wall. She never had on a pair of corsets in her life. She can't breathe with her sleeves rolled down. She'd drop everything she touched. She doesn't know a carafe from a giraffe. She wheezes like a grampus. Wouldn't she be a treat to a man who is used to flunkies behind all the chairs?

NANCY (fervently). She would.

MRS. WINSTON. No; I'll have to go and get somebody. But there's no time. Oh, if I had John here! My dear, don't ever marry. Even the best men are absolutely devoid of consideration for their wives. Thank heaven, the dinner is all

right. I ordered what I knew you'd like. I'll change the wines. There's never any use wasting good wine on a woman. But the maid! Oh, Nancy, what *shall* I do?

(She groans and falls back on a chair.)

NANCY (feelingly). Well, it is a pity to be married to a brute.

MRS. WINSTON (sits erect). I'd like to know what you mean by that. John is the most considerate man in the world. It's odd if a man can't invite a friend to his own house. How could one expect a man to remember domestic details in the midst of all his rush of business?

NANCY (drawlingly). Exactly.

(Mrs. Winston looks teased.)

NANCY (suddenly). Elizabeth, I'll meet your Englishman.

MRS. WINSTON. But that won't help me in the servant dilemma.

NANCY. Just won't it! Elizabeth Winston, I shall serve that dinner!

MRS. WINSTON. B-b-but—

NANCY. But me no buts. I'm adorable in a cap and apron. It has been the regret of my life that I couldn't adopt them for ordinary house-wear. I used them at the cooking class. It was such a howling success that I used to spoil my puddings by weeping salt tears into them because the class wasn't co-educational.

MRS. WINSTON. But, Nancy, do you know how?

NANCY. Do I know how, is it? Faith, I'm the finest ever! I'm warranted smooth-running, noiseless, tidy, honest—and no followers. They all walk with me.

(Nancy dances a few steps, then curtseys.)

Is it engaged I am?

MRS. WINSTON. John can never keep his face straight.

NANCY. John's a dear. He'll have the time of his life.

MRS. WINSTON. You'll be sure to make blunders.

NANCY. My dear mistress, if your baronet isn't a mummy, he'll not know whether I'm pouring champagne or cider for him by the time the entrée comes on. He is going to get valuable sidelights on American domestic affairs. He'll want to rent the castle and come to New York to live after he sees the American domestic on her native heath. You have a cap and apron, haven't you? Hurry and let's set the table. Nearly time, isn't it?

MRS. WINSTON. I'll telephone John, if he hasn't left the office. He has to pick up the baronet on the way home.

NANCY. And I'll go and put on my cap and apron. Be prepared to admire me—Mary, I mean. [Exit Nancy.]

MRS. WINSTON (calls up at 'phone). Hello! 1002. Yes. Is this you, John? John, you forgot Mary isn't here to serve. Well, never mind. I have some one. You could never guess who it is. Nancy. Yes. Don't let on. Good-bye. (Hangs up receiver, laughing.) He won't be able to walk.

(Enter Nancy, dressed as maid.)

NANCY. Did you ring, Mrs. Winston? (She puts her arms around Mrs. Winston and dances her around.)

MRS. WINSTON. I got John on the telephone and told him. I was afraid he'd make a scene when he saw you.

NANCY. What did he say?

MRS. WINSTON. Say! He howled! I couldn't wait to hear what he would say when he got his breath; so I rang off.

NANCY. Hurry—let's set the table. Keep Nora calm in the kitchen. Extra knives, forks, spoons, plates, glasses. Is he good-looking? I forgot to ask.

MRS. WINSTON. Of course.

NANCY. And wears a monocle?

MRS. WINSTON. Of course.

(They fly about arranging the table. Bell rings.)

NANCY. There they are. Shall I let them in? Yes, I will.

(She runs out. Mrs. Winston stands looking nervous)

NANCY (outside). I'll call Mrs. Winston, sir.

(Enter Nancy. The women stand and look at each other. Then Mrs. Winston takes Nancy by the shoulders and shakes her, then kisses her cheek. Nancy then pushes Mrs. Winston to the door by her shoulders, kissing her finally from behind, giving her a little shove. Exit Mrs. Winston. Nancy and the cook bring in soup in bouillon cups.)

NANCY. Now, I'll do the rest, Nora.

NORA (shaking with fat laughter). It's mesilf that can't cook, Miss, for laughing. [Exit Nora.]

(Enter Mrs. Winston, followed by the men, all in evening dress.)

(The table is set so that Mr. and Mrs. Winston face each other. The baronet faces the audience. Much by-play of Nancy meeting his gaze, sometimes dropping her eyes, sometimes smiling, and once even winking.)

The Speaker

MRS. WINSTON. It is too bad. I sent for Nancy, but couldn't have her. You see, I ordered the table laid for four, in the hope that she would come. You really must meet her, Sir Henry. She's quite worth while.

THE BARONET (staring at Nancy, who stands behind Mrs. Winston). Your young women are charming—charming, but I feel no sense of loss to-night.

(He bows to hostess, but sends look at Nancy, who passes wafers.)

MR. WINSTON. Yes, you really should know Nancy. She's a liberal education to any man, imported or domestic. She's delightful, you know, but plays the very deuce with hearts. I understand her boudoir has a frieze of scalps, and she keeps an open fire going all winter, with no fuel but written proposals. Flirt! Nancy would flirt with a snow man. What's more, he'd thaw, even if the temperature were thirty degrees below zero.

(Nancy is filling glasses; shoots a vindictive look at Mr. Winston.)

BARONET. I don't think I would care for your irresistible young woman. I'm not fond of that sort of girl. Of course, I understand that, being your friend, she is undoubtedly delightful; but personally I've a deep-rooted objection to the emancipated modern girl. We have the type in England. You seem to have more specimens of it here, though I'll admit your girls are more attractive than ours. I've an old-fashioned taste for a simple, unworldly type of girl, who doesn't flirt with every man she meets and commonize herself by doing it.

(Nancy has taken out soup and brought fish. Winston chokes with laughter, and his wife unfeelingly laughs at him.)

BARONET. Try a bread-crust. Best thing for a fish-bone. You know the story of the boy in school who was reciting in physiology— (Stops and looks at Nancy's hands as she fills his glass.) Ah, oh, yes,—what was I saying? Beastly stupid of me—

(Mr. Winston laughs again and coughs.)

BARONET. Oh, yes, that reminds me. The boy was asked the number of *eyes* in the human frame. Two hundred and eight, isn't it?

MR. WINSTON (kindly). Bones, you mean, don't you?

BARONET. Surely. I should have said bones. (Aside.

Wonder what I did say.) Well, he said there were two hundred and nine in him because he had swallowed a fish-bone.

(Nancy, standing behind Mrs. Winston's chair, gives a demure little cough, at which the baronet starts violently.)

BARONET. Ah, oh, excuse me. A sort of chill. A touch of—

MR. WINSTON (sympathetically). *Grippe*, perhaps! (He winks boldly at Nancy, who drops her eyes. The baronet looks from one to the other disapprovingly.)

MRS. WINSTON (talking very fast). Yes, this fearful weather. You know that silly rhyme, of course,

The wind it riz,
And then it blew,
And then it friz,
And then it snow,
And then we had a little rain,
And then it friz and snow again.

That just describes what we've been enduring. You must feel the cold, too, after your balmy England. Oh, of course, you have the fog and mist, but that only makes the women's complexions beautiful. Do you think our girls have as fine a color as your English girls, Sir Henry?

BARONET (who has not been listening). Oh, yes, indeed.

MRS. WINSTON. It's odd for an Englishman to feel so, isn't it?

BARONET (stammering). Oh, I don't know.

MR. WINSTON. You have a brother somewhere over here, haven't you?

BARONET. Half-brother in Canada.

MR. WINSTON. You'll see him, of course?

BARONET. I wasn't expecting to—yes, I think I will. Poor old Jack! The family has been down on him, but I don't know—perhaps he couldn't help himself. It was his marriage—with a game-keeper's daughter that made the break with him. The governor cut up pretty rough. Such a thing seems serious over there, but over here in your democratic country it looks different somehow. A man has a right to marry the women he loves, but he ought to consider the family. Yes, a man must consider his family. But, Lord, what am I boring you with all this for? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Winston—purely a family matter—but somebody mentioned Jack, I think, and, yes, I will see Jack.

(During this speech Nancy has been listening with absorbed attention, allowing her expression to change subtly, now approving, now looking dejected.)

MRS. WINSTON. You are not going to Canada from here? You are going West, after big game, aren't you?

BARONET. Yes; I leave *to-morrow*. (This word very decided.)

MR. WINSTON. Why, I thought—

BARONET. I've had letters. I'm obliged to go *to-morrow*.

MR. WINSTON. Too bad, old man. You've not done New York yet. You haven't met Nancy. Still, hunting may be better than being hunted. On the whole, perhaps you've chosen the better part. The Indians don't go in for scalps now. You'll be safer among them.

MRS. WINSTON. John! If Nancy were only here to defend herself. We do need a pretty girl in that vacant chair.

NANCY. How would I do, ma'am?

(Mrs. Winston gasps and is speechless.)

MR. WINSTON. That's the very thing, Mary. You'll fill the bill. Sit down.

(Nancy sits between Mr. Winston and the baronet and smiles at him. His monocle falls into his plate. He fishes for it and puts it on, solemnly staring at Nancy.)

MR. WINSTON. This is a democratic country, you know, old man. We don't go in for the class distinctions as you do in England, and she is a pretty girl. I'm not afraid to call any unprejudiced man to witness on that point.

MRS. WINSTON (half strangled between embarrassment and mirth). John, I'm ashamed of you—and of Nancy, too. Sir Henry will think us unpardonably rude. I should never have allowed it; but when Nancy sets her head upon a thing—

NANCY (interrupting). He doesn't look unforgiving. Don't bother, Elizabeth. I'll explain. Sir Henry, I am Nancy.

MR. WINSTON. I don't think you'll leave *to-morrow*.

NANCY (taking off her cap, tossing her hair loose and smiling at him). Will you?

BARONET. I've changed my mind. I think I ought really to *do* New York.

CURTAIN.

The Conquered Banner

(April, 1865.)

BY ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

(Father Ryan was a chaplain in the Confederate Army.)

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take the Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
And that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom, or their grave.

Furl it! For the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
And the Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe;

The Speaker

For though conquered, they adore it—
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
 Weep for those who fell before it,
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
 And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
 Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story
 Though its folds are in the dust!
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
 Treat it gently—it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead;
 Touch it not—unfold it never;
 Let it droop there, furled forever—
 For its people's hopes are fled.



Decoration Day: A Vision of War

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see the thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others

are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses; divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the doorway with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and for ever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells,—in the trenches, by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash! We see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of the cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through the tangled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shells. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping-post, and we see

homes and firesides and schools and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

* *

The Old Boys in the Dance*

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

It sorter sets me thinkin' that I've got another chance—
To see the old-time fellers goin' roun' yit, in the dance!
Ain't a youngster that kin beat 'em!—when I hear the fiddle
play,

An' see 'em swing the old girls, I jest holler out "Hooray!"

I clean fergit I'm sixty—I want to jine the crowd
That's movin' to the music of them fiddles singin' loud!
I want to be *one* actor in that halleluia show,
An' swing once more the sweetheart that I danced with long
ago!

To think I'm still a youngster in the reel-roun' with the
girls—

Fergit the gray hair glimmerin', feel the kiss of golden curls!
Then I'm dancin' down my troubles—then I'm laughin' 'em
away,

An' old December's singin' of a love song to the May!

Oh, thar's life still in the old boys!—jest tune the fiddle
right,

An' they'll all stay by the music till the pale stars say "Good-
night,"

An' the big Sun says "Good-mornin'!"—Oh, it's then I
want a chance

To swing the old-time sweethearts, with the old boys, in the
dance!

*From the *Saturday Evening Post*.

At the Turn of the Road

(A Christmas Story.)

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.



THE rain poured uncompromisingly down and down, and the State Street crowd swarmed unceasingly on. The girl in the waterproof raglan and the small red turban looked from the holly-trimmed windows to the bundle-laden people swarming along outside them, and kept saying to herself that it was Christmas time, and that she surely was feeling very light-hearted and festive. But the water was dripping inside her collar, and her heart was taking on something of the soggianness of her feet. The feeling of desolation was creeping so overpoweringly upon her that she threw back her head and said to herself, "Some day I shall be famous—some day my pictures will be hung in the great galleries of the world, and then I shall look back to this, and say it was very funny." Usually that anticipation of future triumphs went a long way in the mitigation of present discomforts, but to-day, though she said the words with stern stoutness, the idea was without its charm. All about her were people—people—people, and she was the only one in the great throng to whom Christmas would mean nothing.

She went as far as the Library Building, and there something made her stop. She could go up to the reading room and find the paper from home; it would tell her how her friends—who were not ambitious—were spending Christmas. It would moderate the dreariness to see familiar names on the printed page, and to be made sure that somewhere in the world a Christmas was waiting for her, if the pictures of the future would but permit her to go and take it.

The big room was almost empty—Chicago had little time for the reading of newspapers on the day before Christmas. She walked down the long aisle toward the alcove where she knew the Des Moines paper was to be found. A man was standing before it—a man past middle years, and he was reading intently. He looked up and saw the girl in the wet raglan and turban, and saying, "I have just finished," pushed the paper toward her. It was the paper she had read in other days—the paper which the people whom she

loved might be reading even now. She forgot the brutally big Chicago—forgot even the pictures of the future. The red turban went down into the sheltering folds of the paper from home, and she bowed without reservation under a long-growing and all-powerful homesickness.

At last she seemed to feel that some one was beside her, and looking up saw the man who had given her the paper.

"Little girl," he said, "are you lonesome?—discouraged? What is it?—can't you go home for Christmas?"

The voice was a kind one, and it was a face which seemed to understand. It did not occur to her that he was a stranger. She nodded her head in answer to his question.

"Why can't you go home?—they want you, don't they?"

She turned her tear-stained face to him in astonishment. "Want me!"—and the red turban went down again into the sheltering folds.

At last she looked up. "I'm ashamed to be such a baby, but—but it's the first one I ever spent away from home, and there's something awful about feeling lonesome at Christmas-time."

"And now," he asked, with gentle insistence, "will you tell me why it is you are not going home?"

She flushed, and then threw back her head. "It's for art. I am studying here. Like most of the art students, I haven't much money. I am living for the future—sacrificing for it. I cannot afford to go home for Christmas."

The stranger looked at her peculiarly—his lips smiling, his eyes sad. "And so," he said, "the world goes on making the same old mistakes, living over the same old tragedies."

She turned to him questioningly. "Don't you think it is right to sacrifice for my work? Don't you believe I will be glad some time I lived for other things than the present?"

For a moment he did not answer, and then he said, abruptly: "If you will sit down here by the window, I will tell you a little story. Thirty years ago I was standing just where you are standing to-day. You have made up your mind to get fame, I had made up my mind to get money. I grant you that yours is the higher of the two, but that matters little. I had determined to do the things I believed I could do, and like you, I was prepared to sacrifice. I did just what you are planning to do now—cut myself off from my friends. I am a rich man to-day—but—but some way the world is a rather lonely place for me. I cannot hope to make you see it, but after years of isolation—consecration you may call it, if you like—one loses the capacity for friend-

ship—for real fellowship. Strange, isn't it?—but it's very true. And some way—my little friend—the human heart was not made to feed upon gratified ambition. Shall I tell you why I am here to-day? I live in New York city now, but I came out to Chicago on business. I judge that your home is in Des Moines; mine was there, too, once—it was from Des Moines I started out to get rich. This afternoon, as I saw the bustle on the streets, I realized that it was the day before Christmas, and then it flashed upon me that I was very near the one place in the world that had ever been a home to me. I thought it would seem good to go back there—to see some old friends, and to have a good, old-fashioned Christmas. I determined to get hold of a Des Moines paper, and if I could find the name of any person I thought would really care to see me, I would go out there and spend Christmas. Well—I've looked the paper all over, and I'm going back to New York."

"Oh, don't do that," cried the girl, stretching out an impulsive hand to him; "their names didn't happen to be in to-day; they'll be glad to see you—I know they will."

He shook his head. "It's hopeless. I don't think I should even be glad to see them. I've lived beyond it. It's too late for me; but—I've determined to ask something of you."

They looked at one another steadily for a minute, and then he put his hand in his pocket and took out a roll of bills. "Oh," she gasped. "Oh, thank you—no."

"My little friend," he said, "it's just like this. I've gone over the path, and I want to steer you the other way. You'll paint your pictures all right, I'm sure of that—you have the look of success in your eyes; but I want you to hold on to the other things, too. I'm not a religious man, certainly not a superstitious one, but I can't help feeling that I was sent here to find you to-day. I want you to take this money and go out and spend Christmas where a girl should spend it—at home. I'll eat my dinner on the dining-car to-morrow, and when I sit down at a table all alone, it will make me almost contented if I can say to myself, 'That little art girl's out home with her friends now; she's having the right kind of a Christmas.'"

He had pushed the bills toward her; she looked at them uncertainly. When she turned to speak to him he had gone.

She looked from the window and saw that the rain had turned to old-fashioned snow. A store across the street turned on the electric lights just then, and there blazed through the dusk a holly-clad "Merry Christmas."

The St. John's Fund*

BY HOMER GREENE.



WHEN the sexton of St. John's Church, on a dull October morning, opened the swinging doors that led from the vestibule into the main aisle, he was instinctively aware that in some way the church was not just as he had left it the night before. And ~~when, an instant later, he~~ turned his eyes to the chancel window, he discovered ~~at once wherein the difference lay.~~ Instead of the enraptured face of St. John the Divine, which had shone there yesterday, there was now a great jagged opening, and the deep blue background of Judean sky was cracked and shattered to the leads.

One moment the sexton stood amazed and horrified; the next he turned, struck open with both hands the swinging doors, and rushed out to seek the rector.

A ragged urchin stood on the opposite sidewalk, behind the trunk of a great tree, watching his chance; and the moment the sexton's face was turned away from him he darted across the pavement, up the steps and into the church. Once inside, he looked for an instant toward the radiant window and the headless St. John; then, white-faced and terror-stricken, turned and fled.

Five minutes later, the Rev. Mr. Pancoast, rector of the church, hastened around the corner, followed by the puffing sexton, who exclaimed:

"They've beheaded 'im! They've broke 'his 'ead off—down to 'is shoulders—an'—an' below—it's clean gone, 'is 'ead is—clean gone."

The rector stood gazing on it in silence. The St. John had been his pride, his inspiration. Many and many a time he had felt the power of its presence resting like a benediction on his head as he ministered at the altar. And now it was ~~gone—blotted out—~~ruthlessly, wickedly destroyed.

He strode down the aisle and up to the chancel rail with ~~the rising fires of~~ anger and indignation burning in his breast. But under the bits of broken glass that lay about the altar he discovered a ball—a boy's base-ball, old, ragged, dirty. As he picked it up and looked at it, ~~the fire went~~

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out of his eyes, and the angry lines went out of his face, and he turned to the sexton and said: "It was a boy's carelessness, James. We must not judge too harshly."

But his vestry did not agree with him. "It's a piece of sacrilege!" protested the gruff treasurer of the vestry. ~~"Why, the Vandals, in their palmiest days, in the days of their greatest excesses, never did anything half so bad as this. It's outrageous, simply and purely outrageous!"~~

"But," said the rector, calmly, "I believe that it was the result of an accident, and I believe that the one who did it, man or boy, will have the manhood to come and acknowledge his fault and offer reparation."

~~The treasurer gave an incredulous "Humph!"~~

"Let us wait for a day or two and see," ~~continued the rector. "There is time enough in which to act."~~

He had hardly finished speaking when the housemaid entered the room and gave him a soiled envelope.

"A boy came to the door with it, sir, and ran away as soon as ever I got my hand on it."

When the rector tore open the envelope a ten-cent silver piece rolled out of it and fell to the floor. In the envelope was also a letter, as follows:

"Mr. Pankose i bruk the winder I nokt the head offen him wit a bas ball i seen it this mornin an its a bad brake. i expect i orto go to jale fer it. But ile Pa fer it if youse giff me time ile pa it al if youse giff me time an kindley dont airest me. hears a dime tords it now. ile pa more in a Weak."

"I believe that boy will do as he says!" declared the rector, laying down the letter.

The treasurer smiled incredulously and ~~gave another gruff "Humph!"~~ but he took the dime which was handed to him, enclosed it in an envelope and endorsed it across the back, "The St. John's Fund."

It was ten days before the confessed culprit was again heard from. This time his letter contained only a five-cent piece. He wrote: "hears a nikel fer the winder i cant pay no moar this time caws me muthers to sick if youse only giff me time ile pa it al shure." After that a nickel came each week with much regularity.

Winter came and went, and the days lengthened toward Eastertide. A celebrated artist had made a new St. John for the broken window. The people of the parish were to see it for the first time on Easter Sunday morning. But it so

chanced that on the Saturday before Easter the oaken doors of the church were opened to admit a funeral. Some poor, wasted bit of clay it was, over which the rector, out of the abundant goodness and charity of his heart, had offered to read the services of the church within the sacred portals.

The face of the dead woman told simply but truly of another life ground out under the pitiless heel of poverty. Nearest to the coffin as it lay before the chancel was the boy who had darted into the church that autumn morning six months before to gaze in horror for a moment on the wreck his careless hands had wrought.

His first glance now was up to the chancel window, and his last long look before he followed the coffin down the aisle was at the benignant and beautiful face of the new St. John, which seemed to gaze upon him with a sympathy and affection which in all his pinched and miserable life he had never seen in any other countenance save that one which was now shut out forever from his sight.

Four weeks went by with no contribution to the fund. Then the treasurer spoke: "Those payments were simply a ruse to throw dust into the eyes of the detectives, that's all."

"I have not lost faith," replied the rector, cheerily. "There's a bit of good, ~~which is God~~, in every soul, and the boy who has had enough of it to do what he has done thus far, will not fail us for long. I am sure of it!"

He was right. The very next day a letter came, post-marked at Chicago, enclosing twenty-five cents for the fund. The writer said: "im a wurkin now, im a cash boy in a stoar. me unkel he got me the Plais. me muther she dide O mr pangkost i Wisht i cood tel you now but i cant i dont Dast to now but youse ben offle gude to us you have youve ben offle gude"

After that, money came at regular intervals. At one time he gave as an excuse for not sending a larger installment the fact that he was attending a night school. His spelling and handwriting certainly began to show a marked improvement. Later, he announced that he had been promoted to be office messenger. Still later, he wrote that he had a responsible position in the shoe department.

On his fourteenth birthday he sent a crisp new dollar bill to be added to the St. John's Fund. He wrote that he was still attending night school and was trying to save his money to take lessons from a private tutor. When the treasurer of the fund read the letter he folded it mechanically

over and over; then he turned abruptly to the rector and said:

"Here, Dr. Pancoast! I'm going to draw my check for a hundred dollars, and I want you to send it to that boy in Chicago, and tell him to take it and go to school. Why, confound it!—saving your presence—the boy's got to have an education. That's all there is about it."

"You forget that we don't know the boy's name or address. Moreover, while I appreciate your generosity, I cannot approve of your plan. The boy wants to be let alone. You will hurt him if you try to discover his identity. He is working out his own salvation, and he is doing it nobly. Let us give him only the help of our prayers."

On his fifteenth birthday ~~the boy,~~ as he had come to be known among the vestrymen, sent five dollars, and all that year he sent five dollars every month regularly. He had now entered high school, and hoped to be able to graduate with his class. On his sixteenth birthday he sent ten dollars. When the money was handed to the treasurer of the fund, he threw it down on the table impatiently and turned with an appealing gesture to the rector:

"For pity's sake, doctor! Is there no way to stop it? ~~Is it like one of those terrible chain-letter schemes? Have we got to take it whether or no?~~ Why, look here! We've got enough now, with what interest will accumulate, to pay for the window. ~~It ought to be stopped.~~"

"Yes," replied the rector, "I agree with you. It is time now to stop it."

So they decided to insert a notice in one of the great Chicago daily papers to the effect that no more money was required for the window of St. John's Church.

A week later the following letter was received, written in a round, clear hand, correctly spelled and properly punctuated:

"To the Rector, Wardens and Vestry of St. John's Church:

"My dear friends:—I saw your notice in the paper, and I deeply appreciate the spirit which prompted it. I am glad that I have been able to pay up this debt. But my conscience will never be clear in the matter until I attain sufficient courage to make open confession of my fault. I have often tried to do this, and just as often I have shrunk from doing it. The longer I wait, the harder it becomes. I can only pray now that some time God will give me strength to do it. You have been very kind to me, especially Dr. Pancoast. I can never repay him for the most beautiful act of Chris-

tian charity that ever crowned my life. I hope that the light from the face of that blessed and beautiful St. John in your church window will shine upon him for many years."

There was no signature, no address. At the next meeting of the vestry the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the St. John's Fund shall remain intact, and the interest and profits be added thereto, until, in the opinion of the vestry, it can be put to a use as noble and beautiful as the spirit and conduct which led to its foundation and accumulation."

The years came and went. (All the members of the vestry who had voted on the St. John's Fund resolution were lying in the graveyard on the hill, all save one—the treasurer. Grizzled, impetuous, robust in age, he was still treasurer of the church.) The Rev. Dr. Pancoast, after forty years of ministrations, had resigned. (Poor in purse he still was, but rich in spirit, and in the love of his parishioners.) A new rector had been called—a man from the far West. No one in the parish knew him; but the treasurer had once heard him preach, and the bishop had recommended him most highly. His ministry was to begin, and that of the old rector was to end, on Easter Sunday.

The church ~~had never been so~~ beautiful ~~as it was~~ that morning. Everywhere were flowers and fragrance and the purple glory of sunlight streaming through stained-glass windows. It was a magnificent sermon that the new rector preached. His earnest, thrilling words, his rich voice, his fine face, lighted up with spiritual fire, carried him at once to the heart of his congregation.

When the sermon was ended, he left the pulpit and came out in front of the chancel rail. For a moment he stood, ~~silently looking out over the throng of people, as if the power of speech had suddenly left him.~~ Then the blood surged up into his face, his eyes moistened, and he found his voice, but his eloquence was all gone. He halted and stumbled as he spoke, and it was apparent that he was laboring under a severe mental strain.

"I cannot continue another hour as your pastor until I have confessed to you an offense committed by me against this church and this people many years ago. [To you, it may seem small and trivial; to me, it has been the one burden that has lain on my conscience from boyhood.]

"When I was a lad, I lived in this city. One night, in a

freak of boyhood recklessness, I hurled my ball through the chancel window of this church. For the material damage, I made such reparation as I could. But I had not the moral courage to confess my fault and accept my punishment. I was both afraid and ashamed. My shame and fear grew upon me. As boy and man, I could not overcome them. But God has, with infinite wisdom, brought me to a point and place where I can no longer keep silence and remain a minister of Christ. I confess my fault to you now. I am ready to meet your condemnation. I can hardly hope for your forgiveness.

"And yet I am bound in honor to say that I am glad this church did not seek me out for punishment, but permitted me to go my own way and wait my own time for confession. I want to thank you for that."

He paused, as if trying to master some great emotion. The people in the pews were thunderstruck. Good Dr. Pancoast leaned forward in his seat, his eyes fixed on the speaker in rapt amazement.

"I wish to add one word more. In my boyhood I lived with my invalid mother in the direst poverty. Six months after the breaking of the window she died. Neighbors as poor as we were came into our one room to care for her. They knew not what to do. No more did I. In the midst of my distress, like a vision of light through our narrow doorway, came the rector of this church. Some one on the street where he walked had told him of the death within.

"The dead woman was one of God's good children, but she was not of his flock, nor of his household of faith. Yet, as tenderly as if she had been his own mother, he crossed her thin hands upon her breast; as gently as if I had been his own child, he soothed my sorrow; with a charity as deep and sweet as his own spirit, he made provision for the burial; with a pity as boundless and beautiful almost as the pity of the Master, he had the coffin brought from that dingy, empty room into this house of God, rich with its Easter bloom and fragrance, and over the wasted body he read the service of the Church, with a reverence as tender and profound as ever marked the burial of the queenliest of earth. It was a deed so beautiful and Christlike that for thirty years it has been with me, 'a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night,' to lead me upward."

He turned to the old rector with outstretched hands, and, with tears coursing down his cheeks, said:

~~"O my father and my brother,~~ I can only pray that your mantle may fall on me, and that this people may remember in gratitude your ~~forty~~ years of love and devotion to them. And may the God of peace be with you alway. ~~Amen!~~"

He turned back into the chancel, sank into an altar chair and covered his face with his hands. In the church there was profound silence. ~~Half the congregation were in tears.~~ The old treasurer arose, advanced to the chancel steps and faced the people. ~~He was holding out his glasses at arm's length.~~

"I may be ^{violating} ~~breaking~~ a rule of this church to come out here and speak at this time; but ~~if I break all of them, I must have my say!~~ I want to say that the boy who broke that window paid for it, in cash, thirty years ago; ~~that~~ the money ~~he paid~~ was invested in a fund known as the St. John's Fund, and that that fund, together with profits and interest thereon, stands on our books to-day at the somewhat handsome figure of thirty-seven thousand three hundred and twelve dollars and ~~nineteen cents.~~ Some years ago the following resolution, known as the St. John's Fund Resolution, was adopted by the vestry of this church."

He drew from his pocket a copy of the resolution and read it. Then he held out his glasses again, and continued:

"At a meeting of the vestry, held last evening, ~~neither the old nor the new rector being present nor invited,~~ it was resolved, by ~~authority of the resolution just read to you,~~ that the aggregate amount of the St. John's Fund should be devoted to the ~~maintenance,~~ comfort and happiness of the ~~late rector of this church for the rest of his natural life.~~

"God bless that boy! He wrung that money out of his heart's blood! Every single coin had on it the image and superscription of the Almighty. And I want this old man—this dear old man—God bless him, too, ^{V²} I want him to live long enough—long enough—to use it up—to use it all up—every blessed cent of it. ~~Amen!~~"

~~No one smiled as the treasurer went back to his pew with tears running down his cheeks,~~ but every face in the vast congregation was radiant with sympathy and joy. The magnificent strains of "Old Hundred" rolled out from the organ on the perfume-laden air, and ~~never before did~~ the walls of the old church ring with melody that came straight from hearts to lips, as they ~~did~~ while the people sang "Praise God" on that beautiful Easter Sunday morning.

Sally Ann's Experience *

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

[This cutting is from "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," a book of short stories of unusual merit. There are nine stories included in the volume, most of them having that dramatic quality which gives them special value as recitations.]



COME right in and set down. I was jest wishin' I had somebody to talk to. Take that chair right by the door so's you can get the breeze."

And Aunt Jane beamed at me over her silver-rimmed spectacles and hitched her own chair a little to one side, in order to give me the full benefit of the wind that was blowing softly through the white-curtained window, and carrying into the room the heavenliest odors from a field of clover that lay in full bloom just across the road.

After we had been talking some time, she asked, "Did I ever tell you about Sally Ann's experience?"

"Do tell me," I said.

"'Twas forty years ago," she began, musingly, "and the way of it was this. Our church was considerably out o' fix. It needed a new roof. Some o' the winder lights was out, and the floor was as bare as your hand, and always had been. The men folks managed to git the roof shingled and the winders fixed, and us women in the Mite Society concluded we'd git a cyarpet. We'd been savin' up our money for some time, and we had about twelve dollars. I ricollect what a argument we had, for some of us wanted the cyarpet, and some wanted to give it to furrin missions, as we'd set out to do at first. Sally Ann was the one that settled it. She says at last—Sally Ann was in favor of the cyarpet—she says, "Well, if any of the heathen fails to hear the gospel on account of our gittin' this cyarpet, they'll be saved anyhow, so Parson Page says. And if we send the money and they do hear the gospel, like as not they won't repent, and then they're certain to be damned. And it seems to me as

long as we ain't sure what they'll do, we might as well keep the money and git the cyarpet. I never did see much sense anyhow,' says she, 'in givin' people a chance to damn themselves.'

"Well, we decided to take Sally Ann's advice, and we was talkin' about app'intin' a committee to go to town the follerin' Monday and pick out the cyarpet, when all once 'Lizabeth Taylor—she was our treasurer—she spoke up, and says she, 'There ain't any use app'intin' that committee. The money's gone,' she says, sort o' short and quick. 'I kept it in my top bureau drawer, and when I went for it yesterday, it was gone. I'll pay it back if I'm ever able, but I ain't able now.' And with that she got up and walked out o' the room, before any one could say a word, and we seen her goin' down the road lookin' straight before her and walkin' right fast.

"And we—we set there and stared at each other in a sort o' dazed way. I could see that everybody was thinkin' the same thing, but nobody said a word, till our minister's wife—she was as good a woman as ever lived—she says, 'Judge not.'

"Them two words was jest like a sermon to us. Then Sally Ann spoke up and says: 'For the Lord's sake, don't let the men folks know anything about this. They're always sayin' that women ain't fit to handle money, and I for one don't want to give 'em any more ground to stand on than they've already got.'

"So we agreed to say nothin' about it, and all of us kept our promise except Milly Amos. She had mighty little sense to begin with, and havin' been married only about two months, she'd about lost that little. So next mornin' I happened to meet Sam Amos, and he says to me, 'Aunt Jane, how much money have you women got to'rds the new cyarpet for the church?' I looked him square in the face, and I says, 'Are you a member of the Ladies' Mite Society of Goshen Church, Sam Amos? For if you are, you already know how much money we've got, and if you ain't, you've got no business knowin'. And, furthermore,' says I, 'there's some women that can't keep a secret and a promise, and some that can, and I can.' And that settled him.

"Well, 'Lizabeth never showed her face outside her door for more'n a month afterwards, and a more pitiful-lookin' creatur' you never saw then she was when she come out to prayer-meetin' the night Sally Ann give her experience.

She set 'way back in the church, and she was as pale and peaked as if she had been through a siege of typhoid. I ricollect it all as if it had been yesterday. We sung 'Sweet Hour of Prayer,' and Parson Page prayed, and then called on the brethren to say anything they might feel called on to say concernin' their experience in the past week. Old Uncle Jim Matthews begun to clear his throat, and I knew, as well as I knew my name, he was fixin' to git up and tell how precious the Lord had been to his soul, jest like he'd been doin' every Wednesday night for twenty years. But before he got started, here come 'Lizabeth walkin' down the side aisle and stopped right in front o' the pulpit.

"I've somethin' to say," she says. "It's been on my mind till I can't stand it any longer. I've got to tell it, or I'll go crazy. It was me that took that cyarpet money. I only meant to borrow it. I thought sure I'd be able to pay it back before it was wanted. But things went wrong, and I ain't known a peaceful minute since, and never shall again, I reckon. I took it to pay my way up to Louisville the time I got the news that Mary was dyin'."

"Mary was her daughter by her first husband, you see. 'I begged Jacob to give me the money to go on,' says she, 'and he wouldn't do it. I tried to give up and stay, but I jest couldn't. Mary was all I had in the world; and maybe you that has children can put yourself in my place, and know what it would be to hear your child callin' to you from her death-bed, and you not able to go to her. I asked Jacob three times for the money,' she says, 'and when I found he wouldn't give it to me, I said to myself, "I'm goin' anyhow." I got down on my knees,' says she, 'and asked the Lord to show me a way, and I felt sure he would. As soon as Jacob had eat his breakfast and gone out on the farm, I dressed myself, and as I opened the top bureau drawer to get out my best collar, I saw the missionary money. It come right into my head,' says she, 'that maybe this was the answer to my prayer; maybe I could borrow this money, and pay it back some way or other before it was called for. It looked like the Lord was leadin' me all the time,' says she, 'but the way things turned out it must 'a' been Satan. I got to Mary just two hours before she died, and she looked up in my face and says, "Mother, I knew God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once more."'"

"God only knows what I've suffered," says she, 'but if I had to do it over again, I believe I'd do it. Mary was all the

child I had in the world, and I had to see her once more before she died. I've been a member of this church for twenty years,' says she, 'but I reckon you'll have to turn me out now.'

"The pore thing stood there tremblin'. Old Silas Petty was glowerin' at her from under his eyebrows, and it put me in mind of the Pharisees and the women they wanted to stone, and I ricollect thinkin', 'Oh, if the Lord Jesus would jest come in and take her part!' And while we all set there like a passel o' mutes, Sally Ann got up and marched down the middle aisle and stood right by 'Lizabeth. You know what funny thoughts people will have sometimes.

"Well, I felt so relieved. It popped into my head all at once that we didn't need the Lord after all; Sally Ann would do jest as well. It seemed sort o' like sacrilege, but I couldn't help it.

"Well, Sally Ann looked all around as composed as you please, and says she, 'I reckon if anybody's turned out o' this church on account o' that miserable little money, it'll be Jacob and not 'Lizabeth. A man that won't give his wife money to go to her dyin' child is too mean to stay in a Christian church anyhow; and I'd like to know how it is that a woman that had eight hundred dollars when she married has to go to her husband and git down on her knees and beg for what's her own. Where's that money 'Lizabeth had when she married you?' says she, turnin' round and lookin' Jacob square in the face. 'Down in that ten-acre medder lot, ain't it,—and in that new barn you built last spring. A pretty elder you are, ain't you?'

"Goodness knows what she would 'a' said, but jest here old Deacon Petty rose up. And says he, 'Brethren,'—and he spread his arms out and waved 'em up and down like he was goin' to pray,—'brethren, this is awful. If this woman wants to give her religious experience, why,' says he, very kind and condescendin', 'of course she can do so. But when it comes to a woman standin' up in the house of the Lord and revilin' an elder as this woman is doin', why, I tremble,' says he, 'for the church of Christ. For don't the Apostle Paul say, "Let your women keep silence in the church"?' "

"As soon as he named the 'Postle Paul, Sally Ann give a kind of snort. Sally Ann was terrible free-spoken. And when Deacon Petty said that she jest squared herself like she intended to stand there till judgment day, and says she, 'The 'Postle Paul has been dead ruther too long for me to be afraid

of him. And I never heard of him app'intin' Deacon Petty to represent him in this church. If the 'Postle Paul don't like what I'm sayin', let him rise up from his grave in Corinthians of Ephesians, or wherever he's buried, and say so. I've got a message from the Lord to the men folks of this church, and I'm goin' to deliver it, Paul or no Paul,' says she. 'And as for you, Silas Petty, I ain't forgot the time I dropped in to see Maria one Saturday night and found her washin' out her flannel petticoat and dryin' it before the fire. And every time I've had to hear you lead in prayer since then I've said to myself, "Lord, how high can a man's prayers rise toward heaven when his wife ain't got but one flannel skirt to her name? No higher than the back of his pew, if you'll let me tell it." I knew jest how it was,' said Sally Ann, 'as well as if Maria'd told me. She'd been havin' the milk and butter money from the old roan cow she'd raised from a little heifer, and jest because feed was scarce, you'd sold her off before Maria had money enough to buy her winter flannels. I can give my experience, can I? Well, that's jest what I'm a-doin', says she; 'and while I'm about it,' says she, 'I'll give in some experience for 'Lizabeth and Maria and the rest of the women who, betwixt their husbands an' the 'Postle Paul, have about lost all the gumption and grit that the Lord started them out with.

"Job Taylor was settin right in front of Deacon Petty, and I reckon he thought his time was comin' next; so he gets up, easy like, with his red bandanna to his mouth, and starts out. But Sally Ann headed him off before he'd gone six steps, and says she, 'There ain't anything the matter with you, Job Taylor; you set right down and hear what I've got to say. I've knelt and stood through enough o' your long-winded prayers, and now it's my time to talk and yours to listen.'

"And, bless your life, if Job didn't set down as meek as Moses, and Sally Ann lit right into him. And says she, 'I reckon you're afraid I'll tell some o' your meanness, ain't you? And the only thing that stands in my way is that there's so much to tell I don't know where to begin. There ain't a woman in this church,' says she, 'that don't know how Marthy scrimped and worked and saved to buy her a new set o' furniture, and how you took the money with you when you went to Cincinnata, the spring before she died, and come back without the furniture. And when she asked you for the money, you told her that she and everything she had

belonged to you, and that your mother's old furniture was good enough for anybody. It's my belief,' says she, 'that's what killed Marthy. Women are dyin' every day, and the doctors will tell you it's some new-fangled disease or other, when, if the truth was known, it's nothin' but wantin' somethin' they can't git, and hopin' and waitin' for somethin' that never comes.

"Sally Ann always was a masterful sort of woman, and that night it seemed like she was possessed. The way she talked made me think of the Day of Pentecost and the gift of tongues. And finally she got to the minister! I'd been wonderin' all along if she was going' to let him off. She turned around to where he was settin' under the pulpit, and says she, 'Brother Page, you're a good man, but you ain't so good you couldn't be better. It was jest last week,' says she, 'that the women come around beg'in' money to buy you a new suit of clothes to go to Presbytery in; and I told 'em if it was to get Mis' Page a new dress, I was ready to give; but not a dime was I goin' to give towards puttin' finery on a man's back. I'm tired o' seein' the ministers walk up into the pulpit in their slick black broadcloths, and their wives settin' down in the pew in an old black silk that's been turned upside down, wrong side out, and hind part before, and sponged, and pressed, and made over till you can't tell whether it's silk, or caliker, or what.'

"Well, I reckon there was some o' the women that expected the roof to fall down on us when Sally Ann said that right to the minister. But it didn't fall, and Sally Ann went straight on. 'And when it comes to the perseverance of the saints and the decrees of God,' says she, 'there ain't many can preach a better sermon; but there's some of your sermons,' says she, 'that ain't fit for much but kindlin' fires. There's that one you preached last Sunday on the twenty-fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians. I reckon I've heard about a hundred and fifty sermons on that text, and I reckon I'll keep on hearin' 'em as long as there ain't anybody but men to do the preachin'. Anybody would think,' says she, 'that you preachers was struck blind every time you git through with the twenty-fourth verse, for I never heard a sermon on the twenty-fifth verse. I believe there's men in this church that thinks the fifth chapter of Ephesians hasn't got but twenty-four verses, and I'm goin' to read the rest of it to 'em for once anyhow.'

"And if Sally Ann didn't walk right up into the pulpit

same as if she'd been ordained, and read what Paul said about men lovin' their wives as Christ loved the Church, and as they loved their own bodies.

" 'Now,' says she, 'If Brother Page can reconcile these texts with what Paul says about women submittin' and bein' subject, he's welcome to do it. But,' says she, 'if I had the preachin' to do, I wouldn't waste time reconcilin'. I'd jest say that when Paul told women to be subject to their husbands in everything, he wasn't inspired; and when he told men to love their wives as their own bodies, he was inspired; and I'd like to see the Presbytery that could silence me from preachin' as long as I wanted to preach. As for turnin' out o' the church,' says she, 'I'd like to know who's to do the turnin' out. When the disciples brought that woman to Christ, there wasn't a man in the crowd fit to cast a stone at her; and if there's any man nowadays good enough to set in judgment on a woman, his name ain't on the rolls of Goshen Church. If 'Lizabeth,' says she, 'had as much common sense as she's got conscience, she'd know that the matter o' that money didn't concern nobody but our Mite Society, and we women can settle it without any help from you deacons and elders.'

"Well, I reckon Parson Page thought if he didn't head Sally Ann off some way or other, she'd go on all night; so, when she kind o' stopped for breath and shut up the big Bible, he grabbed a hymn-book and says:

" 'Let us sing "Blest be the Tie That Binds."'

" 'Twas a reg'lar love-feast; and we went home feelin' like we'd been through a big protracted meetin' and got religion over again."

Whisperin' Bill

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

So you're takin' the census, mister? There's three of us
livin' still,
My wife and I, an' our only son, that folks call Whisperin'
Bill;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an' so it's hardly worth
givin',
For ye see a bullet killed his mind an' left his body
livin'.

Set down fer a minute, mister. Ye see Bill was only
fifteen
At the time of the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this world
has seen;
An' what with the news o' battles lost, the speeches an' all
the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its crop
of boys.

'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every stalk in the
fields of rye
Seemed to stand tiptoe to see him off an' wave him a fond
good-by;
His sweetheart was here with some other girls,—the sassy
little miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper'n his ear, she gave him
a rousin' kiss.

Oh, he was a han'som feller, an' tender an' brave an'
smart,
An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a woman's
heart.
I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my
might,
An' his mother an' me stood a-cryin' till Bill was out o'
sight.

His mother she often told him when she knew he was goin'
away
That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't fergit
to pray;
An' on the bloodiest battlefields, when bullets whizzed in the
air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperate, he used to whisper a
prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched
a bit
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had
hit.
An' one night when the field was covered with the awful har-
vest of war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was
fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he
wasn't dead,
But he lay sort o' helpless an' crazy with a rifle ball in his
head.
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got
worth givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind and left his body
livin'.

An officer wrote and told us how the boy had been hurt in
the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him
around all right.
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern
Hill,
That he thought in a course of a week or so he'd be comin'
home with Bill.

We was that anxious t' see him we'd set up an' talk o'
nights,
Till the break o'day had dimmed the stars an' put out the
northern lights;
We waited and watched for a month or more, an' the summer
was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started fer home
at last.

The Speaker

I'll never fergit the day Bill came,—'twas harvest time again;
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent o' the grain;
The dooryard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to share our joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from one to another;
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his coat of blue,
"Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a man who hears
The awful roar o' the battlefield a-soundin' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow made it blind,
With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o' death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remember me?
I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye seem to be!"
But the boy kep' a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all he knew,
"God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an' never will;
Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night through,
An' smooths his head, and says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

Unfortunite? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin' death
 more sad
 When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has gone
 to the bad.
 An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every
 kind;
 We only take care of his body, but God takes care o' his
 mind.



Doors of Daring

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

The mountains that enfold the vale
 With walls of granite, steep and high,
 Invite the fearless foot to scale
 Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
 That flows and foams from shore to shore,
 Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
 "Push out, set sail, explore!"

And all the bars at which we fret,
 That seem to prison and control,
 Are but the doors of daring, set
 Ajar before the soul.

Say not, "Too poor," but freely give;
 Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try.
 You never can begin to live
 Unless you dare to die.

Bedouin Love Song

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

The Song of the Man*

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT.

God, is it good that a man should know
That the world was made for his own,
From the farthest blow of the ice and the snow
To the warmth of his own hearthstone?
God, is it good that a man should sight
In the birds and the beasts and the trees,
In the day's delight and the marvel of night,
Even God's desire to please?
Must he know that the fever that frets in his veins
Is the pulse and life of the race;
Must he know that the gains of his farthest domains
Are bred in the flame of his face?
God, is it safe that he knows he was born
To the uttermost joy of the earth,
From the glorious dawn of creation's first morn
To the Judgment's havoc and dearth?

*The man you drove from Eden's grove
Was I, my Lord, was I,
And I shall be there when the earth and the air
Are rent from sea to sky.
For it is my world, my gorgeous world,
The world of my dear delight,
From the brightest gleam of the Arctic stream
To the dusk of my own love-night.*

Packed with the pulse of an unborn race,
Torn with a World's desires,
The surging flood of my wild young blood
Would quench the Judgment fires,
I am man, *man*, MAN, from the tingling flesh
To the dust of my earthly goal,
From the nestling gloom of the pregnant womb
To the sheen of my naked soul,
Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh,
The whole world leaps to my will,

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The Speaker

And the unslaked thirst of an Eden cursed
 Shall harry the earth for its fill.
 Almighty God! when I drain life's glass
 Of all its rainbow gleams,
 The hapless plight of eternal night
 Would be none too long for my dreams.

*The man you drove from Eden's grove
 Was I, my Lord, was I,
 And I shall be there when the earth and the air
 Are rent from sea to sky.
 For it is my world, my gorgeous world,
 The world of my wildest bliss,
 From the harshest strife of my restive life
 To the lure of the woman's kiss.*

Joy upon joy and gain upon gain
 Are the destined rights of my birth,
 And I shout the praise of my endless days
 To the echoing edge of the earth.
 Though I suffer all deaths that a man can die
 To the uttermost end of time,
 I have deep-drained this, the Cup of Bliss,
 In every age and clime.
 The froth of pride, the tang of power,
 The sweet of womanhood,—
 I drain the lees upon my knees,
 For, oh, the draught is good.
 I drink to Life, I drink to Death,
 And smack my lips with song,
 For when I die another I
 Shall pass the cup along.

*The man you drove from Eden's grove
 Was I, my Lord, was I,
 And I shall be there when the earth and the air
 Are rent from sea to sky.
 For it is my world, my gorgeous world,
 The world of my dearest woes,
 From the first small cry of the new-born I
 To the rack of the woman's throes.*

Out of the infinite æons of time,
 Out of the womb of the earth,
 I make my way to the Judgment Day
 With song and jest and mirth.
 Born to the Best that a God could give,
 Heir to the Ages' gain,
 Shall I whine for alms with a beggar's palms,
 Or prate of my travel stain?
 Dazed by the marvel of Heaven and Earth,
 Thrilled by my Maker's trust,
 Shall I please God most if I brag and boast
 Of the drought and the clod and the dust?
 By the God of my *Gift*, by the God of my *Joy*,
 By the God of my *Boundless Youth*,
 I pledge my soul to the highest goal
 Of *Love* and Honor and Truth!

*The man you drove from Eden's grove
 Was I, my Lord, was I,
 And I shall be there when the earth and the air
 Are rent from sea to sky.
 For it is my God, my wondrous God,
 My tender Lord divine,
 What should I fear, from far or near,
 Since even God is mine?*



Jenny Kissed Me

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in.
 Time, you thief! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in.
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
 Say that health and wealth have missed me;
 Say I'm growing old, but add—
 Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

Hunting Song

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear !
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountains gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

Practical Public Speaking

FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENT

Two Princeton teams debated the opposite sides of a question against teams for Harvard and Yale, and both were victorious. Now it seems likely that this initial debate will result in the formation of another Triangular League, composed of these three great universities, and it is to be hoped that such will be the case. The question debated this year was: "Resolved, That the present distribution of power between the Federal and State governments is not adapted to modern conditions and calls for readjustment in the direction of further centralization." Princeton's affirmative team, Robert J. Sterritt, Morton H. Fry and Robert S. Sidebotham, were opposed by a Harvard team, made up of E. R. Lewis, B. M. Nussbaum and I. L. Sharfman. The speeches of the Princeton debaters were, in brief, as follows:

R. J. STERRITT.

"Conditions have changed in our country since the adoption of the Constitution. From four millions of people we have grown to eighty millions, while our territory, originally a strip along the Eastern coast, now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"Business has grown in the same proportions, and institutions, purely local in their character in colonial days, have grown to national proportions. As a result, certain matters over which the State is given jurisdiction by the Constitution, have grown too big for the States. On the other hand, the nation is prevented by Constitutional limitations from exercising authority over these subjects. Grave evils are therefore able to flourish because no competent authority has jurisdiction.

"Child labor is a case in point. The States are trying to remedy this evil, but find themselves unable to do it, because of the lack of uniformity in State laws. For instance, West Virginia allows boys of twelve to work in the mines, while Ohio makes the limit fourteen years, and Pennsylvania sixteen years. The mines in these States are in the same district. The experience of Pennsylvania has therefore been that it is practically impossible to enforce her good law, because of the lax law of her competitors in West Virginia.

"Until uniformity is secured, this will be the experience of all the States having good laws. This uniformity could be secured by some such measure as the Beveridge Bill, which would exclude from interstate commerce those articles made by children under fourteen years of age. Since most mines and mills are engaged in inter-

state business, this would strike a death blow at the evil. Such a law would protect those States that already have child labor laws. from those States that have no efficient laws. Moreover, the child labor States would find such labor unprofitable because they would lose their best market. Instead of depriving the States of any of their rights, it would guard them in their efforts to protect their own children."

M. H. FRY.

"The question of divorce at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was purely local. It was therefore perfectly in accord with the broad policy of the framers of the Constitution to delegate all power over it to the individual States. But now conditions are entirely different, and divorce has grown from a local to a national question, and as a result the States are trying to control a national question. Each State legislates on the subject as it sees fit, and consequently we have almost as many varieties of divorce law as we have States.

"It is this variation of law which gives rise to most of the present-day evils of divorce. In the first place, it nullifies the good laws of one State and substitutes in their place the laxest laws of any State in the Union. In the second place, it fosters all the evils of migratory divorce, and in the third place it makes divorce easy, and by so doing strikes directly at the 'root of all good'—the home. Here we have three tremendous evils. What is the remedy? Evidently, since they all arise from lack of uniformity among State laws, the only remedy is uniformity. There are two possible methods of securing uniformity. The one is State action; the other, Federal control. Uniformity of action by the States on any matter has never yet been attained. And in this matter of divorce especially have all attempts proved futile.

"There is only one way left—Federal control. And it is by Federal control only that we can hope to secure the uniformity of law and enforcement necessary to eradicate present evils. It is uniformity for which we ask—uniformity by Federal control—uniformity of laws that will give to one person the same rights as to another—uniformity that will make a man's wife in one State his wife in any and every State—uniformity that will prevent a man from having more than one wife at a time under the law."

R. S. SIDEBOTHAM.

"The negative case is based upon two main propositions: (1) The distribution in the Constitution was sound in principle. To this we agree. (2) In spite of changed conditions, no change is needed; for State problems have not become national. With this we disagree. Slavery grew from State to national importance, and we have shown that child labor and divorce have also.

"To-day certain corporations have control of the sources from which we draw many of the necessities of life. These monopolies can fix prices and restrain trade by crushing out competition. We ask that, just as the government has dealt with monopoly of transportation, such as the Northern Securities case, and with monopolies of commerce such as the Addison Pipe and Steel Company, so it be allowed to deal with the monopolies of production.

(Sherman Anti-Trust Act was aimed at this. But Supreme Court has decided that the Government has no power here.) This is too big a question for the States. No one imagines that they are adequately handling it; from the nature of the case they cannot. It would require State uniformity of law, interpretation and enforcement.

"The Supreme Court has held that no State law shall in the least affect interstate commerce. This would handicap the State. Furthermore, no State dares to shut out these monopolies. If a State should try to keep out the monopolies, it would be forced to live without kerosene, beef, sugar, coal, and all else the monopolies control. The negative must show that uniformity of State action is possible, if the States are to handle the question.

"Yet, in respect to taxes, it would pay for some States to be lenient. In 1905 Governor Stokes, of New Jersey, and Governor White, of West Virginia, both lamented the decrease of the State tax from corporations.

"But uniformity of law is not sufficient. There must be uniform interpretation and uniform enforcement. Since this uniformity is impossible through the State, we ask that the national government be given jurisdiction, in the interest of the independent competitor and of the public."

The Princeton team, upholding the negative, which met Yale at New Haven, consisted of J. A. Muller, K. H. Lanning and T. S. Clark, while Yale was represented by R. R. Lockwood, R. R. Hull and S. Berman. The speeches of the Princeton debaters are given below in substance:

K. H. LANNING.

"Every one knows that conditions have changed, but a wise people do not keep changing their system of government to meet every change in conditions.

"The fundamental principle which underlies our system is that the powers of the central, federal, authority shall be definitely enumerated and extended only to the regulation of foreign and interstate affairs; and that the regulation of local affairs shall be left to local authorities. We believe this principle is wise. The negative is opposed to any readjustment in this distribution, for three reasons: First, the present distribution is based on sound governmental policy. This would be violated by readjustment. Second, the States can exercise all the needed regulation which the Federal government cannot, under the present distribution, exercise. Third, readjustment will fail as a remedy for the evils complained of, and will be dangerous in its results. I shall consider only the first proposition.

"We believe that all those activities which are foreign or truly interstate do, under the present distribution, fall within the jurisdiction of the Federal government, and that the regulation of all local activities ought to be left to local authorities. The number of activities in both local and interstate fields has greatly increased. This fact is no reason for transferring the regulation of either to another branch of government, but merely a reason for increasing the efficiency of each department of the government in its own

field. The safe, sane, conservative remedy for the evils of modern life is not readjustment, but a wise discharge by both the Federal and State governments of the functions belonging to each under the present distributions.

"The remedy proposed by the affirmative is an untried, radical remedy. The affirmative in this debate is called upon to argue for a readjustment. This involves not a mere modification or extension of the Federal authority within its own field, but an extension of the field itself at the expense of the States. It is to this readjustment that we are opposed."

J. A. MULLER.

"The present distribution is adequate to meet modern conditions. Problems outside the sphere of Federal control can best be solved by the States. This is shown by the fact that many States are handling the problems under discussion successfully, and all the States are showing a willingness to do so.

"Turning to what the States are actually doing, we note the recent insurance investigations in New York, under State supervision, and the influence of that investigation on other States. We also mark the progress in child labor legislation in the last two years. Practically all the States are doing something to control corporate evils.

"Uniformity of law is not necessarily desirable. It depends on the kind of uniformity. The uniformity we advocate is a natural growth and will come, both through local agitation and growth of public opinion with growing ease of communication and interchange of ideas. On all questions to which time and attention have brought a common sentiment, the differences in State laws are those of detail rather than of principle. In the field of questions under discussion, there are strong corrective forces at work, namely, local agitation, a growing moral sentiment, and a tendency to imitation. All this goes to show that the States are losing their narrowly provincial viewpoints and are making an earnest effort to meet these problems in an effective way."

T. S. CLARK.

"The affirmative are supporting three propositions: First, that the States cannot and will not solve the problems under discussion; second, that the Federal government can and will deal with them more efficiently than the States; and finally, that therefore the governing power should be readjusted and centralized. Let us now compare State and Federal control for signs of that superiority which the affirmative claim for the latter. We find that in matters of party and money influence there is but little difference between the two. As to the limited scope of State control, it is evident that if each State efficiently controls these matters within its own borders all these problems will be solved. The affirmative attacks the States by referring to the past, but the record of the Federal government is by no means a perfect one, and where it has endeavored to actually interfere with the States it has failed utterly. Federal control would destroy local responsibility and agitation which furnish the real remedy for these questions. Local responsibility makes the natural growth possible. Federal control

would destroy it. The State also possess the advantages of limited experiment and the effect of example in legislation. So the affirmative have failed to establish the superiority of the Federal over the State governments upon which, in the last analysis, their whole case rests. Finally, the tendencies of centralization are most dangerous. The United States is not a community in the broad sense of that word, and centralization must mean the arbitrary dictation of the central power enforced against peoples differing in ideas and interests. Such dictation has never been successful. The affirmative are arguing for readjustment and change. Have they shown anything in the present conditions so serious and imperative as to warrant a trial of their uncertain and dangerous experiment? If, on the other hand, we have shown that Federal government is no more likely to succeed than State control, and if we have shown the probable inefficiency and dangers of more centralized power at present, then the affirmative have failed to establish sufficient reason for their proposed change in our governmental institutions."



INHERITANCE TAX

The Central Debating League, Chicago, Michigan and Northwestern Universities, resulted in a double victory for Michigan, winning against both the other schools. Question:

"Resolved, that a progressive inheritance tax should be levied by the Federal Government, constitutionality conceded."

AFFIRMATIVE.

I. Inheritance tax should be levied as a means of social reform.

A. Society has a right to regulate inheritance.

1. There is no natural right of inheritance.

B. Swollen fortunes are a menace.

1. Accumulated by unjust means.

a. Predatory competition.

b. Rebates.

c. Tariffs and special privileges.

2. Used in harmful ways.

a. Corruption of law-makers.

b. Thwarting justice.

c. Crushing industrial freedom.

d. Wasteful luxury.

3. Create class hatred and engender extreme socialism.

4. Corrupt our national ideals.

a. Place wealth above worth.

C. Inheritance tax would tend to remedy this

1. By distribution of wealth at death—

a. by a high rate on swollen fortunes;

b. By a high rate on collateral heirs.

- 2. By distribution before death—
 - a. By exemptions on gifts to charity;
- 3. By putting its stamp of disapproval on swollen fortunes and mere wealth-getting,
 - a. thus checking the demand for extreme socialism.
- D. States cannot bring about social reform.
 - 1. State laws are not uniform.
- II. Inheritance tax should be levied as a means of revenue reform.
 - A. Present tax system is inadequate:
 - 1. Deficits in the treasury.
 - 2. Increased expenditure of the government—
 - a. Military,
 - b. Panama Canal,
 - c. Internal improvements.
 - 3. Future needs will be great—
 - a. Tariff reform,
 - b. Reciprocity,
 - c. Defense,
 - d. Internal improvement:
 - 1¹. Irrigation,
 - 2¹. Good roads, etc.
 - e. Public health.
 - B. Present tax system unjust—
 - 1. Taxes on consumption taxes.
 - a. Tariff and internal revenue.
 - 2. Consumption taxes are not levied according to ability to pay.
 - a. Wealthy consume little more than poor.
 - b. Burden of taxation is borne by the poor.
 - 3. Rich receive greater advantages from the government, hence ought to pay more.

NEGATIVE.

- I. Inheritance tax not a good social reform measure.
 - A. Does not strike at the root of the evil.
 - 1. Fortunes not a menace in themselves.
 - a. A fortune of \$500,000 may be a greater social evil than one of \$500,000,000.
 - 2. Danger of wealth depends on its wrong accumulation and use.
 - 3. Inheritance tax will not prevent rebates, monopoly, discrimination, bribery, etc.
 - 4. Laws aimed at unjust accumulation and use of wealth furnish the true remedy.
 - B. It would be evaded.
 - 1. Low rates are evaded.
 - 2. Rate must be high to result in distribution of great fortunes.

- II. Inheritance tax not needed as a federal revenue reform measure.
 - A. Present system adequate.
 - 1. Has met expenses of past and present.
 - B. Present system elastic.
 - 1. Internal revenue taxes easily adjusted.
 - C. Present system well established and easily enforced.
 - D. Present system just.
 - 1. Consumption taxes are not borne by the poor.
 - a. Tariff is shifted in a demand for higher wages.
 - 1st. Made possible by a long process of adjustment.
 - 2nd. And by labor unions.
 - b. Internal revenue taxes fall on the profit of the producer.
 - 1st. Price to the consumer does not change with a change in tax.
 - C. Many taxed articles are used only by the rich.
- III. Inheritance taxes should be reserved to the States.
 - A. Are needed by the States.
 - 1. To replace the personal property tax.
 - 2. To lighten the burdens of State taxation.
 - B. Are a part of State taxing systems.
 - 1. Used in many States.
 - C. If nation used the tax the States would be crowded out.



ARMED INTERVENTION FOR THE COLLECTION OF DEBTS

The annual triple contest in debate between Brown, Dartmouth and Williams, one contest taking place in each college between one of the two home teams and a team from one of the two other institutions. The question argued this year was: "Resolved, That armed intervention is not justifiable on the part of any nation to collect, in behalf of private individuals, financial claims against any American nation," and the debate resulted in the same ranking as that of last year, Brown winning with both teams, and Dartmouth with one. Below we present short briefs of the arguments presented by the Brown teams, Zechariah Chafee, George Hurley and Harry D. Bruce, the affirmative team which met Dartmouth in Providence, and Claude R. Branch, Donald L. Stone and Ralph N. Dennett, who upheld the negative against Williams at Williamstown, Mass. It may be mentioned as rather

unusual that both Brown teams worked from the same interpretation of the question.

BRIEF OF BROWN AFFIRMATIVE ARGUMENT.

First speaker—Chafee.

Armed intervention for collection of private claims from any American nation is not justifiable, for

- I. It is wrong in principle, because
 - A. It violates the fundamental principles of international law for a very slight cause;
 - B. It is contrary to the proper function of the State, and
 - C. It is contrary to justice, since claims are exaggerated.

Second speaker—Hurley.

- II. It is disastrous in its results, because
 - A. It incurs danger of grave international complications;
 - B. It tends to increase the burden of debt in the South American republics;
 - C. It encourages a waste of the world's capital, and
 - D. It disturbs peace and stability in South America.

Third speaker—Bruce.

- III. It is unnecessary to collect in this way, because
 - A. Peaceful methods have succeeded;
 - B. If these should fail, claims should be settled by The Hague Tribunal;
 - C. The fault has always been with European States when force has been used, and
 - D. In any case, force should not be used, for it counteracts the movement towards peace.

BRIEF OF BROWN NEGATIVE ARGUMENT.

First speaker—Branch.

Armed intervention for the collection of private financial claims against some American States is justifiable, for,

- I. When other means of collection have failed, armed intervention against any nation is essentially proper, because
 - A. Justice should always be secured;
 - B. Non-enforcement of payment puts a premium on dishonesty;
 - C. Intervention for this purpose is sanctioned by the best international authority;
 - D. Danger of undue collection is slight and can be avoided entirely by submission of claims to Hague Tribunal before intervening.

Second Speaker—Stone.

- II. Armed intervention is necessary to secure justice in tropical America, for

- A. The governments of this section constantly repudiate just debts;
- B. They insist that the final decision about claims shall rest with their own corrupt courts;
- C. They refuse to arbitrate sometimes.

Third speaker—Dennett.

III. Armed intervention is beneficial in its results, because

- A. It inspires responsibility;
- B. In administering custom houses it removes temptation to revolutions;
- C. It gives confidence to desirable capital.

Among others, the following books were used in the preparation of Brown's arguments:

- N. "The Monroe Doctrine," by T. B. Edgington. Chapters 22-28.
- "Digest of International Law," by J. B. Moore.
- Report of Penfield of proceedings before Hague Tribunal in 1903.
- "Statesman's Year Book" (for statistics).
- A. Minister Drago's appeal to the United States in Foreign Relations of United States, 1903.
- President Roosevelt's Message, 1905, pp. 33-37.
- And articles in the following magazines (among many others).
- "Journal of Political Economy," December, 1906.
- "Atlantic Monthly," October, 1906.
- "North American Review," Vol. 183, p. 602.

All of these contain material valuable for both sides, except those marked "N" and "A," which are useful only for the negative and affirmative, respectively.



THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY

In the Amherst-Wesleyan-Williams Triangular Debate, both Amherst teams were victorious, thus winning the championship of the League. We give herewith briefs of the arguments presented by Mr. Bruce Barton and Mr. Daniel Beecher, the affirmative team which met Williams, and of Mr. Harold J. Baily and Mr. Malcolm V. Malconian, who defended the negative against Wesleyan.

Question: "Resolved, That the policy embodied in the pending treaty with Santo Domingo is a desirable departure in American diplomacy."

BRIEF FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE.

Brief of argument of Mr. Bruce Barton, '07, of Hyde Park, Ill., first speaker for the affirmative.

The policy embodied in the pending treaty is desirable, for

- I. It is the only course of action which the United States could follow, for,
 - A. The settlement of Santo Domingo's affairs could not be left to The Hague Tribunal, for
 - a. Diplomatic arbitration is slow and expensive, for
 - x. e.g. This was the case in the Venezuela arbitration.

The Speaker

- b. The judgment of The Hague Tribunal cannot be enforced, for
 - x. It has no navy nor army.
- c. The judgments of The Hague Tribunal are not just, for
 - x. e.g. Vide the case of Venezuela.
- B. It would not have been a better plan to have had a joint commission of the creditor nations appointed to adjust Santo Domingo's affairs, for
 - a. Joint control of the finances of another nation always leads to disaster.
 - b. Joint control always resolves itself into a control by ONE, for
 - x. e.g. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.
 - y. e.g. English, French and Spanish in joint control in Mexico.
 - z. e.g. English and French joint control in Egypt.
- C. The United States is under a moral obligation to settle Santo Domingo's affairs, for
 - a. Every nation which has knowledge and power is under moral obligation to aid a weaker neighbor.
 - b. Not to have assisted Santo Domingo would have allowed Germany and Belgium to exploit her.
 - c. Our obligation is just as real as it was in the case of Cuba.
 - d. John Adams said: "I always consider the settlement of America with reverence as the opening of a grand scheme and design in providence for the illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the world."

Brief of Mr. Daniel Beecher, '07, of Prescott, Mass., second speaker for the affirmative.

The policy embodied in the pending treaty is desirable, for

- I. Intervention by the United States as provided in the treaty will be beneficial to the United States, for
 - A. It will be beneficial economically, for
 - a. By assisting Santo Domingo to a good government and efficient administration of her financial affairs, we increase her productive capacity and likewise her demand for our manufactured goods.
 - B. It will be beneficial, politically, for,
 - a. By taking charge of the intervention ourselves, we do away with all possibility of European complications which might arise if a combination of States were to try to settle Santo Domingo finances.
 - b. It will make us more secure in our possession of the Panama Canal.
- II. Intervention as proposed in the treaty will be beneficial to Santo Domingo, for,
 - A. Santo Domingo's finances will be put on a firm basis.

- B. It will give her peace and prosperity, for,
 - x e.g. Art. VII of the treaty reads, "The government of the United States, at the consent of the Dominican Republic, shall grant the latter such assistance as the former may deem proper to restore the credit, preserve the order, increase the efficiency of the civil administration and advance the material progress and welfare of the Dominican Republic."
 - y. A great gain has been made toward the establishment of peace in the island since the adoption of the *modus vivendi*. (Mr. Dawson in his report of July 1st, 1905.)

III. Intervention as proposed in the treaty will be beneficial to the European powers, for,

- A. If it were not so, they would not have agreed to it.
- B. They know that absolute justice will be done to their interests.

BRIEF FOR THE NEGATIVE.

Brief of Mr. Harold J. Baily, '08, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the first speaker for the negative.

The policy embodied in the pending treaty is undesirable, for,

- I. It would establish a precedent for the action of the United States in the case of other South American States in a state of unrest, which would be undesirable for all nations concerned, for,
 - A. It would be undesirable to the nations of Europe, for,
 - a. It would cause reckless speculation in South American securities by European investors, for,
 - 1. The United States pledges herself to collect debts without placing any responsibility for collection on the creditor.
 - B. It would be undesirable for the United States, for,
 - a. It would make the United States Pan-American receiver and policeman, for,
 - 1. If we administer the finances of Santo Domingo and pay the debts of foreign creditors, we cannot escape the responsibility of collecting debts and adjusting the financial affairs of other South American States.
 - b. It would be a cause of constant annoyance to the United States, for,
 - 1. The South American States are continually in a state of unrest.
 - c. Our military expenditures would have to be greatly enlarged, for,
 - 1. Besides the military and naval forces necessary at all times to protect the United States territory, we should have to have increased military and naval forces to police the South American republics.
 - C. It would be undesirable for the South American republics, for,

- a. It would be detrimental to them financially, for,
 - 1. Unscrupulous leaders in South America would burden their countries with large debts.
 - b. It would be detrimental to them politically, for,
 - 1. They would become more irresponsible than ever, for,
 - x. They would be under United States protection.
-

Brief of Mr. Malcom V. Malconian, '07, of Springfield, Mass., the second speaker for the negative.

The policy embodied in the pending treaty is undesirable, for,

- I. It will lead us into dangerous complications, for,
 - A. It will lead us into complications with Haiti, for,
 - a. When the people of Haiti, who are of a jealous and suspicious temperament, see that we are settling Santo Domingo finances, they will fear that the United States will attempt to adjust their \$30,000,-000 debt also.
 - B. It will lead us into complications with the people of Santo Domingo, for,
 - a. The people of Santo Domingo hate the Americans. (Vide letter of Minister Dawson to the State Department at Washington, Feb. 15th, 1905.)
 - b. The people of Santo Domingo do not want the United States to interfere, for,
 - 1. The original proposition did not come from the people of Santo Domingo, but from President Roosevelt. (Vide confidential letter to Minister Dawson, Dec. 30th, 1904.)
- II. The treaty is defective, for,
 - A. It is partial, for,
 - a. The foreign creditors, whose interest was double that of the United States, had no say as to how their claims should be settled.
 - B. It conflicts with the rights of foreign creditors.
 - C. The second article of the treaty requires that the employees of the customs houses, most of whom are Americans, should be under the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the Dominican Government.
 - Art. VII says that the United States shall maintain the stability of the Dominican Government, not stating, however, whether we are to help a cruel, vicious government like that of Heurreux, or Morales, or something different.
 - D. There is no article in the treaty binding the succeeding governments of Santo Domingo to recognize it.
 - E. It does not give verbal expression to the effect that this treaty, if ratified by the Senate, will not become a precedent in American diplomacy.
 - F. It does not define clearly the method whereby claims against Santo Domingo shall be adjudicated.

III. The collection of Santo Domingo's debt can be accomplished in a better way than is proposed by the pending treaty, for,

A. A joint commission from the creditor nations should be appointed, for,

a. This joint commission would obviate many of the difficulties which are apparent in the pending treaty, for,

1. It will eliminate from minds of foreign creditors that the United States is partial.
2. It will satisfy the Dominicans that the United States is not undertaking annexation.
3. It will win admiration for the broad-mindedness of the United States.
4. It will prove that the United States stands for a "Square Deal."

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THE OPEN SHOP

University of Iowa and University of South Dakota.
Decision for the affirmative.

"Resolved, That the general welfare of the American people demands the open shop principle in our industries."

Mr. A. B. Scheel, of Iowa, opened for the affirmative. Ever since the Civil War we have been face to face with the problem of industrial peace. Under the closed shop the sole index of availability of workman was his membership in the union. Unionism must be voluntary and not compulsory. The workmen and employer must alike have individual freedom. The results of the closed shops are discrimination against non-union men. The affirmative stands for better unionism which the open shop must of necessity produce. The open shop promotes the welfare of the employer by making, 1, Better unionism, as unions must stand for efficiency; 2, preventing limitation of output. Under closed shop the unions are opposed to the putting in of labor-saving machinery. They dictate who shall be employed and where material shall be purchased. The spirit of the closed shop is to do as little work for as much money as is possible to obtain.

Mr. H. P. Isley, of South Dakota, spoke for the negative. Industries in this country differ so widely that no one principle is applicable to them all. One hundred years ago the industries were harmonious, and what could be said of one might be confirmed in all. Since that time radical changes have taken place. Employers have in some cases absolutely dictated power in fixing wages. He took a concrete case and illustrated the conditions which exist under the open shop where the employer can pit laborers against one another and force the wages below the minimum set by the union, and even below what may be termed a living wage. He referred to the power of the employer, citing an instance where the capitalist employer obtained a \$11 rate to carry men across the entire country to break a strike. In the hands of such men even the railroads are weak. Legislation can do many things to improve the conditions under which men labor, but it cannot force the employer to pay a living wage.

H. O. Field, for Iowa. The closed shop is based on monopoly. It says that employers shall hire none but non-union men, but there are in the United States to-day only two and one-half millions of union men, or 20 per cent. of the total number employed in our industries. Any just consideration of this question must admit with equal frankness the desirability for organization of both labor and capital. Where organization is voluntary and is carried on by just means it subserves the best interests of all. Doors of the union are not open to all, and in this we find the first monopolistic tendency of the closed shop principle as shown in the undue limitation of apprentices. This limitation has lately been characteristic of the closed shop.

The open shop stands for voluntary organization. It allows unskilled and inefficient men a chance to become efficient. Under the open shop, with its voluntary organization, the employer hires for efficiency, and unless the union means greater efficiency, then no

advantage is gained from membership therein. The closed shop principle says that 80 per cent. must be denied the right to work until they comply with a certain condition, namely, join the union. Finally, the contention for the open shop principle from the standpoint of labor is: (1) It prevents the formation of a labor monopoly. (2) It not only does not prove destructive to unionism, but, on the contrary, promotes better unionism. (3) It does away with unjust discrimination which is characteristic of the monopolistic spirit of the closed shop.

A. Sherin, for South Dakota. The ideal condition for application of this principle was: (1) Where there was free competition; (2) where employers pay union and non-union men the same wages; (3) where all differences between employer and employee are submitted to arbitration. Under the open shop the employer had absolutely monopolistic power in fixing wages, in that he could make the laborers bid for the jobs. Our immigration amounts to something over 1,000,000 per annum. These people are from southern Europe, where the standard of living is very low, and hence they can fill unskilled positions at lower wages than American laborers, whose standard of living is much higher. The supply of labor in our cities is far in excess of the demand, hence the laborer becomes the victim of circumstances profitable to the employer, and must work for the wages dictated by the employer or starve. The government has not done its part in maintaining the standard of labor by allowing free immigration. Wages under conditions of intense competition should be standardized. The sweat shop is a result of open shop principles. It was un-American and the laborers, and not the employers, abolished it.

Julian E. Butterworth, for Iowa: Employers' associations were not formed until laborers had demanded the closed shop. The open shop promotes the welfare of the public at large. The primary purpose of the closed shop is to demand a higher wage than can be obtained under competition. This causes an increase in prices which must be paid by the common people. Workmen demand and secure a rise of wages which causes limit of product. The great majority of the American people pay higher prices, due to the rise in wages demanded for the benefit of but a limited number which the closed shop principle protects. Instead of raising the level of all, the closed shop raises the wages of the skilled by crushing the unskilled. Unions whose demands were once fair and just, under closed shop principles have become unjust and monopolistic in their tendencies. They have taken the management of the business out of the employers' hands. The open shop means stronger, saner unionism. Every man has a right to work.

R. K. Lyons, for South Dakota. He argued that no individual laborer can be allowed power which is detrimental to his fellow laborers as a class. There are many instances when the employer is in a position of static advantage. Standard wages is the principle of unionism. When the employer is allowed to fix standard wages he selects a skilled workman, and by fixing a medium wage he scales down the wages of the unskilled laborers to a very low point. The union under the closed shop seeks to level up and not level down wages. Under the open shop the control is shifted to a few men. Employers do not pay same wages. The United States is a producing nation. Its general welfare is dependent on the

well-being of its laboring classes. We have protected American capitalists against foreign infringement. Is it not equally necessary and desirable that we protect our American laborer against foreign invasion and compelling him to lower his standard of living to compete with foreigners?



MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

The second triangular debate between Iowa State College, Drake University and Iowa College resulted in a victory for Iowa State, Drake University losing with both teams and Iowa College with one. There is consolation for the vanquished, however, in the fact that in no case was the decision unanimous, the judges' vote being two to one in each instance. The subject debated was: "Resolved, That cities of the United States should own their street railways." We give briefs of the arguments presented by the two Iowa State teams, E. S. Haskell, I. C. Schantz and A. A. Burger on the affirmative, and C. V. Gregory, A. C. Stelle and G. T. Guthrie on the negative.

AFFIRMATIVE.

The cities of the United States should own their street railways, for,

- I. The present conditions demand a change in policy, for,
 - A. The present conditions are intolerable, for,
 1. Street railways are grossly overcapitalized.
 2. Street railways evade just and honest taxation.
 3. Street railways give a deplorable service.
 4. Street railways charge exorbitant fares.
 - B. Regulation has proved an inadequate remedy.
- II. Municipal ownership is a successful solution to the problem, for,
 - A. It is sound in principle, for,
 1. It removes that antagonism of interest which regulation but serves to intensify.
 2. It is based upon sound economic grounds, because,
 - a. Cities borrow from 1 to 3 per cent. more cheaply than private companies.
 - b. Cities co-ordinate the public utilities.
 - c. Lower fares mean increased traffic and decreased relative cost of operation.
 - 1¹. Municipal ownership in Great Britain doubled and trebled the traffic.
 - d. Cities do not maintain corruption funds.
 - e. City franchise is unlimited, exclusive and unrestricted.
 - f. A vast "unearned increment" is saved to the public.

B. It is justified in practice, for,

1. It has proved a success with street railways in Great Britain.
2. It has proved a success with other utilities in the United States.
 - a. Water plants the best in the world.
 - 1st. Sixty per cent. now owned by the municipalities.
 - 2^d. M. N. Baker proves that municipal rates are 43 per cent. lower than private.
 - b. Gas plants.
 - 1st. Richmond, Va.
 - 2^d. Duluth, Minn.
 - c. Electric lighting plants.
 - 1st. Detroit, Mich.
 - 2^d. Nashville, Tenn.
 - 3^d. Jacksonville, Fla.
 - 4^d. Marshalltown, Ia.; Alameda, Cal.; Grand Rapids and Bay City, Mich.; Columbus, Ohio, etc.
 - d. Fourteenth Annual Report of United States Commissioner of Labor proves that municipal rates are lower.
 - 1st. For gas the difference is 22 per cent.
 - 2^d. For incandescent service the difference is 36 per cent.
 - 3^d. For arc service, for commercial use, the difference is 23 per cent.
 - 4^d. For arc service, for public lighting, the difference is 50 per cent.
 - e. Bulletin No. 5 of Bureau of the Census proves economy of municipal electric lighting.

C. A street railway is one of the simplest, safest and most profitable of enterprises.

III. Municipal ownership is a necessary step to good government, for,

- A. Street railway companies are one of the chief sources of corruption.
- B. Street railway companies will remain a source of corruption as long as private ownership is retained.
- C. Municipal ownership will tend to greatly reduce this corruption.

Affirmative references:

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 Special Census Report, "Street and Electric Railways," 1902.
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NEGATIVE.

- I. Present system of private ownership should be retained, for,
 - A. This system which is now in general practice throughout the cities of the country has been a prominent factor in building up our present state of prosperity and industrial superiority. By it men are encouraged to advancement and improvement, which in turn lends its influence to stimulate society. Municipal ownership will remove much of this advantage and tend toward an opposite result.
 - B. This system cannot connect small cities, or rival cities, such as St. Paul and Minneapolis. In the latter case neither city would be likely to extend its lines to the other. In many cities to-day the inter-urban lines connecting small cities are financed by the city railway company, in which such lines terminate. Detroit City Railway now connects over one hundred towns. The question reads, "Cities of the United States should own." These small towns are cities of the United States and could not own their street railways so must do without.
- II. Municipal ownership will not solve street railway problem, for,
 - A. Municipal ownership of other public utilities, such as gas, electric light and water, have not met with sufficient success to warrant its adoption in the much larger and more complex field of street railways.
 - B. Municipal ownership is impracticable, since we are told that present conditions are corrupt and need a change, and this change is to be brought about by placing in the hands of the same men the unlimited control of our street railway lines. Managers are not easily available, and even if they were they must serve under an ever-changing municipal council, and would as a consequence be greatly hindered in their work. Again, there is no one head who has his fortune at stake as in private ownership.
 - C. Municipal ownership will not reduce corruption, for in all cases where such a system has been installed in the United States, or in any way approached, such as New York, Boston and West Seattle, corruption has followed. Philadelphia tried municipal ownership for sixty years and failed with her gas plant because of corruption. Furthermore, when such men as Tim Murphy and Ruef wish municipal ownership we can only look for misgovernment.
- III. Regulation is solving street railway problem, for,
 - A. It requires good service, as is now being demonstrated in many of our large cities, such as Detroit, Cleveland and others.
 - B. It requires reasonable fares. The only low fares in the country to-day are on account of regulation. By

regulation the people can hold the vital interest of the street railway companies in hand. The companies are responsible to the people and must serve them.

C. It can sell the franchise and so do away with much of the graft and corruption which always accompanies their granting.

D. It can regulate the capital of the street railway company and so prevent the watering of stock. This is now being worked out in practice, and has the experience gained by many years of trial, with many successes and few failures, upon which to base a reform movement. Municipal ownership is new and practically untried in this country, and where it has come into use as a street railway system has met with none of the success claimed for it.

Rebuttal:

Great Britain has not met with any unusual success, in the past city election, in London, March 2d, 1907. Municipal ownership was voted down 2 to 1. Albert Shaw, a strong municipal ownership man, says that we cannot judge our conditions by those of Great Britain.

Over 80 per cent. of municipal ownership lighting plants in the United States are in towns of less than three thousand inhabitants. Street railways cannot operate in these on account of size.



PUBLIC SPEAKING AT AMHERST COLLEGE

The course in public speaking in Amherst College is progressive from the time the student enters college until his graduation.

During the Freshman and Sophomore years the work is required of all students and consists of declamation. Every student selects a declamation, and submits it to the instructor for his approval. The declamations are then learned, and the instructor personally drills the student, after which rehearsal the training is completed by Senior assistants who have shown especial aptitude for the work. When the training has been finished the student delivers his declamation before the class. At the end of the course the instructor selects fifteen from the Freshman Class and fifteen from the Sophomore Class, who have attained the highest rank, and these fifteens speak before an impartial committee of judges, who select five from each of the fifteens. These fives are known as the "Kellogg Fives," and, after individual training by the instructor, they speak on Monday night

of commencement week in competition for the two Kellogg prizes of \$50 each, one prize being awarded to a contestant from each class.

The Junior Class is elective, and consists of lectures on oratory, argumentation and brief drawing, debates, orations and after-dinner speeches. Every member of the class writes an original oration, which is corrected and criticized by the instructor. The oration is learned, rehearsals are held as in the work in declamation, and then they are delivered before the class. A ballot is taken at the close of each exercise in orations, and the best speaker of the day is awarded a prize of books, the gift of Mr. J. W. Ladd, of Portland, Ore. During the course every student appears in two prepared debates, the briefs of which have been submitted to the instructor at least a week prior to the debate.

The course is closed with after-dinner speeches by each member of the class. This year Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" was given as a dramatic reading, for which extra credit was allowed.

The course in Senior year is required of each Senior, whether or not he is a candidate for a degree. It consists of debates held once a week during the first semester. Every member of the class appears in two prepared debates, the briefs of which have been submitted at least a week before the debate. At the close of every exercise a ballot is taken by which the best speaker is chosen. When the course has been completed the class selects by ballot sixteen of those who have been elected best speakers in the weekly recitations, and these sixteen speak before a committee of judges, who choose eight. These eight appear in an extemporaneous debate known as the Hardy Debate, in competition for the Hardy prizes of \$30 and \$20.

Two other prizes are offered in the department of public speaking, viz.: The Hyde prize of \$100 for the best oration produced by a member of the Senior Class, and the Bond prize of \$100 for the best oration of the commencement stage.

In all these contests the competition is very close. Prompting is not only not allowed in the final contests, but not even in any of the class-room exercises of the department, and a high degree of excellence is attained.

INTERSTATE ORATORICAL CONTEST

PARK COLLEGE, PARKVILLE, MO.

- Colorado.—Olin P. Lee, University of Denver, "Mirabeau or Murat."
 Nebraska.—Evans Worthly, Nebraska Wesleyan, "David Livingston."
 Wisconsin.—Arthur Fish, Beloit College, "The Defender of Constitutional Democracy."
 Michigan.—Albert Walrath, Hillsdale College, "The Evolution of the Spirit of American Democracy."
 Missouri.—J. D. Sutherland, William Jewell College, "Altruism: a Prerequisite of National Greatness."
 Kansas.—W. R. McNutt, Ottawa University, "The American Problem."
 Illinois.—Charles A. Glissan, Knox College, "The Hamiltonian Principle of Federal Supremacy."
 Indiana.—E. F. O. Flynn, University of Notre Dame, "Savonarola: Priest and Prophet."
 Ohio.—R. Donald Wingert, Wooster University, "The Master Force of Progress."
 Minnesota.—M. J. Haig, Carleton College, "The True Meaning of Gettysburg."
 Iowa.—Frank V. Shelly, Iowa State College, "America's Right to Live."

First place, Indiana; second, Colorado; third, Illinois. This is the greatest college contest in the country. The winner has successfully competed in the local and State contests.



THE CENTRAL DEBATING CIRCUIT

The contests of the one quintangular debating league in the United States, the Central Debating Circuit, was held on April 5th, the universities which took part being Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Nebraska and Iowa. Each institution prepared two teams, one on each side of the question, thus meeting one opposing university at home and one abroad. Under this system, Wisconsin won from Iowa and Nebraska, and Minnesota from Iowa and Illinois, while Illinois was victorious over Nebraska, but lost to Minnesota. The present agreement of the league is to continue three years more, thus giving each State university a chance to

The Speaker

meet each opponent twice. The subject debated this year was, "Resolved, That the cities of the United States should seek the solution of the street railway problem through private ownership."



The Texas State oratorical contest, held with Baylor University, at Waco, was won by Crate Dalton, representing Baylor University, with an oration entitled "A Crisis in American Economics." The second place fell to O. O. Touchstone, representing Austin College, with an oration on "Money Madness." The other contestants and their subjects were: H. W. Yates, University of Texas, "The Crime of Child Labor"; Stonewall Brown, Texas Christian University, "The Black Peril"; G. J. Bryan, Southwestern University, "Our Debt to Trade"; Joe N. Everheart, Trinity University, "Political Equality and the Commercial Autocrat in America," and W. F. Charbonneau, Ft. Worth University, "A Present Day Problem." This is the third time in the last four years that Baylor has won this contest, and they celebrated with bonfires. Mr. Dalton will represent Texas in the Southern Interstate contest that meets at Monteagle, Tenn., in August.



URSINUS COLLEGE

Three years ago the trustees of Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa., organized the Department of Public Speaking there, and offered the charge thereof to Professor William W. Chandler, who was already a member of the faculty. Over eighty per cent. of the students are enrolled in this department to-day, although every course offered is elective. It may be of interest to other institutions to consider the work in public speaking which here proves so attractive to college students, a class who are only too apt to think the study of this branch of culture entirely beneath their dignity.

The elementary work comprises courses in declamation, platform reading, extemporaneous speech and debate. The advanced work consists of the writing and delivery of orations by the student, besides lectures on the history of oratory, the theory of oratory, and oratoric style. There are assigned readings, reports and all other aids to thoroughness that are to be found in a modern college department.

Extemporaneous speech is a part of every course, and it

is here, perhaps, that the most remarkable results are secured, not that the work of any one student is extraordinary, but that all attempt it with a remarkable degree of success. Public questions, private studies, anything the student has learned may be used as material for this work—material which is doubly his after he has told it to the class in a clear, direct, well-ordered speech.

All work is subjected to close criticism by the head of the department, so far as this is consistent with the freest and fullest development of originality and individuality.

In this system of work, and in the personality of its teacher, perhaps, lie the secret of the advance of an unpopular subject to the most popular in the curriculum, and of its winning the respect and hearty co-operation of all the other departments, all in the short space of three years.



In these days of specialized college training in oratory, debate, public speaking of every sort, it is hard to realize that twenty years ago the entire training in speech in at least one New England college consisted of the recitation, or execution, of "Spartacus to the Gladiators." One wonders why the instructor did not vary the performance occasionally with "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," for instance, "Parrhasius and the Captive," or "Rum's Maniac." These are all good "mellow drama," and would have relieved the wearied commencement audiences from untold misery and assurances that "I was not always thus."



PUBLIC SPEAKING AT YALE

Considerable attention is paid to public speaking in the various organizations at Yale. There are classes in freshman, sophomore and junior oral expression, as well as courses in oral rhetoric and debating. Several prize contests are held throughout the year to encourage proficiency in these branches. The most popular of these is the Junior Ten Eyck Public Exhibition given just before Easter, in which cash prizes amounting to over \$100 are awarded to those juniors in the academic department who write and deliver the most effective speeches on prescribed subjects.

Later in the year comes the Sophomore Public Speaking Contest. At this time twelve men, chosen from previous

preliminary trials, delivered speeches selected from modern orators. The first prize was won by Irwin Edwin Margulies, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the second prize by Edward Otis Proctor, of Wakefield, Mass.

In the Senior Public Speaking Contest for the DeForest prize, Roger Benton Hull was awarded the prize on his oration entitled "Oregon." President Hadley presided and acted with nine professors of the university on the Committee of Award. The participants in this final contest, who had been selected from the previous preliminary trials, and also the subjects of their orations, are given below :

Howard Francis Bishop, on "The Disestablishment of the Church of France."

Edward Henry Hart, "Beowulf as an Anglo-Saxon Hero."

Robert Benton Hull, "Oregon."

Marshall Johnson Olds, "The Socialist-Labor Party."

Albert Billings Ruddock, "The Greek Idea of the Citizen."

Clarence William Seymour, "The American Occupation of the Philippines."

The DeForest prize consists of a gold medal of the value of \$100, and is awarded every year to that member of the senior class in the academic department who writes and delivers in the best manner an English oration on any subject.

The debating interest maintains several debating societies. The Freshman Debating Society is made up of freshmen in the academical department and first-year men in the Sheffield Scientific School. This year they debated with the Harvard freshmen and also met the sophomore team in the annual sophomore-freshmen debate.

The Wigwam and Wranglers are two sophomore debating societies which limit their scope of debating to questions of an entertaining nature. Their membership is limited to thirty each.

The principal organization for the upper class debaters is the Yale Union. It is here that the practice is secured for the university debates against Harvard and Princeton. This year they have inaugurated their first annual banquet. At this time toasts were responded to, proposed changes for next year discussed, and a thoroughly good time enjoyed by all. Thus the debating season has ended with as much enthusiasm as it began.

ILLINOIS INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS

The institutions originally included in the Illinois Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association were Knox College, Monmouth College, Illinois College, Shurtleff College, Northwestern University, Chicago University, Illinois Industrial University (now the University of Illinois), and Illinois Wesleyan University. McKendree College, Lincoln University, Rockford Female Seminary, Blackburn University and Lake Forest University also joined the association at various periods, so that in all thirteen colleges have been represented, although there have never been more than eight members at any one time. Five of the original eight colleges have kept their membership unbroken to this time, Knox, Monmouth, Illinois College, Illinois Wesleyan University and University of Chicago, while Blackburn is the only one of the later additions which is now an active member, there being thus six colleges in the league at present.



Open to seniors only is the Smith contest in extemporaneous debate, held yearly at Dartmouth College. Four men are chosen in preliminary trials, and the final subject is announced only twenty-four hours before the date set for the contest. This year, with the subject, "Resolved, That President Roosevelt's assertion of dictatorial power, in matters legislative and political, is hostile to the best interests of the United States," the debate was won by the affirmative, Mr. Brown winning first prize, and Mr. Howard second. The contestants were: George H. Howard and James B. Brown, for the affirmative, and Clarence E. Stern and Harry G. Kelly, for the negative.

The sixth annual debate between Lake Forest College and Illinois College was, "Resolved, That laws further restricting the immigration of foreigners to the United States are inexpedient." Represented by S. P. Robineau, Jacob Schwartz and Ernest Palmer, Lake Forest defended the negative and won by unanimous decision of the judges. The Illinois team was composed of G. W. White, F. S. McKinney and T. C. Angerstein. Each college has won three times in the six contests which have been held.

Oberlin College and Ohio Wesleyan University debated the question, "Resolved, That a progressive inheritance tax should be levied by the Federal Government. Constitutionality conceded." Oberlin, defending the negative, won a unanimous decision.

LEHIGH'S SENIOR PREMIUM CONTEST

An interesting and rather unusual way of selecting from the senior class the speakers for commencement week is that adopted by Lehigh University, of South Bethlehem, Pa. Here, a month before the end of the university year, the Faculty publishes a list of subjects taken from English Literature and Economics, entitled "Subjects for Senior Premiums," a date near the close of the following January being appended when the contest shall be declared closed. Any members of the senior class who desire now select subjects from this list and write dissertations thereon, which dissertations are sent to the Faculty for judgment under fictitious names. The Faculty do not, as in most contests, select the six best, whether good or not. They fix a certain standard of excellence by which every dissertation is judged. If none reach this standard, no orations are given during senior week. But if a number do succeed in passing muster, the six highest are chosen, the others being returned to their writers, whose names still remain unknown. The six successful candidates are now required to recast their dissertations in the form of orations, to be given during commencement week at the Senior Premium Contest. The winner in this is awarded the Senior Gold Medal, or, at his option, one hundred dollars in gold, while the other speakers receive senior premiums of ten dollars each.



The subject of the recent debate between the Illinois Wesleyan University and James Milliken University, of Decatur, Ill., was: "Resolved, That the United States should subsidize its merchant marine." The Wesleyan team, which supported the affirmative and won the debate, was made up of Robert Cummins, Edward Imboden and A. A. Heinlein. To these, on the negative side of the question, Millikin opposed R. McDavid, James Lively and John Lyons.

The Tri-State Debating League, composed of West Virginia University, Western University of Pennsylvania and Wooster (Ohio) University, held simultaneous debates, each school having an affirmative and a negative team. The question debated was: "Resolved, That Cuba should be annexed to the United States." West Virginia University's two teams, under the direction of Professor C. Edmund Neil, were both successful, one winning the affirmative against

Western University of Pennsylvania, and the other winning the negative against Wooster University.

By a system of money prizes established by William Dulles, Jr., of New York city, offered for the best individual debaters, West Virginia University won three of the four possible prizes. West Virginia University has thus again sustained her position as champion of the Tri-State League.

Oratorical contest, Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association, Denver University.—“A Responsibility,” Paul V. West; “Individual Conviction, not Legislation, the Solution of Liquor Problem,” William C. Millikan; “A Plea for Prohibition,” Benjamin E. Etelgeorge. First place, William C. Millikan.

Grant Oratorical Contest, Colgate University.—“Napoleon’s Dream,” Ralph Decatur Bunnell; “Roosevelt, the People’s Candidate,” Robert Miles Northup; “The Significance of the Japanese Victory,” Clarence Lucius Foster; “A Modern Struggle,” Charles Monroe Cobb; “America and Its Immigrants,” William Elmer Blake; “James Wilson, Nation Builder,” Albert Augustine Collings. The judges awarded first place to Ralph D. Bunnell.

A rather unusual thing, and contrary to the usual order of events, in the annual oratorical contest at Gustavus Adolphus College, Minnesota, held to select a representative for the State contest, is that it is held nearly a year before the great occasion. That is to say, the speaker who won first place at Gustavus Adolphus on April 8th last will appear in the Minnesota State contest of next winter. He has ample time to prepare, at all events. The program in the recent contest was: “The Hero of the Seas” (Nelson), Albert Lorin; “The Precursor of the Renaissance” (Abelard), Charles J. Knock; “The Tragedy of Lost Childhood,” Daniel Nystrom; “The North American Indian,” B. B. Peterson; “The Founder of Our National Integrity” (Hamilton), E. E. Hedin; “The Great American” (Lincoln), John Hallberg; “The Tragedy of a Race,” C. I. Larson. The contest was won by Daniel Nystrom, Carl J. Knock taking second place, and B. B. Peterson, third.

Williams College Freshman Oratorical Contest resulted in a victory for Grove Arthur Gilbert. The subjects of these oratorical declamations were: “Tribute to Rufus Choate,” Charles Russell Brewer; “Citizenship” (Frye), Frank Nicholls Dealy; “The World’s Progress” (Watterson), Grove

Arthur Gilbert; "The Strenuous Life" (Roosevelt), Charles Henry Welsby; "Blenheim and Mt. Vernon" (Everett), James Seymour Westbrook; "The New South" (Grady), Hubert William Fowle.

The third annual declamation contest of the University of New Mexico was held at Albuquerque during March, the first prize being a set of books on elocution, and the second a year's subscription to "Talent." We append a program: "Hazing of Valliant," Williams; "Burial March of Dundee," Aytoun; "The Farmer," Carleton; "Aristarchus Studies Elocution," Bisbee; "First Settler's Story," Carleton; "Toussaint L'Ouverture," Phillips. First prize, "First Settler's Story."

Neff Prize Contest in declamation, Baker University.—"Carl," (McClure's Magazine); "The Boat Race," (Best Selections); "The Lance of Kanana," Williard French; "Ole Mistis," Morse; "The Fiddle Told," Franklin; "Sohrab and Rustum," Arnold; "The Boy Orator of Zepota City," Davis. First place, "Ole Mistis"; second, "The Boy Orator."



In the recent Triangular Debate between Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania, which was won by the so-called Quaker University, the second place was taken by Columbia, which succeeded in defending the affirmative side of the question. Cornell lost to both Pennsylvania and Columbia.

Defending the negative side of the question, "Resolved, That the constitution should be so amended as to give to the Federal Congress exclusive power to regulate marriage and divorce," Johns Hopkins won a unanimous decision over the University of Virginia in their sixth annual debate. The Hopkins speakers were A. H. Mann, J. M. Holmes and Karl Singewald, while Virginia was represented by M. T. McClure, J. E. B. Mapp and Gentry Hodges.

The fourth annual debate between the Universities of Texas and Missouri was won by the latter institution, taking the negative side of the question, "Resolved, That negroes should neither be enlisted nor commissioned in the United States army." The Missouri debaters were Otis and Frank Woodruff, while J. J. D. Cobb and R. D. Jones upheld the Texas side of the argument.

The selections given in the recent Normal Academic Con-

test in elocution at Baker University were: "The Little Drummer," "The Honor of the Woods," "Gentlemen, The King," "Winners by Their Own Length," "Lucky Jim," "The Love of a Stable Boy," and "Bud's Fairy Tale."

The recent debate held between the Universities of Virginia and Carolina resulted in a decision in favor of Carolina, who upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the street railways in the United States should be owned and operated by the municipalities." The Carolina debaters were J. J. Barker and E. S. Dameron; the representatives of Virginia, H. M. Peck and J. P. Smith.

The judges decided that, as presented by the Bates College Team, the affirmative side was the stronger, in the question, "Resolved, That it is for the interest of the United States to establish a general system of shipping subsidies." The negative of the question was upheld by Clark University, of Worcester, Mass., its representatives being George H. Merick, Archie M. Hillman and Charles L. Phillips. The Bates team was made up of Guy von Aldrich, John S. Pendleton and Harlowe M. Davis.

The debating team of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., was victorious over Georgia University in the debate which was held between the two institutions. The winning university was represented by Hiram H. Ragon and Charles R. Pilkington, who defended the negative against Robert H. Jones, Jr., and Robert S. Parker, of the University of Georgia, the subject being, "Resolved, That immigration, aided and supervised by State governments, is the best source from which to draw labor for the South."

The fourth annual debate between Tulane and Texas Universities was won this year by Texas, the subject being, "Resolved, That increased immigration of laborers from Southern Italy to the Southern States will be advantageous to those States." Texas, which supported the affirmative side of the question, was represented by Robert L. Haynie and J. T. Kercheville, while their opponents were Edward O. Tabor and Alexander P. Ficklen.

By a unanimous decision of the judges, Wesleyan University was declared the winner of the debate with Syracuse on April 12th. The victorious team had defended the negative side of the question, "Resolved, That the Sixtieth Congress should proceed to a general review of the present tariff schedules for the purpose of reducing duties."

The Sophomore debating team was victorious over the Juniors in the recent interclass debate at Gettysburg College on the subject, "Resolved, That the Japanese should be eligible to citizenship in the United States."

The annual oratorical competition for the Curtis Prize Medals was established at Columbia College in 1902 in memory of George William Curtis. None but Juniors and Seniors are allowed to take part in the contest, which, by the way, was won last year by a full-blooded African prince, Pka Isaka Seme. The contestants this year were: George W. Jaques, Jr., "The Corporations and the People"; Bernard A. Rosenblatt, "Palestine, the Future Hebrew State"; Ira Skutch, "A Plea for the Immigrant"; Fremont A. Higgins, "Aliens and Our Altars." The judges awarded the gold medal to F. A. Higgins; the silver medal to B. A. Rosenblatt.

The Freshman-Sophomore contest in declamation, held at Knox College, adds another to the list of contests in which Senator Thurston's "Plea for Cuban Independence" has brought its speaker first prize. Second place was awarded to "Abraham Lincoln." The program was: "Democracy" (Daniel Dougherty), Mr. E. L. Morse; "A Plea for Cuban Independence" (Thurston), Mr. Bruce McClelland; "The Tapestry of Anglo-Saxon Civilization" (Gunsaulus), Mr. Levi Russell; "Our Country" (Lodge), Mr. James K. Greer; "The Puritan Spirit" (Beveridge), Mr. Craig Whittitt; "Abraham Lincoln" (adapted), Mr. Roi Thompson.

The man winning first place in the annual oratorical contest of Knox College is the Knox representative in the State contest of the succeeding year. Only Sophomores and Juniors are allowed to take part in the contest, and those competing this year were: John M. Lowrie, "John Marshall, the Preserver of the Federalist Ideal"; George Prince, Jr., "Hearst, the False Friend of the People"; Charles Wells, "A Minuteman of the Nineteenth Century"; Robert Szold, "The Religious Ideal in American Institutions"; Edward Felt, "The Religious Ideal in History"; John Ludens, "Jeffersonian Principles of American Nationality." The first prize was taken by Robert Szold; second by Edward Felt, and third by John M. Lowrie.

The twelfth annual contest in oratory held by the Interstate League of State Normal Schools, held at Emporia, Kan., resulted in a victory for William G. Neet, of the Mis-

souri State Normal, a young man of twenty, whose subject was "Religion—The Vital Factor in a Nation's Development." Ray Richardson, of Kansas, won second place, with "Thought Triumphant."

The College of the City of New York and the University of West Virginia discussed the question, "Resolved, That the United States should annex Cuba." The negative, presented by the New York team, won.

Iowa and Kansas Interstate Normal debate.—Question: "That labor disputes which affect the general public should be adjudicated by legally constituted tribunals, whose decisions shall be enforceable by law." Granted. "That associations of employers and employees may be required to incorporate if necessary." Decision for Kansas.

Mr. Jesse P. Luton, of Vanderbilt University, won the Southern Intercollegiate oratorical contest at Columbia, S. C. His subject was "Our Heritage as Southerners."

The citizens' contest of University of New Mexico, third annual oratorical contest, resulted in a victory for Roy A. Baldwin; second place, Frank C. Light. "Abraham Lincoln: The Man," William B. Wroth; "The Anguish of a Nation," Roy A. Baldwin; "The Press and Public Opinion," J. Frank Peavy; "Individualism," Frank C. Light; "The Menace of Immigration," Allan F. Keller.

The twelfth annual tri-State intercollegiate oratorical contest was held in the Geneva College chapel. Six colleges in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia were represented. The judges of the contest awarded the first place to the Allegheny College representative. "An Urgent Need," Mr. C. H. Anderson, Muskingum College; "Robert Burns," Mr. Walter Dunlap, Waynesburg College; "Victory through Arbitration," Mr. B. T. Johnson, Bethany College; "The Failures of Darwinism," Mr. E. A. McGary, Geneva College; "Japan, the New Nation," Mr. W. C. Cravner, Allegheny College; "The Visions of Youth," Mr. J. C. Smith, Westminster College.

The Intercollegiate oratorical contest was held at Pomona College, Claremont, Cal. The first place was given to Mr. E. S. Minchin, of Whittier College, on the oration, "Wendell Phillips, the Agitator." "The Mind of the Man," Harold E. Thomas, Pomona College; "Wendell Phillips, the Agitator," E. S. Minchin, Whittier College; "Martin Luther and Indi-

vidual Responsibility," C. A. Spaulding, Occidental College; "Initiative, the Foundation of National Permanence," M. E. Cooper, University of Southern California.

Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., and Albion College, Albion, Mich., recently debated the question, "Resolved, That the Federal Government should levy a progressive inheritance tax, constitutionality conceded." Albion, maintaining the affirmative, won the debate. A week later Allegheny won from Washington and Jefferson College with the affirmative of the same question, stated thus: "Resolved, That a graduated inheritance tax, uniform throughout the United States, is desirable."

* * *

The Northern Oratorical League is composed of Michigan, Wisconsin, Oberlin, Chicago, Minnesota and Northwestern Universities. The winner of this year's contest was Glenn P. Wishard, of Northwestern, whose subject was "The United States and Universal Peace."

* * *

Northwestern University has inaugurated an interscholastic oratorical contest, held on the evening of the interscholastic athletic meet. The schools represented this year were Culver Military Academy, Morgan Park Academy, Lake Forest Academy, Grand Prairie Seminary, Elgin Academy and Evanston Academy. The judges gave the decision to A. W. Lemke, of Evanston Academy, the Preparatory School of Northwestern.

COMPLETE INDEX
OF
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COMPRISING
INDEX OF AUTHORS
INDEX OF TITLES
AND
CLASSIFIED CONTENTS
OF ALL

NUMBERS OF THE SPEAKER
From 1 to 32

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Index to Authors

Including all selections in The Speaker, numbers 1 to 32.
(See also Index of Titles.)

The figures indicate in what number and on what page of The
Speaker the selection will be found.

	No.	PAGE
ABBOTT, AVERY, Jim's Woman.....	25	47
ABBOTT, EDGAR W., The Poppy-Land Express....	14	160
ABBOTT, ELEANOR H., The Song of the Man....	8	381
ABBOTT, LYMAN, Home Coming.....	14	233
International Brotherhood	14	194
ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN, Der Oak and der Vine	25	27
Dot Baby of Mine.....	25	29
Dot Long-Handled Dipper.....	25	25
Mine Shildren	28	438
Vas Marriage a Failure?.....	9	68
ADAMS, FRANKLIN P., Variations on a Theme....	30	183
ADDISON, JOSEPH, Song.....	15	279
The Voice of Heaven.....	14	217
ADE, GEORGE, An Opera.....	4	378
I Want to Live in a College Town.....	25	52
March of the Suffragettes.....	23	240
Under the Talcum Powder Rag.....	25	108
AIDE, HAMILTON, George Lee.....	17	118
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, The Difference....	15	274
Evil Easier than Good.....	15	297
Identity	15	275
A Little Parable	14	138
Mercedes	32	397
Nocturne	15	269
Originality	15	272
A Set of Turquoise.....	13	72
To the Reader.....	15	260
Unsung	15	269
ALLEN, ALICE E., Victory.....	30	250
ALLEN, GRANT, The First Idealist.....	25	87
ALLEN, JAMES LANE, The Strawberry Bed.....	26	157
Aftermath	30	214
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM, The Fairies.....	3	213
The Fairy Shoemaker.....	29	82

	No.	PAGE
AMSBARY, WALLACE BRUCE, De Captaine of de "Marguerite"	25	78
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN, The Fir Tree...	3	229
ANDERSON, ALEXANDER, Cuddle Doon.....	15	288
ANDERSON, LEE, The King's Great Victory.....	11	205
ANDREWS, MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN, The Better Treasure	25	1
ANONYMOUS, The Alarm	15	351
Ballad of Bedlam	15	291
Ballad of Elizabeth Zane	31	261
Battle of Trenton	31	282
Bein' Sick	30	186
Bill's in Trouble	20	422
Breaking of the Ice-Bridge, The.....	27	290
The Burgomaster's Death.....	2	162
A Button (play).....	13	80
The Call	18	169
A Comparison	27	352
Concerning George	15	378
The Corpse's Husband.....	15	318
Confessions of a Moderate Drinker.....	19	265
Courage	19	277
A Daily Motto.....	29	86
The Daisies	22	153
A Dilemma	18	216
Drink's Last Bluff.....	19	375
An Evening Idyl.....	16	417
Father Time—E. K. Z.	15	372
The First Kiss.....	30	180
The Fishing Party.....	26	119
The Foxes' Tails.....	32	494
The Frivolous Girl.....	30	162
General Robert E. Lee.....	31	294
George Washington	22	163
Getting the Pony Shod and What Came of It.....	30	138
Gethsemane	28	449
The Goblin Goose.....	20	428
Happiness	15	371
Home Is Where the Heart Is.....	26	213
Inishail	25	36
The Independence Bell.....	31	272
Indecision	18	209
I Want to Go To-morrow.....	7	207
Jilted	15	327
Joking	15	333
Julie	30	150
Kissing No Sin.....	15	325
Lament of a Little Girl.....	22	168
The Latest Easter Color.....	17	99
A Laughing Chorus.....	25	85
The Life Boat.....	17	47
Lines by an Old Foggy.....	18	171

	No.	PAGE
Lides to Bary Jade.....	15	336
Lines by a Medium.....	15	296
Little Ah Sid.....	15	341
Living	30	137
The Maiden Martyr.....	31	353
Man, the Kicker.....	27	242
A Man and His Shoes.....	22	121
Mary Had a Cactus Plant.....	22	160
The Modern Hiawatha.....	15	310
Mother's Almanac	15	375
Motor Goose Rhymes.....	17	109
My Dream	15	294
My Mother	14	154
My Young 'Un.....	18	198
A Nice Correspondent.....	30	154
The Nine Suitors.....	15	383
Nothing but Leaves.....	15	346
Not His Business.....	19	361
Ode to a London Fog.....	18	197
An Original Love Song.....	15	279
Pa Shaved Off His Whiskers.....	29	86
Penance	30	144
Playing	15	334
A Philosopher	24	371
Preacher Preferred Cash.....	15	350
The Proposal	15	321
The Rose of Calvary.....	28	358
Send Them to Bed with a Kiss.....	14	135
Sermon in Rhyme.....	14	152
A Shy Little Maid.....	15	337
A Similar Case.....	15	270
Son, You Washed.....	27	311
A Study in Nerves.....	27	242
Take That Back.....	15	345
A Tete-a-Tete at Owl's Roost.....	26	216
Their First Spat.....	27	336
That Tired Feeling.....	28	452
There Ain't No West No More.....	29	18
Thoughts on the Commandments.....	30	140
Three Little Chestnuts.....	15	350
Things Are All Right.....	14	156
To-morrow	28	456
Varia	15	347
Wanted a Drink.....	16	457
Was Lincoln a King?.....	14	247
The War Game in the Choir.....	23	269
A Worthy Foe.....	23	239
Where Ignorance is Bliss.....	15	339
What's Your Hurry?.....	25	91
The Wilderness	28	453
ARISTOPHANES, Chorus of Women.....	15	295
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN, Mary at the Sepulchre.....	26	159
The Rajput Nurse.....	9	40
The Secret of Death.....	28	383

	No.	PAGE
ARNOLD, MATTHEW, A Caution to Poets.....	5	64
Self-independence	18	229
ASHBY-STERRY, J., Pet's Punishment.....	30	250
AURIN, EMIL CARL, The Conqueror.....	29	11
AUSTIN, JANE, Miss Bates at the Ball.....	29	84
AUTHOR OF "MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION,"		
Laddie	27	261
AVEBURY, LORD, Happiness.....	26	144
BABCOCK, MALTBIE D., Be Strong.....	14	150
School Days	14	176
BACHELLER, IRVING, The Man on the Hilltop....	23	307
Whisperin' Bill	8	376
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM, see Josephine Dodge Daskam.		
BAKER, ETTA A., Miss Pettigrew's Reception.....	20	446
BAKER, MERCY E., The Hunt.....	4	322
BALMER, EDWIN, Billings of '49.....	13	11
BALDWIN, MAUD J., A Temperance Song.....	19	356
BANCROFT, GEORGE, The People in Art.....	10	167
BANGS, JOHN KENDRICK, Robbie's Exchanges.....	15	324
Thanksgiving Day	25	90
What Really Is the Trouble.....	27	338
BANKS, GEORGE L., What I Live For.....	14	146
BARBAULD, MRS. A. L., Life.....	17	8
BARLOW, GEORGE, Love on Deck.....	17	33
BARLOW, JANE, Misther Denis' Return.....	29	88
BARHAM, R. H., The Jackdaw of Rheims.....	28	370
BARNARD, SEYMOUR, Returned Unopened.....	28	366
BARR, ROBERT, Gentlemen, the King.....	2	106
BARRIE, J. M., The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell....	4	300
At Nanny's Cottage (from "The Little Minister")..	6	169
An Invalid in Lodgings.....	5	71
Mob Scene from "The Little Minister".....	26	121
The Egyptian and the Captain.....	20	492
Mending the Clock.....	23	245
Two of Them.....	22	157
BARRETT, WILSON, The Sign of the Cross.....	2	101
BARROWS, SAMUEL J., Sobriety.....	19	294
BARRINGTON, LENA, Pat Magee.....	25	21
Pat Magee's Wife.....	25	20
BATES, ARLO, A Rose.....	25	96
Tim Calligan's Grave-Money.....	25	57
BATES, HELEN HICKS, The Sulks.....	29	9
BEAUCHAMP, LOU J., A Bit of Cheer.....	14	247
BEECHER, H. W., The Death of Abraham Lincoln....	28	461
The Effects of Intemperance.....	19	298
Hope for All.....	14	181
The Meaning of Our Flag.....	31	257
Moral Aspect of the American War.....	31	341
On the Death of Lincoln.....	12	357
The Reign of the Common People.....	10	140
BEECHING, HENRY CHARLES, A Boy's Prayer... 3		224
BEERS, ETHEL LYNN, The Picket Guard.....	31	287

	No.	PAGE
BEGBIE, HAROLD, Grounds of the Terrible.....	17	98
BELL, MRS. HUGH, Oh, No.....	18	217
BELL, LILLIAN, An Elevator Love Story.....	24	414
BELLAMY, W. H., Kirtle Red.....	25	97
BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB, The Flag Goes By. 3	221	
BENSON, ARTHUR C., My Old Friend.....	18	210
BENTON, JOEL, The Pretty Maid of Kissimmee....	9	66
BIRDSEYE, GEORGE, Paradise.....	15	294
BLACK, JOHN C., The Mother of Lincoln.....	7	225
BLACKBURN, J. C. S., John C. Breckenridge.....	16	442
BLACKMORE, R. D., The Winning of Lorna Doone..	5	79
BLAINE, JAMES G., Eulogy of Garfield.....	10	114
General Grant's Courage and Decision.....	31	289
BLAKE, D. VINTON, Wallace of Uhlen.....	29	118
BLAKE, KATHERINE D., Road to Laughtertown..	25	109
BLAKE, MARY E., Good Boy Land.....	3	227
BLAKE, WM., A Laughing Song.....	15	268
BOK, EDWARD, The Keys to Success.....	19	304
BOKER, GEORGE H., The Black Regiment.....	31	347
Dirge for a Soldier.....	31	292
BOUCICAULT, DION, The Shaughraun.....	32	407
BONAR, HORATIUS, Be True.....	3	225
God's Way	14	219
BOURDELLON, F. W., Upon the Valley's Lap.....	20	456
BRAINARD, ELEANOR HOYT, Nancy's Cinderella..	24	377
A Misdemeanor of Nancy.....	8	348
The Misdemeanors of Nancy.....	7	213
BRIDGES, MADELINE, The Saint and the Sinner..	24	429
There are Loyal Hearts.....	14	149
BRININSTOOL, E. A., Rock-a-by Land.....	9	62
BRINSTED, E. A., His Dad.....	29	68
BROOKS, ELBRIDGE, The Liberty Bell.....	31	274
BROOKS, FRED EMERSON, Jennie.....	15	377
Watchin' the Sparkin'.....	15	337
BROOKS, PHILLIPS, Christmas Everywhere.....	14	193
O Little Town of Bethlehem.....	3	217
BROWN, ALICE, Joint Owners in Spain.....	27	225
BROWN, MRS., EDWIN M., True Heroism.....	17	32
BROWNING, ELIZABETH, The Cry of the Children..	17	101
A Man's Requirement.....	18	234
Mother and Poet.....	18	132
Out in the Fields.....	17	28
Reading	3	198
Rhyme of the Duchess May.....	1	87
The Romance of the Swan's Nest.....	13	48
Sleep	13	51
A Woman's Question.....	30	163
BROWNING, ROBERT, Cristina.....	30	193
Epilogue	14	216
From Ghent to Aix.....	20	426
Good-morning	3	276
Herve Riel	31	311
In His Good Time.....	14	230
Incident of the French Camp.....	3	251

	No.	PAGE
The Last Ride Together.....	30	190
The Lost Leader.....	11	239
My Last Duchess.....	18	211
My Star	7	251
Parting at Morning.....	11	216
The Patriot	18	131
Pheidippides	31	296
Up in a Villa—Down in the City.....	29	122
BRYAN, WILLIAM JENNINGS, Essence of Patriotism	31	293
Faith	14	138
Immortality	14	140
Personal Liberty	19	257
The Prince of Peace.....	14	141
Thou Shalt Not Steal.....	23	281
A Wasted Life.....	19	258
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, Song of Marion's Men	31	283
To a Water Fowl.....	14	246
Welcome to Kossuth.....	10	174
BRYCE, JOHN, The Death of Darwin.....	12	385
BUCHANAN, LLOYD, Reporter Who Made a Story.....	29	59
The Team: A Football Story.....	9	54
BUCHANAN, ROBERT, The Green Gnome.....	25	93
Nell	29	103
BUCKHAM, JAMES, Love the Measure.....	14	169
The Song in the Market-Place.....	27	333
BULLOCK, SHAN F., The Wee Tay Table.....	9	87
BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD, Arbaces to the Lion.....	28	386
BUMSTEAD, EUDORA S., The Summer Lullaby....	3	204
BUNNER, H. C., Cured (from "The Tenor").....	9	32
One, Two, Three.....	1	83
BUNYAN, JOHN, The Shepherd Boy Sings.....	3	223
BURDETTE, ROBERT, Alone.....	15	277
Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'.....	15	276
Soldiers, Rest	16	403
What Will We Do?.....	15	275
What Men Fight For.....	19	261
BURGER, GOTTFRIED A., The Brave Man.....	17	43
BURNAND, F. C., The Faithful Lovers.....	13	208
BURNS, ROBERT, The Banks of Doon.....	11	237
Bannockburn	9	6
A Child's Grace.....	3	260
Highland Mary	17	100
John Anderson My Jo.....	9	48
A Man's a Man for a' That.....	13	54
Of a' the Airts.....	8	292
BURTON, RICHARD, Black Sheep.....	22	224
BURTSCHER, WM. J., Not Every Man.....	30	178
BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER, A Bird in the Hand....	23	262
Billy Brad's Big Lie.....	24	386
His Symptoms	26	162
Lamp Chimneys Out of Old Bottles.....	22	191

	No.	PAGE
BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN, Nothing to Wear.....	30	155
BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH, The Broken Pinion.....	14	150
De Leon	23	298
General Gage and the Boston Boys.....	31	268
Lincoln's Heart	13	42
The School-house Stands by the Flag.....	32	474
Washington's Birthday	23	303
BYRON, LORD, Stanzas for Music.....	13	47
CABLE, GEORGE W., The Examination.....	6	178
CAINE, HALL, Cut Off from the People.....	9	69
John Storm's Resolution.....	4	308
CALVERT, GEORGE H., Bunker Hill.....	31	278
CAMERON, C. C., Success.....	14	151
CAMERON, MARGARET, A Patron of Art.....	24	372
The Price of the Past Participle.....	22	196
The Unexpected Guest	7	254
CAMPBELL, GERALD, Christmas Presents.....	18	148
CARLETON, WILL, How Jamie Came Home.....	19	332
Hear the Drums March By.....	16	421
CARLYLE, THOMAS, The Fate of Burns.....	17	113
To-day	17	107
CARMAN, BLISS, A Spring Feeling.....	23	306
A Vagabond Song.....	24	408
CARROLL, LEWIS, The Bat.....	18	212
CARRUTH, WILLIAM H., Others Call It God.....	28	359
CARRYL, GUY W., The Boy Who Said "G'wan".....	22	188
CARY, ALICE, The Right Way.....	14	200
The Ferry of Galloway.....	29	69
CARY, HENRY, Sally in Our Alley.....	15	280
CARY, PHOEBE, A Psalm of Marriage.....	15	383
CATHERWOOD, MARY H., A Night in Ste. Pilagie. 2		127
CAWEIN, MADISON, Dead Man's Run.....	22	126
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W., The Recruit.....	16	403
CHAMPION, MAY K., Charles Stuart and the Burglar 7		228
CHAPIN, EDWIN H., Modern Chivalry.....	10	143
The Triumph of Peace.....	31	351
True Power of a Nation.....	31	300
CHAPMAN, E. L., The Liquor Traffic.....	19	354
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN, Shang.....	19	268
Perfect Peace	29	71
CHENEY, JOHN VANCE, The Kitchen Clock.....	16	400
CHESTER, ANSON G., The Tapestry Weavers.....	9	60
CHEVALIER, ALBERT, A Fallen Star.....	16	474
CHILD, LYDIA M., Who Stole the Bird's Nest?.....	3	246
CHILD, RICHARD W., In Willard's Shoes.....	11	219
CHOATE, RUFUS, Eulogy of Webster.....	11	263
CHURCHILL, J. W., The Oratory of Bishop Simpson.....	14	129
CIBBER, C., The Blind Boy.....	18	243
CLARK, CHARLES B., JR., A Border Affair.....	24	401
The Cowboy's Prayer.....	24	390
The Outlaw	24	400
CLARK, LUELLA, Be Kind.....	14	174
CLEARY, KATE M., The Mission of Kitty Malone... 7		241

	No.	PAGE
CLEMENS SAMUEL L., He Called It Off.....	17	20
The Minister's Blunder.....	17	21
New England Weather.....	21	45
Epitaph	31	358
CLEVELAND, GROVER, Influence of Universities...10		145
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, Hope.....	22	218
With Whom There Is No Variableness.....	2	171
COATES, FLORENCE E., Courage.....	17	2
COBURN, F. D., Victories.....	19	360
COLE, C. M., Says I.....	17	23
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, Song.....	8	326
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T., Names.....	25	83
COLL, ALOYSIUS, Things Inside.....	22	156
COLTON, ARTHUR, Harps Hung Up in Babylon...14		170
CONE, JOE, The Best of It.....	20	400
The Snow Man.....	25	105
Which Firm Are You In?.....	25	105
CONNOLLY, J. B., On the Bottom of the Dory.....16		422
COOKE, EDMUND VANCE, Decoration.....	11	255
Don't You?	7	252
The Fleet	16	473
Grandmother's Song	14	206
The Hero of the Hill.....	17	6
The Moo-Cow Moo.....	3	200
Panacea	14	207
The Shave Store.....	3	199
COOKE, GRACE MACGOWAN, The Borrowed Hus- band	22	179
COOLIDGE, SUSAN, Ginevra.....	28	424
CONNOR, RALPH, Mrs. Mavor's Story.....	26	198
COPPEE, FRANCOIS, The Benediction.....	28	417
COOLEY EDWARD W., Reformation of Cinnamon..11		240
COPPINGER, LUCY, When Class "A" Gave Thanks. 9		44
COX, KENYON, Work Thou for Pleasure.....	14	139
COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, Watchwords.....	13	56
CRANE, STEPHEN, Absence.....	15	317
CRAWFORD, MARION, A Love-Story of Old Madrid	25	71
CRUM, MARION, Autumn	27	271
CRAY, HOMER, High, Low, Jack and the Baby.....18		222
CREELMAN, JAMES, McKinley's Dying Prayer.....17		24
CULBERSON, ANNA V., He Understood.....	15	340
CUNNINGHAM, C., Love in June.....	15	330
CURTIS, GEORGE W., Burns.....	2	124
Leadership of Educated Men.....	1	34
Lincoln's Responsibilities	12	360
The Poor Men's Club.....	19	298
The Puritan Principle.....	21	39
CUTLER, E. J., Cavalry Song.....	23	228
CUTTING, MARY STEWART, A Good Dinner..... 4		336
Mrs. Atwood's Outer Raiment.....	4	330
The Happiest Time.....	26	206
Song of a Shirt.....	30	196

	No.	PAGE
DALY, THOMAS A., Alla for Rosa.....	13	107
Belles, The	25	107
Cornaylius Hannigan	15	299
Da Comica Man.....	15	301
Da Sweeta Soil.....	11	217
The Irish Bachelor.....	15	300
The Laggard in Love.....	25	351
Leetla Giorgio Washeenton.....	24	398
The Lonely Honeymoon.....	18	138
'Mericana Girl	8	295
The Moderate Drinker.....	19	308
The Mourner	25	12
DANIEL, JOHN W., Eulogy of Robert E. Lee.....	10	124
DANIELS, SAMUEL, Love Is a Sickness.....	8	347
DARTE, GEORGE L., The Wustest Boy.....	15	312
DASKAM, JOSEPHINE DODGE, Ardelia in Arcady. 5		27
The Dancing School and Dicky.....	5	18
A Modern Story in the Kindergarten.....	5	24
Motherhood	29	120
The Sleepy Song.....	13	55
DAULTON, AGNES M., Nixie of the Neighborhood..	30	241
DAVIS, ALLAN, Public Speaking for Private Citizens.	21	7
DAVIS, JEFFERSON, On Withdrawing from the Union	10	177
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING, The Man with One Talent	26	185
My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen.....	27	231
DAVIS, SAM, The First Piano in Camp.....	7	219
DAWSON, HORACE LATHROP, The Glory That Is to Be.....	24	417
DAY, HOLMAN, The Bottle of Hell-Fire.....	19	278
DAYRE, SIDNEY, What Was It?.....	15	320
DENNISON, L., The He-Siren of the Gold Fields....	9	49
DEBATE BRIEFS, The Income Tax.....	19	376
Conservation of Natural Resources.....	23	313
Direct Primary	21	82
Initiative and Referendum.....	24	431
Abandonment of Protective Tariff.....	15	365
American Imperialism	13	114
Armed Intervention for Debts.....	8	391
Bank Notes on General Assets.....	12	409
Commission System of Municipal Government....	12	404
Employers' Liability for Accidents.....	11	272
Federal vs. State Government.....	8	385
Federal Charter for Interstate Business.....	12	400
Fifteenth Amendment	13	115
Government by Injunction.....	13	108
The Income Tax.....	11	296
Inheritance Tax	8	389
Initiative and Referendum.....	11	281
Municipal Ownership	8	400
The Open Shop.....	8	398
Presidential vs. Parliamentary System of Govern- ment	14	248

	No.	PAGE
Railroad Pooling	9	93
Reciprocity with Canada.....	9	95
The Santo Domingo Treaty.....	8	393
Government Control of Monopolies.....	27	312
Greek Letter Fraternities.....	27	316
Intercollegiate Athletics	27	295
The Recall of Judges.....	27	301
The Single Tax.....	28	439
DELAND, MARGARET, The Bluebell.....	25	85
DENVER POST, At Dancing School.....	8	299
A Dance at the Ranch.....	9	61
DE VERE, AUBREY, Mary Tudor.....	17	63
DEWHURST, F. E., Why Shouldst Thou Fear?.....	14	205
DICKENS, CHARLES, Bardell vs. Pickwick.....	32	474
David Copperfield and the Waiter.....	29	64
The Death of Madame Defarge.....	28	353
Dr. Marigold	29	125
Fagin's Last Day.....	5	60
Fanny Squeer's Tea-Party.....	25	38
The Ivy Green.....	29	5
Little Nell	3	282
Little Paul and Mrs. Pipchin.....	27	258
Mr. Bumble's Wooing.....	26	170
Mr. Tappertit Goes Out for the Evening.....	26	145
Oliver Twist Starts Out into the World.....	26	190
The Only Way.....	2	111
School Scene (from "Hard Times").....	6	152
Tiny Tim	3	207
Tragedy of Little Em'ly.....	28	396
DICKIE, SAMUEL, The Militant Church.....	19	311
Women and the Saloon.....	19	364
DICKINSON, EMILY, The Brook in the Heart.....	24	396
DILLINGHAM, MOTHER'S Nap.....	18	252
DIX, DOROTHY, Mirandy on Losing a Husband.....	26	214
Mirandy on the Enemy.....	30	181
DOBSON, AUSTIN, A Dialogue from Plato.....	8	296
The Cap That Fits.....	1	58
The Child Musician.....	16	409
The Cure's Progress.....	1	60
A Lover's Quarrel.....	15	261
The Paradox of Time.....	18	230
The Rose and the Gardener.....	1	57
Secrets of the Heart.....	32	486
DODD, PHEBIE, The Liquor Seller's Psalm of Life.....	19	276
DOLE, CHARLES F., True Bravery.....	31	291
DOLLIVER, JONATHAN P., Lincoln.....	4	374
DOLSON, EUGENE C., Talents for the Law.....	30	139
DONNELL, ANNIE HAMILTON, The One Hundred and Oneth	25	64
The Lie	30	133
DONOVAN, LAWRENCE K., Paddy's Content.....	20	13
DOOLEY, "Mr. Dooley" (see Dunne, Peter F).		
DOUGLAS, ALICE MAY, When I'm a Man.....	19	357
DOUGLASS, MARIAN, The Queer Old Woman.....	14	201

	No.	PAGE
DOWD, EMMA C., A Cheer.....	14	244
"Cheer Up, Honey".....	13	33
The Morning Uplift.....	28	450
DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW, The Revel.....	8	293
DOYLE, A. CONAN, The Blind Archer.....	11	261
Confessions (from "A Duet").....	7	271
Cremona	17	3
The Irish Colonel.....	25	84
DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN, The American Flag... 3		212
DRUMMOND, HENRY, Christianity Defined.....	14	179
Practice	14	178
DRYDEN, JOHN, On Milton.....	2	156
DUDLEY, BIDE, Dick's Pleasant Dream.....	13	18
DUFFERIN, LADY, Lament of the Irish Emigrant... 18		174
DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE, Dawn.....	1	11
Faith	23	302
A Family Feud.....	18	161
Little Brown Baby.....	3	250
The Photograph	1	67
Po' Little Lamb.....	3	248
DUNNE, FINLEY PETER, Christmas Gifts.....	17	25
The Comforts of Travel.....	22	142
Corporal Punishment	22	145
Mr. Dooley on the Grip.....	1	85
Mr. Dooley on Lawyers.....	13	5
Drugs	30	145
Woman Suffrage	27	236
Woman's Suffrage	20	423
DURIVAGE, FRANCIS A., All.....	17	97
EARLEY, MIRIAM LEE, Dramatic Instinct, Editorial. 26		113
Scenes from Plays for Platform Reading, Editorial. 32		385
EARLE, MABEL, A Life Garden.....	14	173
EDITORIALS:		
After Dinner Speaking.....	21	1
College Debates	9	1
Diction	24	353
The Drama and Life, Jones.....	23	225
Dramatic Instinct	26	113
Eloquence	16	385
Interpretative Reading	2	99
The Ludicrous in Education.....	15	257
The Oratory of Bishop Simpson.....	14	129
The Oratory of Phillips.....	10	97
The Orator's Power.....	8	289
Poetry and Elocution.....	22	97
The Press and Oratory.....	11	193
Public Speaking in Colleges.....	20	385
Reading in the Public Schools.....	13	1
Reading in an Educational Scheme.....	1	2
Reading and Bread and Butter Studies.....	4	289
Scenes from Plays for Platform Reading.....	32	385
Reciting in Costume.....	6	99
Selections for Children.....	3	193

	No.	PAGE
Sincerity in Reading.....	5	3
Spiritual Education	7	193
Value of the One-Act Play.....	30	129
What Is a Monologue?.....	18	129
EDWARDS, ASHTON, The Heart of Life.....	27	230
EDWARDS, H. S., The Trial of Ben Thomas.....	2	151
EGGLESTON, EDWARD, Church of the Best Licks.....	29	100
Trial of Tom Grayson.....	29	26
EHRMANN, MAX, Good Cheer.....	22	222
ELDRIDGE, GEORGE D., The Confession.....	29	22
ELIOT, CHARLES W., The Uses of Education.....	16	448
ELIOT, GEORGE, Armgart	8	308
The Flood of the Floss.....	4	314
In Trust (from "Romola").....	7	260
Two Lovers	17	105
ELIOT, HENRY R., A Recipe for Sanity.....	17	121
ELLSWORTH, D. A., Piller Fights.....	24	395
EMERSON, RALPH W., The American Scholar.....	10	170
Concord Hymn	3	254
Duty	3	261
Eloquence	16	385
Sky Born Music.....	14	191
Youth's Reply	16	455
ENGLISH, T. D., The Ballad of the Colors.....	9	64
EUWER, ANTHONY, The Bulldog.....	24	427
The Cat	24	426
The Sawfish	24	427
EWING, JULIANA, Laetus Sorte Mea.....	3	271
FERGUSON, JAMES, Auld Daddy Darkness.....	3	240
FERRETT, W. B., A Pair of Platonics.....	16	454
FERRIS, GEORGE H., The Bible.....	14	226
Christianity and Politics.....	14	239
The Soul's Christmas.....	14	237
The Worth of a Man.....	14	240
FETTER, GEORGE G., Mother.....	14	148
FERNWALD, JAMES C., The Supreme Issue.....	19	362
FIELD, EUGENE, Bill, the Lokil Editor.....	1	12
Night and Morning.....	15	280
A Piazza Tragedy.....	16	402
The Snakes	19	296
A Trip to Toy Land.....	15	282
When I Was a Boy.....	16	420
FIELDING, HOWARD, Where Ignorance Is Bliss.....	20	474
FILLMORE, PARKER H., A Case of Fits.....	23	270
FINCH, FRANCIS M., Nathan Hale.....	17	29
The Blue and the Gray.....	31	349
FISK, MAY ISABEL, At the Hairdresser's.....	18	248
First Call on the Butcher.....	18	172
Hunting an Apartment.....	18	186
FISKE, JOHN, In Memoriam of Chas. Darwin.....	12	392
FITCH, GEORGE, Votes from Women.....	29	106
FITZ, RACHEL, A Matrimonial Training School.....	21	27
FLETCHER, JOHN, Melancholy.....	13	98

	No.	PAGE
FLETCHER, PHINEAS, A Hymn.....	13	17
FLINT, A. LORIE, A Friendly Cloud.....	7	270
FOLEY, J. W., Dreams.....	26	222
Lullaby	7	235
A Place for Boys.....	26	205
A Present for Little Boy Blue.....	14	243
The Waifs	25	33
FOLK, JOSEPH W., Citizens to Blame.....	19	347
FORBES, JAMES, Andrew's Leading Lady.....	30	163
The Chorus Lady.....	24	391
FORD, ROBERT, The Bonniest Bairn.....	3	220
FOSS, SAM WALTER, The Calf Path.....	19	327
He'd Had No Show.....	15	263
He Worried About It.....	16	476
The House by the Side of the Road.....	14	234
Hullo	14	190
Jim Bowker	24	456
The Thirty-second Day.....	16	399
The Prayer of Cyrus Brown.....	15	381
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, Some Wise Sayings.....	14	181
FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS, The Horn of Plenty	27	280
FRENEAU, PHILIP, Columbus in Chains.....	23	311
FRENCH, WILLARD, The Lance of Kanana.....	2	188
FRYE, WILLIAM P., The Protection of American Citizens	23	251
FURNISS, GRACE LIVINGSTON, His Unbiased Opinion	32	501
The New Road Question.....	22	209
FUTRELLE, JACQUES, Diogenes Pauses.....	13	57
GALE, NORMAN, Parting.....	25	89
GARFIELD, JAMES A., The Rock of Chickamauga..	31	322
GARRISON, THEODOSIA, At the Sign of the Cleft Heart	22	137
Failure	25	8
Tonio	25	9
GATES, ELEANOR, Mollie and the Opera Game....	22	113
GATES, ELLEN M. H., Your Mission.....	14	158
GAYLEY, GEORGE JOHN, An Epitaph.....	18	221
GILBERT, W. S., An Appeal.....	18	242
Pygmalion and Galatea.....	32	442
GILDER, RICHARD W., The Divine Fire.....	17	48
To the Spirit of Lincoln.....	12	300
GILLILAN, S. W., Finnigan to Flanagan.....	11	215
Counting the Cost.....	14	168
A Football Hero.....	16	388
Keep Sweet	14	142
Say Something Good.....	25	102
The Universal Habit.....	15	379
When Papa Holds My Hand.....	13	52
GILMER, ELIZABETH M., The Price of Fame.....	20	451
GILSON, ROY ROLFE, Little Sister.....	20	389
GLADDEN, W., The Practice of Immortality.....	14	220

	No.	PAGE
GLADSTONE, WM. E., The Aim of the Scholar.....	12	376
Eulogy on John Bright.....	12	375
Home Rule	12	378
GLASPELL, SUSAN K., At the Turn of the Road....	8	359
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, An Elegy.....	15	309
The Old House a New Inn.....	28	377
Tony Lumpkin's Joke.....	32	506
GOETHE, JOHANN W., True Rest.....	20	393
GOODE, KATE TUCKER, Three Prayers.....	24	423
GOODE, J. B., Who Ne'er Hath Suffered.....	14	160
GORDON, A. M. R., Hoch der Kaiser.....	16	397
GORDON, JOHN B., Last Days of the Confederacy....	10	189
GOUGH, JOHN B., The Cause of Temperance.....	19	281
A Man for a' That.....	19	329
The Power of Habit.....	19	289
Social Responsibilities	10	117
Water	19	370
GOULD, HANNAH F., The Frost.....	14	192
GRADY, HENRY W., Appeal for Temperance.....	19	295
The New South.....	7	237
The Race Problem in the South.....	10	128
"Provoked," a story.....	16	446
GRAVES, JOHN TEMPLE, The Death of Grady.....	17	122
GREENE, HOMER, The St. John's Fund.....	8	362
GREENE, RAY F., A Thankful Song.....	18	139
GRILLEY, CHARLES T., Everything Reminds Me So of Chicken	16	393
The Last Straw.....	16	431
Play Ball, Bill.....	16	394
GUITERMAN, ARTHUR, Gold.....	26	120
His Future	15	363
GUNSAULUS, FRANK W., Robert Browning.....	10	161
The Sympathies of Religion and Art.....	10	158
HACKETT, WALTER, Repentance.....	16	466
HALE, EDWARD E., Columbus.....	23	304
Palm Sunday and Easter.....	17	34
Man Without a Country.....	31	264
HALM, FRIEDRICH, Two Souls with but a Single Thought	32	455
HALL, ELIZA CALVERT, Sally Ann's Experience..	8	369
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, Woman.....	15	304
HALPINE, CHARLES G., Irish Astronomy.....	16	452
Song of the Soldier.....	23	312
HANLY, FRANK J., Control Liquor Traffic.....	19	262
Truth About the Liquor Traffic.....	19	263
HANFF, MINNIE MAUDE, Cuddlin'town.....	30	177
HARL, MRS. CHARLES M., The Living Flag.....	25	101
HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, Brother Wolf and the Horned Cattle	3	201
A Howdy Song.....	3	261
Hello, House	11	259
How She Went Into Business.....	1	28
Old Mr. Rabbit.....	18	231

	No.	PAGE
HARRISON, BENJAMIN, A Plea for Patriotism....	2	116
HARTE, BRET, Chiquita.....	18	204
Jim	18	206
Ramon	13	34
Swiss Air	15	306
HATCHET, HIRAM, Cold Water.....	19	357
HAWKS, A. W., Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid.....	17	41
His Cork Leg.....	17	120
His Thousand Dollars.....	16	465
The Nervous Man.....	17	117
No Wonder	17	41
HAY, JOHN, Banty Tim.....	31	379
Jim Bludso of the "Prairie Bell".....	18	213
Little Breeches	18	215
Tribute to McKinley.....	11	266
HAYES, J. RUSSELL, A Childhood Garland.....	31	381
By Severn Sea.....	11	249
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, Bombardment of Vicks- burg	31	324
A Little While.....	11	238
HAYS, MARGARET, Who Got Skinned?.....	15	372
HEINE, HEINRICH, The Difficulty.....	18	243
HENLEY, W. E., Invictus.....	20	403
HEMANS, FELICIA, The Landing of the Pilgrims....	14	157
HENRY, O., Compliments of the Season.....	30	217
HERFORD, OLIVER, Gold.....	17	28
Metaphysics	15	305
The Hen	15	306
HERMANN, VICTOR A., De Squeegie.....	15	311
That Game of Quoits.....	17	30
HERRICK, ROBERT, A Grace for a Child.....	3	212
The Primrose	8	307
The Star Song.....	3	216
HIGGINSON, ELLA, When the Birds Come North....	17	35
HIGGINSON, THOMAS W., General Gage and the Boston Boys	31	271
HILL, MARION, The Day of Precious Penalties.....	4	342
HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT, The Christian Pulpit....	14	202
Foretokens of Immortality.....	14	230
John Ruskin.....	10	111
The Modern Pulpit.....	14	197
Peace and Hope.....	14	232
HINER, JOSEPH W., Boundaries.....	15	354
HOAR, GEORGE F., Gladstone on Oratory.....	12	366
Gladstone, the Orator.....	12	367
Right of the Filipinos to Independence.....	31	332
Subjugation of the Philippines.....	10	182
HOBERT, GEORGE V., Vot to Call Him.....	25	18
HODGES, LEIGH M., Charles Dickens.....	30	256
HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO, Monterey.....	31	286
HOLLAND, J. G., Babyhood.....	15	271
God Give Us Men.....	14	137
The Good Fellow.....	19	285

	No.	PAGE
Mitigating Circumstances	19	283
The Temperance Question	19	286
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, The Boys.....	12	312
The Comet	7	287
The Chambered Nautilus.....	12	314
The Last Leaf.....	12	306
The Music Grinders.....	12	308
Music Pounding	16	457
Pluck and Luck.....	20	400
The September Gale.....	12	310
Old Ironsides	3	253
Union and Liberty.....	12	305
Welcome to the Alumni.....	21	18
HOOD, THOMAS, The Deathbed.....	14	215
Her Moral	17	103
Queen Mab	3	215
Truth in Parentheses.....	6	192
HOPKINS, ELLISON S., The Pawpaw.....	11	248
HOPE, ANTHONY, Cordial Relations.....	6	187
The Prisoner of Zenda.....	2	135
Retribution (from "Dolly Dialogues").....	7	267
The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard.....	1	61
HOPPER, EDNA WALLACE, Only a Man.....	22	112
HORACE, Happy the Man.....	20	401
HORNBLOW, ARTHUR, The Lion and the Mouse.....	32	388
HOSFORD, MAUD, Bargain in Hearts.....	24	404
HOUGHTON, LORD, Lady Moon.....	4	326
HOUSTON, MARGARET, Meriel.....	5	34
HOVEY, RICHARD, America.....	18	242
HOWE, JULIA WARD, Our Country.....	23	296
Fulton	25	24
HOWELL, CLARK, Our United Country.....	21	20
HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, The Pilot.....	11	211
HOYT, ELEANOR, see Brainard, Eleanor Hoyt.		
HUBBARD, ELBERT, A Message to Garcia.....	1	68
HUGHES, THOMAS, The Boat Race.....	28	367
HUGO, VICTOR, The Battle of Waterloo.....	28	420
A Fight with a Cannon (from "Ninety-three")....	8	300
The Guillotine	5	40
Jean Valjean and the Bishop.....	1	98
On a Barricade.....	20	417
HUNT, LEIGH, Abou Ben Adhem.....	14	156
Cupid Swallowed	15	274
Jenny Kissed Me.....	8	383
Stolen Fruit	25	84
HUNTER, GARDNER, How Adventure Came to Petee	29	92
HURNAND, F. C., Oh, My Geraldine.....	15	307
HUTCHINSON, A. H., A Boy's Pledge.....	19	336
HUXLEY, THOMAS H., Darwin and Science.....	12	381
The Origin of Species.....	12	382
IGLEHART, F. C., Defeat for the Saloon.....	17	302
INGALLS, JOHN J., Opportunity.....	14	156

	No.	PAGE
INGELOW, JEAN, Seven Times One.....	4	363
INGERSOLL, ROBERT, At His Brother's Grave.....	10	180
Napoleon	16	432
Shakespeare	10	107
A Vision of War.....	8	356
IRVING, MINNA, Her Reason.....	15	331
IRWIN, WALLACE, Baseball.....	13	92
A Bass Solo.....	23	243
Hon. Gasoline	13	95
In Our Curriculum.....	23	241
A Nautical Extravagance.....	9	7
A Send-off	15	373
Song of the Dancing Dervishes.....	25	76
The Solid Lady Vote.....	16	476
Togo and the Clothes-line.....	30	201
The United States Senate—An Appreciation.....	23	242
Woman	20	416
IRVINE, THEODORA URSULA, Diction, Editorial.....	24	353
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT, If I Can Live.....	26	224
JACKSON, HENRY R., My Wife and Child.....	18	227
JAMES, WILLIAM, Colonel Robert Gould Shaw at Fort Wagner	31	346
JENKINS, LUCY DEAN, Mammy's Pickanin'.....	4	357
The Old Banjo.....	22	193
JENSEN, MARTIN E., Which of Three?.....	15	329
JEROME, WILLIAM T., A Fight for a City.....	7	209
JERROLD, DOUGLAS, Mrs. Candle Has Taken Cold.....	29	90
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE, The Luck of the Bogans.....	19	291
JOHNSTON, MARY, Lewis Rand.....	24	418
JONES, HENRY ARTHUR, The Window-Blind.....	32	415
JONES, NELLE PARKER, A Summer Cycle.....	15	330
JONES, SAM P., The Drunkard's Grand March.....	19	325
JONSON, BEN, Fame.....	2	117
A Rosy Wreath.....	20	445
Simplex Munditiis	11	271
To Celia	7	259
JOYCE, CECILE, My Little Boy.....	25	14
KAUFMAN, HERBERT, The Measure of a Man.....	22	195
KELLOCK, HAROLD, The Crackajack Story.....	29	12
KELLY, ETHEL M., The Middle Child.....	24	403
KELLY, MYRA, A Christmas Present for a Lady.....	20	461
In Loco Parentis.....	30	227
The Mothers of Edward.....	6	142
KERR, JOE, You Git Up.....	15	316
KING, BASIL, The Last Love Feast.....	22	102
KING, BEN, The Cushville Hop.....	1	21
Elopement	18	241
If I Can Be By Her.....	15	339
If I Should Die To-night.....	18	147
Jane Jones	4	383
Lovey-Loves	1	69

	No.	PAGE
KING, CHARLES, Ray's Ride.....	31	374
KINGSLEY, CHARLES, The Death of Hypatia.....	5	48
Dolcino to Margaret.....	30	189
Every Morning	20	473
A Farewell	3	223
The Lost Doll.....	3	244
The Old, Old Song.....	15	281
Sing Heigh-ho	25	92
KIPLING, RUDYARD, Bimi.....	18	132
A Code of Morals.....	17	111
Conundrum of the Workshops.....	31	60
The Decent Man.....	15	260
Drums of the Fore and Aft.....	23	283
Fuzzy-Wuzzy	18	236
Gypsy Song	15	268
How the Elephant Got His Trunk.....	4	295
The Man Who Was.....	13	118
My Rival	4	327
Poor Dear Mamma.....	32	436
Recessional	3	219
To the Unknown Goddess.....	17	110
Troopin'	17	95
The Vampire	17	94
With Any Amazement.....	1	78
KISER, S. E., The Boast of a Virtuous Man.....	15	315
Caste	29	121
His New Suit.....	25	10
Hiram Foster's Thanksgiving Turkey.....	5	77
Knowledge	17	22
My Creed	17	114
The Price of Greatness.....	29	128
The Soldier Boy for Me.....	24	408
Teaching a Girl Football.....	24	405
Vanished Dangers	23	288
What He Got Out of It.....	5	11
When the Gravy's on the Buckwheats.....	9	92
When Paw Was a Boy.....	11	258
KLEIN, CHARLES, The Lion and the Mouse.....	32	388
KNOWLES, SHERIDAN, The Hunchback.....	2	172
KNOX, WILLIAM, Immortality.....	17	14
KOTZEBUE, AUGUST, Hugo Grotius.....	32	410
LAMB, CHARLES and MARY, Going into Breeches. 3		243
LAMB, CHARLES, The Origin of Roast Pig.....	29	6
LANDOR, WALTER S., Commination.....	25	92
Death Stands Above Me.....	5	54
Heartsease	2	166
On His Seventy-fifth Birthday.....	1	94
LANGBRIDGE, FREDERICK, "I Mean to Wait for Jack"	25	86
LANGDON, WILLIAM H., What Does Graft Mean?.....	23	279
LANGSTON, JAMES, For Dear Old Yale.....	2	183
LANIER, SIDNEY, Battle of Lexington.....	31	276
The Stirrup-Cup	5	74

	No.	PAGE
LARCOM, LUCY, Little Dancing Leaves.....	29	99
LATHROP, GEORGE P., Keenan's Charge.....	11	253
LAWSON, HENRY, Faces in the Street.....	16	433
LEAR, EDWARD, The Lapidary.....	17	93
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.....	3	241
The Pobble Who Has No Toes.....	15	307
LEARNED, WALTER, An Explanation.....	15	343
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD, Illusions of War.....	16	416
Trangression	28	468
LEVER, CHARLES, The Widow Malone.....	15	302
LESSING, BRUNO, The End of the Task.....	23	253
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, Gettysburg Address.....	10	187
Slipping Away Unbeknownst.....	13	71
Stories	13	116
The Temperance Revolution.....	19	353
LINCOLN, JOSEPH C., Idella and the White Plague.....	13	99
LINCOLN, JOE, The New Brother.....	27	279
LINTON, LULU, Watch the Corners.....	14	155
LITSEY, EDWIN C., The Dreams Ahead.....	14	151
LIPPARD, GEORGE, The Rider of the Black Horse.....	31	302
LLOYD, ROBERT, Expression in Reading.....	17	1
LODGE, HENRY CABOT, The Blue and the Gray.....	21	24
Battle of Manila.....	31	328
Battle of Santiago.....	31	327
The Rough Riders.....	31	326
What the Flag Means.....	31	315
LONDON, JACK, The Call of the Wild.....	2	131
LONG, JOHN D., The American Navy.....	13	30
I Would, Dear Jesus.....	14	162
Memorial Day	10	148
LONG, JOHN LUTHER, Glory.....	1	53
The Prince of Illusion.....	23	257
LONG, NICK, Rosa.....	18	141
LONG, WILLIAM J., Zetto, the Story of a Life.....	13	7
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W., Beware.....	18	240
The Cumberland	31	320
The Leap of Roushan Beg.....	29	56
There Was a Little Girl.....	15	310
LOOMIS, CHARLES BATTELL, The Gift of Tact.....	20	442
Hans' Hens	27	293
Held at the Station.....	22	147
Mrs. Harrigan on Neighborliness.....	22	154
Mrs. Harrigan Telephones.....	24	370
The Mother of Little Maude and Little Maude.....	22	151
A Song of Sorrow.....	15	273
LOPEZ, JOHN S., Measure of the Ghetto.....	27	345
LORIMER, GEORGE H., John Graham.....	7	256
LOVE, ROBERTUS, At Lincoln's Tomb.....	4	355
LOVELACE, RICHARD, To Lucasta.....	11	204
LOVER, SAMUEL, The Angel's Whisper.....	3	242
The Birth of St. Patrick.....	16	452
Rory O'More	15	266
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, American Democracy.....	16	438
A Christmas Carol.....	14	188

	No.	PAGE
Commemoration Ode	12	355
Democracy	16	434
General Grant	31	373
The Present Crisis.....	31	361
The Sun's Three Motions, A Story.....	22	220
To the Dandelion.....	17	96
LOWELL, ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE, The Relief of Lucknow	31	356
LUDLOW, JOHN, Irish Names.....	25	11
LUTHER, MARTIN, Cradle Hymn.....	4	349
LYLY, JOHN, Campaspe.....	27	243
Cupid and Campaspe.....	18	235
LYON, RALPH A, Ragtime Philosophy.....	17	40
LYSTER, FRED, A Life Boat Yarn.....	28	459
LYSAGHT, EDWARD, Kitty of Coleraine.....	15	293
LYTTON, BULWER, Richelieu.....	2	157
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, The Battle of Naseby	28	435
Ivry	31	305
MACKEY, CHARLES, Cleon and I.....	8	298
A Deed and a Word.....	17	106
Tubal Cain	13	32
MACKLIN, CHARLES, The Utility of Booring.....	22	121
MACLAREN, IAN, Afterwards.....	26	126
The Doctor's Last Journey.....	30	141
His Mother's Sermon.....	7	248
What Is Christianity?.....	14	180
McCALL, PATRICK JOSEPH, Herself and Myself..	15	265
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLEY, If I Were King..	37	237
McCLUSKY, KATE WISNER, A Lullaby.....	15	326
The Moon Cradle.....	11	262
McCUTCHEON, G. B., The Advocate's First Plea...	2	144
MacDONALD, GEORGE, The Owl and the Bell.....	29	32
McGUIRE, WILL V., College Oil Cans.....	20	404
McHENRY, MAY, The Deepwater Debate.....	29	37
McILVANE, C., Coom, Lassie, Be Good to Me.....	1	43
McKAY, JAMES THOMPSON, The Cenotaph.....	12	353
McKINLEY, WILLIAM, Last Speech of.....	2	180
McNALLY, JAMES C., The Dream and the Deed....	25	95
MALONE, WALTER, Opportunity.....	14	167
MANSFIELD, RICHARD, The Eagle's Song.....	15	349
MANZIALLE, THEOPHILE, A Tragedy.....	30	195
MARKHAM, EDWIN, The Great Guest Comes.....	24	424
Lincoln: The Man of the People.....	12	358
The Man with the Hoe.....	14	144
Manger Song of Mary.....	25	106
San Francisco Desolate.....	4	384
The Vermin in the Dark.....	23	249
MARSHALL, CAPTAIN R., Match-making.....	32	429
MARTIN, GEORGE MADDEN, Emmy Lou.....	1	49
A Little Feminine Casabianca.....	5	7
The Play's the Thing.....	5	12
MASON, GRACE SARTWELL, The Prodigies.....	22	128

	No.	PAGE
MASON, WALT, The Dead Ones.....	25	88
Teaching Children Manners.....	18	145
MATTHEWS, BRANDER, By Telephone.....	18	136
The Silent System.....	6	160
MATSON, DARIUS E., The Way to Win.....	17	32
MAXWELL, WILLIAM, To Annie.....	18	189
MATTEUX, PETER A., A Roundelay.....	15	278
MEREDITH, OWEN, The Portrait.....	18	176
MERRIMAN, ABBIE L., Spring Opinions.....	30	187
MILLER, JOAQUIN, The Bravest Battle.....	7	253
Como	28	433
For Those Who Fail.....	14	205
Song of Peace.....	25	23
MILTON, JOHN, Time.....	5	5
Satan's Sovereign Sway.....	20	403
MR. DOOLEY, see Dunne, Finley Peter.		
MRS. PARTINGTON, see E. A. Shillaber.		
MITCHELL, J. A., The Bachelor's Supper.....	20	400
MITCHELL, AGNES E., When the Cows Come Home	29	44
MONTAGUE, JAMES J., Hypnotism and the Dog....	18	151
A Song of the Factory.....	22	141
MONTGOMERY, JAMES, Arnold Winkelreid.....	31	330
Columbus	31	266
Harvest Song	14	191
MONTGOMERY, L. M., Anne of Green Gables.....	30	206
MOONEY, F. X., Some Experiments.....	15	342
MOORE, HANNAH, A Riddle.....	3	281
MOORE, JOHN T., Ben Butler's Last Race.....	17	49
The Downfall of Conway.....	19	272
MOORE, THOMAS, Lying.....	18	238
Nonsense	15	304
Oft in the Stilly Night.....	9	67
MORGAN, BESSIE, "Spacially Jim".....	4	370
MORGAN, LEILA, Mrs. O'Leary Makes a Morning Call	29	20
MORNAUX, JULES, The Deaf Man.....	17	73
MORROW, W. C., The Inmate of the Dungeon.....	20	478
MORRIS, GOUVENEUR, Alexander Hamilton.....	16	446
MORRIS, WILLIAM, The Haystack in the Flood.....	26	180
MOUNTS, BEN F., Smiling Blue Eyes.....	25	89
MOULTON, LOUISE C., A Plea for the Old Year...	5	59
Who Knows?	5	36
MULOCK, DINAH M., Green Things Growing.....	3	226
MURRAY, W. H. H., The Deacon and Parson on New Year's	22	164
NAYLOR, JAMES BALL, His One Book.....	25	100
The Song of the Motor Car.....	15	313
NESBIT, WILBUR D., After Forty Years.....	19	319
The Baffled Champion.....	15	283
The Crowning Indignity	25	22
The Curing of William Hicks.....	27	260
The Elocutionist's Curfew	1	95

	No.	PAGE
Grandpa and the Foghorn.....	25	17
Heaven	20	402
The Heathen	24	457
I Used to Know Your Ma.....	22	134
Let Us Smile	27	352
The Punishment of Robert	24	382
The South is Going Dry.....	19	359
Story of the Wrinkles.....	25	99
NEWELL, PETER, Her Polka Dots.....	15	312
NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE, Send Them to Bed with a Kiss	14	135
NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT, Fishin'.....	5	26
NEWTON, JOHN, The Quiet Heart.....	14	218
NICHOLSON, JAMES, Imph—m.....	4	328
NICKEY, PAULINE V., Let Us Smile.....	26	224
NYE, BILL, Shoeing a Bronco.....	17	115
OLD ENGLISH SONG	17	121
O'LEARY, CORMAC, Reflections on Cleopatra's Needle	24	397
OLIVER, OWEN, The Martyr.....	13	36
OLNEY, RICHARD, John Marshall.....	16	463
OMAR, IBN, Sayings.....	22	141
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, Constancy.....	15	348
Dying in Harness.....	14	189
Peace and Pain.....	25	104
OSBOURNE, LLOYD, The Floating Balance.....	23	289
OUTIDA, A Soldier of France.....	7	201
The Steeplechase	11	228
OUTLOOK, The Waiting Figure.....	7	236
OUTRAM, GEORGE, The Annuity	30	151
PAIN, BARRY, Oh! Weary Mother.....	15	305
PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW, High Life at Christ- mas	23	310
PALMER, ALICE FREEMAN, The Tempest.....	14	177
PARKER, GILBERT, The Will ("Lane That Has No Turning")	9	24
The Going of the White Swan.....	13	19
PARKER, THEODORE, The Children of the Poor... 2		122
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON, The Piper....	24	359
PECK, HARRY THURSTON, The Other One.....	11	257
PECK, SAMUEL M., A Kiss in the Rain.....	15	363
PENN, WILLIAM, Temporal Happiness.....	15	343
PERCIVAL, JAMES G., To the Eagle.....	31	258
PENNELL, H. C., Waterloo Place.....	17	62
PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART, The Chief Op- erator	23	229
The Day of Judgment.....	18	156
Fourteen to One.....	9	10
Helene Thamre	26	176
Jack, the Fisherman.....	26	134
Madonna of the Tubs.....	27	251
Mary Elizabeth	19	315
Nobody's Tim	22	175

	No.	PAGE
PHILLIPS, STEPHEN, William E. Gladstone.....	12	365
PHILLIPS, WENDELL, The Scholar in a Republic...	10	104
PIERPONT, JOHN, Columbus.....	23	303
The Fourth of July.....	23	295
Warren's Address	20	401
PIFER, IDA LITTLE, On Co'tin'.....	18	143
PIKE, MARSHALL S., Washington's Grave.....	25	53
PINER, H. L., De Thanksgivin' Blessin'.....	20	454
PINERO, ARTHUR W., The Nap Interrupted.....	32	423
PITT, WILLIAM, The War with America.....	31	307
PLAYS:		
(The number of male and female characters and length of time is indicated.)		
Armgart, 3 m., 2 f., 60 min.....	8	308
At Nanny's Cottage, 2 m., 2 f., 25 min.....	6	169
The Balcony, Cyrano de Bergerac, 4 m., 1 f., 30 min.	6	129
A Button, from the German. Farce, 2 m., 2 f., 30 min.	13	80
Confessions, 1 m., 1 f., 40 min.....	7	271
Cordial Relations, 2 m., 1 f., 15 min.....	6	187
Cured, 5 f., 30 min.....	9	32
The Deaf Man, 4 m., 1 f.....	17	73
The Examination, 2 m., boys and girls, 30 min.....	6	178
The Falcon, 2 m., 2 f., 45 min.....	6	114
Fanny Squeers' Tea-Party, 2 m., 2 f.....	25	38
His Unbiased Opinion	32	501
In Trust, 1 m., 1 f., 20 min.....	7	260
The Land of Heart's Desire, 3 m., 3 f., 40 min.....	9	74
Mary Tudor, 3 m., 2 f.....	17	63
Mercedes, 3 m., 2 f.....	32	397
A Midsummer Night's Dream, 3 m., 7 f., 70 min...	8	327
A Misdemeanor of Nancy, 2 m., 3 f., 25 min.....	8	348
The Mothers of Edward, 9 f., 30 min.....	6	142
The Nap Interrupted, 2 m., 2 f.....	32	423
Portia and Nerissa, 2 f.....	32	452
Retribution, 2 m., 7 f., 15 min.....	7	267
Rose and the Ring, 5 m., 3 f.....	17	16
School Scene from "Hard Times" 3 m., boys and girls, 15 min.....	6	152
The Set of Turquoise. Comedy, 1 m., 2 f., 20 min..	13	72
The Silent System, 1 m., 1 f., 25 min.....	6	160
The Temptation, 1 m., 2 f., 30 min.....	6	103
Topsy, 3 f., 20 min.....	7	281
The Window Blind, 2 m., 1 f.....	32	415
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2 f., 10 min.....	6	156
The Will, 2 m., 2 f., 20 min.....	9	24
PLUNKET, WILLIAM CONYNGHAM, Conspiracy Against Ireland	23	250
POE, EDGAR ALLAN, Annabel Lee.....	12	349
The Bells	12	346
Eldorado	12	352
The Fall of the House of Usher.....	1	70
The Haunted Palace.....	12	351

	No.	PAGE
The Raven	12	340
The Tell-Tale Heart	2	148
To Helen	9	43
POOLE, ERNEST, The Slow Man	1	45
POPE, ALEXANDER, The Dying Christian to His Soul	14	218
PORTER, LAURA SPENCER, The Envoy	15	319
PORTER, HORACE, The Government Mule	22	208
Tribute to General Grant	21	30
PORTER, SYDNEY, Hearts and Hands	29	53
PRENTICE, G. D., Where the Rainbow Never Fades ..	14	161
PRENTIS, S. S., Death of Lafayette	10	164
PRESTON, MARGARET, God Loved the Lilies	30	251
PROCTOR, ADELAIDE A., Requitel	16	415
PROCTOR, BRYAN WALLER, A Petition to Time ..	13	47
Sit Down, Sad Soul	13	45
PUBLIC SPEAKING EVENTS	8	403
PUCK, Maloney's St. Patrick's Day Hat	8	297
PRUITT, WILHELMINA FRANKLIN, The Moon Pilot	29	98
RAM'S HORN, THE, About the Saloon	19	284
The Cause of Woe	19	282
Don't You Believe It	19	280
Drink and Drunkards	19	287
The Nation's Woe	19	312
RATH, E. J., The Gardendale Burglar Cure	23	234
RANDS, WILLIAM B., Little Christel	4	361
READ, T. BUCHANAN, The Revolutionary Rising ..	31	338
READE, CHARLES, A Fight with Pirates	27	339
REALF, RICHARD, A Holy Nation	17	107
REESE, LOWELL OTUS, In the Old Church Choir ..	15	376
REID, JOHN D., The Last Shot	16	410
RICHARD, MARGARET A., The Attraction	14	224
Done Unto Christ	14	172
A Little Knight Errant	4	382
Proof	14	169
Will's Chubby Legs	22	195
RICHARDS, LAURA, A Matter of Importance	24	376
RIIS, JACOB, Kid McDuff's Girl	19	299
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, Bud's Fairy Tale	3	262
Das Krist Kindel	5	75
Mother	25	69
Naughty Claude	24	358
Slap Him on the Back	15	378
The Train-misser	15	344
To the New Year	25	97
Twiggs and Tudens	11	200
When de Folks Is Gone	15	345
RIVES, AMELIE, Virginia of Virginia	26	130
RION, HANNA, The Marriagemony of Minerva White	22	170
ROBERTS, C. G. D., Ballad of Crossing the Brook ..	7	246
Miranda and Her Friend Kroof	3	277
Sleepy Man	15	264

AUTHORS

25

	No.	PAGE
ROBESPIERRE, MAXIMILIAN, Last Speech of....	5	42
ROBERTSON, HARRISON, Kentucky Philosophy....	28	415
ROBINSON, A. MARY F., Darwinism.....	12	397
ROCHE, JAMES J., If.....	18	239
The V-a-s-e	15	296
ROGERS, SAMUEL, My Wish.....	9	53
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, The Man with the		
Muck-Rake	31	366
Our Debt to the Nation's Heroes.....	31	260
ROSEBERRY, LORD, Duty of Public Service.....	31	319
ROSS, WILLIAM EDWARD, Dad.....	30	248
ROSTAND, EDMOND, The History Lesson.....	1	6
Balcony Scene ("Cyrano de Bergerac").....	6	129
The Temptation ("The Princess Far Away")....	6	103
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA, Up-hill	9	59
A Royal Princess.....	24	410
RUSSELL, IRWIN, Larry's on the Force.....	18	140
Mahsr John	28	457
Nebuchadnezzar	18	146
The Origin of the Banjo.....	16	389
RYAN, JOSEPH ABRAM, The Conquered Banner... 8		355
The Song of the Mystic.....	17	102
SABIN, Edwin L., Deposed	24	455
Mothers	23	294
SANGSTER, MARGARET E., A Little Vagabond...24		369
The Sin of Omission.....	14	136
SAXE, J. G., American Aristocracy.....	15	362
Echo	16	408
Solomon and the Bees.....	25	34
Woman's Will	15	360
SCHUMANN, ALANSON TUCKER, Poe.....	25	13
SCHREINER, OLIVE, The Artist's Secret.....	1	5
SCHURZ, CARL, Eulogy on Charles Sumner.....	4	293
General Sherman	13	27
SCORER, JOHN G., The Old Man and Shep.....	5	35
SCOTT, CLEMENT, The Women of Mumble's Head.11		250
The Story of a Stowaway.....	18	190
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, Hunting Song.....	8	384
Lullaby of an Infant Chief.....	3	252
My Native Land.....	3	226
Soldier, Rest	11	303
The Tournament (from "Ivanhoe").....	5	55
SECORDIN, E. A., Dream of Past Christmases....25		31
SHADWELL, BERTRAND, When He Comes.....	14	168
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, As You Like It. A		
Cutting	27	276
Hark, Hark! The Lark.....	13	46
Henry the Fifth at Harfleur.....	28	448
Henry the Fifth's Wooing	28	429
A Midsummer Night's Dream.....	8	327
Over Hill, Over Dale.....	11	218
Prayer Before Agincourt (Henry V.).....	18	254
The Taming of the Shrew.....	28	360

	No.	PAGE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	6	156
The Uses of Adversity (As You Like It).....	20	418
Juliet and Her Nurse.....	32	421
King Lear Dividing His Kingdom.....	32	467
King John	32	488
Portia and Nerissa	32	452
The Quarrel Between Brutus and Cassius.....	32	432
Antony's Description of Brutus.....	18	239
The Cares of Kingship (Henry V.).....	20	420
King Richard's Despondency (Richard III.).....	20	418
Polonius to Laertes (Hamlet).....	18	228
The Potion Scene (Romeo and Juliet).....	20	415
Wolsey's Soliloquy	25	103
SHELDON, CHARLES M., Joe's Baby.....	19	348
SHELLEY, PERCY B., I Fear Thy Kisses.....	13	46
A Lament	9	9
To	13	46
SHEPHERD, N. O., The Roll Call.....	31	290
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, A Woman's Education	18	226
Mrs. Malaprop on Female Education.....	28	412
Selling the Family Pictures.....	28	373
SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER, Daisies.....	25	36
SHILLABER, E. A., Fancy Diseases.....	18	171
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, A Ditty.....	30	195
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRY, Scene from Quo Vadis....	1	15
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND, A Fool's Prayer.....	17	108
Opportunity	7	227
SLOSSON, ANNIE T., The Boy Scaret o' Dyin'.....	3	268
SMITH, CHAS. E., The Glory of the Republic.....	13	29
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON, A Gondola Race.....	4	371
A Kentucky Cinderella	4	350
One of Bob's Tramps.....	20	410
SMITH, GYPSY, As Jesus Passed.....	14	164
The New Life.....	14	166
SMITH, HARRY B., Her Faults.....	25	82
Same Old Story.....	15	298
SMITH, LANGDON, Evolution	12	394
SMITH, WILLIAM HAWLEY, The Other Fellow....	32	420
SOTHERN, WINIFRED, A Doorstep Dialogue.....	20	470
SPALDING, SUSAN MARR, Fate.....	25	30
SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT, The Christmas Fire	25	15
SPEER, ROBERT, The Folly of Falsehood.....	14	210
True Greatness	14	211
When Saw We Thee?.....	14	212
SPRAGUE, The Intemperate Husband.....	19	310
STANTON, FRANK L., Before the Gates.....	24	454
A Citizen of Sunlight.....	29	21
Commencement at Billville.....	24	402
The Dreams	15	334
The Future Bright.....	14	244
The Good Old Hymns.....	14	245
The Home Road.....	23	280

	No.	PAGE
How I Spoke the Word.....	16	391
Keep A-goin'	15	340
My Dearie	15	323
The Old Boys in the Dance.....	8	358
Prayin' for Rain.....	16	387
The Prize Spring Story.....	17	37
In Christmas Land.....	27	289
The Runaway Toys.....	16	386
The Sky for You.....	14	235
So Many	14	254
A Song of Seasons	14	236
This World	14	186
Weary for Her.....	15	323
STARR, ALJEAN E., The Tale of the Sea Shell....	15	328
STEPHENS, ALEXANDER, Secession.....	5	44
STEDMAN, EDMUND C., Cavalry Song.....	15	347
The Undiscovered Country.....	15	273
STERRETT, FRANCES R., Alonzo Meakins' Silver Wedding	23	300
STETSON, CHARLOTTE PERKINS, I Resolve....	20	399
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, Foreign Lands....	13	4
From a Railway Carriage.....	3	233
The Land of Nod.....	3	234
Looking Forward	4	329
A Morning Prayer.....	14	136
A Prayer	23	311
Requiem	14	215
The Vagabond	25	19
Whole Duty of Children	3	234
Youth and Love	9	9
STEWART, CHARLES D., Finerty on Woman's Rights	23	305
STEWART, O. W., The Problem of Drunkenness....	19	344
STINSON, SAM. S., Ten Little Bachelors.....	17	72
The Stuttering Sonneteer.....	15	332
STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY, Abraham Lincoln....	13	43
Birds	5	47
The Sky	5	96
There Are Gains for All Our Losses.....	13	128
STOCKTON, FRANK R., Baby at Rudder Grange...26		165
STORIES:		
All Mixed Up.....	15	361
Eat Less	15	357
Faring Worse	15	355
Congressman Allen's Election.....	17	37
Didn't Know	17	40
The Englishman's Frank Toast.....	22	125
The Government Mule.....	22	208
He Liked Music.....	17	12
He Put Him Off.....	17	35
His Second Wife.....	17	109
A Hostile Audience.....	17	38
In the City Limits.....	17	39
Mark Twain and Depew.....	17	38

	No.	PAGE
On a Slow Train.....	17	39
A Slow Train.....	17	36
The Sun's Three Motions.....	22	220
Taking Down a Bachelor.....	17	103
Telling His Mind.....	17	101
The Wedding Journey.....	17	13
One Hundred Additional Stories.....	21	58-81
He Did	15	353
A Hen or a Horse.....	16	461
In a Sleeping Car.....	15	361
Profane Silence	15	354
Slow	15	352
The Stutterers	15	359
The Two Outside.....	15	356
What Children Say.....	15	358
STORY, W. W., Io Victis.....	7	286
STOTT, ROSCOE GILMORE, A Workman's Prayer.....	22	219
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER, The Minister Sets the Tom Turkey	22	109
The Parson's Horse Race.....	29	1
Topsy	7	281
STRONG, PHILLIP B., The Tongue.....	16	458
STUART, GEORGE R., The World's Bid for a Man.....	14	162
STUART, RUTH MCENERY, Apollo Belvidere.....	5	65
Beth'lem Star	25	108
Christmas at the Trimble.....	18	244
Sonny's Christening	1	22
SWAIN, JOHN D., François Villon About to Die....	4	323
SWIFT, JONATHAN, A Riddle.....	3	206
SWINBURNE, A. C., A Child's Laughter.....	15	292
The Higher Pantheism.....	15	292
SWING, DAVID, Beautiful Things.....	14	193
TABB, JOHN B., Evolution.....	12	388
TALBOT, S. M., The Little Boy's Baby Prayer.....	15	322
TALMAGE, T. DEWITT, After Midnight.....	19	259
The Curtain Lifter.....	19	306
Flask, Bottle and Demijohn.....	19	306
No Cure but Prohibition.....	19	331
The Rum Fiend's Portrait.....	19	309
Winter Nights	19	305
TARKINGTON, MRS. BOOTH, Land of Beginning Again	25	110
TAYLOR, BAYARD, Bedouin Love Song.....	8	380
The Quaker Widow	18	178
TAYLOR, BENJAMIN F., The Storming of Mission Ridge	30	253
TAYLOR, JANE, The Philosopher's Scales	11	302
TEMPLE, ANNA, The Kneeling Camel.....	14	175
TEMPLETON, HERMINIE, The Ashes of Old Wishes	30	233
TENNYSON, ALFRED, Ask Me No More.....	9	73
Break, Break, Break.....	12	338
The Bugle Song	12	315

	No.	PAGE
Come into the Garden, Maud.....	12	330
Crossing the Bar.....	12	333
England and America in 1782.....	12	339
The Falcon	6	114
Flower in the Crannied Wall.....	2	161
In the Children's Hospital.....	12	334
The Lady of Shalott.....	12	325
The Owl	4	299
Proem to In Memoriam.....	14	214
The Revenge	12	319
Sweet and Low.....	12	317
Tears, Idle Tears	12	318
The Thristle	12	324
What Does Little Birdie Say?.....	3	270
Wages	11	214
The Return of Enoch Arden.....	28	391
Charge of the Heavy Brigade.....	31	317
Lines on Love.....	20	450
Rizpah	20	433
TERRETT, W. B., A Pair of Platonic.....	16	454
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, The		
Cane-Bottom'd Chair	28	463
The Dead Napoleon.....	15	348
Finale	15	332
Pocahontas	3	222
The Rose and the Ring.....	17	16
Sorrows of Werther.....	28	468
When Moonlight O'er the Hazure Seas.....	15	303
THANET, OCTAVE, The Bewildered President.....	18	193
THAYER, JULIA M., The Bottle Imp.....	19	366
THAXTER, CELIA, Spring.....	17	27
THAYER, PHINEAS, Casey at the Bat.....	16	418
THOMPSON, J. R., Music of Rappahannock Waters.....	16	459
THOM, WILLIAM, The Mitherless Bairn.....	11	256
THOMAS, EDITH M., The Man Who Fought with		
the Tenth	25	32
The Old Doll.....	4	359
THORPE, ROSE H., Drinking Annie's Tears.....	19	342
THORNBURY, WALTER, Rupert's March.....	28	465
THURSTON, JOHN M., The Independence of Cuba.....	2	118
Lincoln: A Man Called of God.....	12	362
The Man Who Wears the Button.....	31	365
TICKNOR, F. O., Little Giffin.....	14	143
TILTON, THEODORE, Even This Shall Pass Away..	2	155
Woman	21	36
TOASTS, Over One Hundred Sentiments.....	21	48-57
TODD, ROSA BURWELL, Traveling Lindy.....	7	197
TOGO, HASHIMURA (see Wallace Irwin).		
TOLSTOY, LEO, The Death of Ivon Ilyvitch.....	9	19
TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR, For All These.....	23	294
TOMPKINS, MARIE LOUISE, On a Visit.....	15	335
TOWNE, CHARLES H., A Thanksgiving.....	14	200
TROWBRIDGE, J. T., The Story of the Barefoot Boy.....	16	405
TUCKET, C. W., Do Saloons Help Business?.....	19	313

	No.	PAGE
TWAIN, MARK (see Clemens, Samuel L.)		
TYLER, MOSES COIT, Mr. Gladstone in Defeat.....	12	370
TYRELL, HENRY, The Little Girl of Gettysburg.....	9	18
TYNAN, KATHARINE, The Mountains.....	26	223
VAN DYKE, HENRY, Against the Spoils System....	31	359
Doors of Daring.....	8	379
The Footpath of Peace.....	20	491
The Gospel of Labor.....	23	304
Henry Hudson's Last Voyage.....	20	457
A Home Song	14	175
The Lost Word.....	20	486
The Real Muck-Rake Man.....	4	319
Work	31	329
VAUGHN, HENRY, Peace	14	216
WAGNER, RICHARD, Parsifal the Pure.....	3	285
WAKEMAN, EMILY, As Told by Mrs. Williams.....	20	439
WALKER, ANNA D., Good Night, Dear World.....	29	19
WALLACE, A. R., Debt of Science to Darwin.....	12	389
WALLACE, LEW, The Angel and the Shepherds.....	14	208
Sergius to the Lions.....	26	149
WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS, Kitty Neil.....	15	267
WARE, EUGENE, He and She.....	15	291
The Now	14	227
Today	14	237
The Washerwoman's Song.....	14	228
WARD, ARTEMUS, The Prince of Wales.....	18	167
WARNER, ANNA B., Daffy-Down-Dilly.....	4	364
Jathrop Lathrop's Cow.....	2	167
WARREN, E. LEISTER, The Knight in the Wood... 5		6
WASHINGTON, BOOKER T., His College Examination	3	255
Lincoln's Greatness	20	409
The Negro	5	37
The Negro in the Spanish War.....	13	25
To the Harvard Alumni.....	21	34
WATERMAN, NIXON, Bitter Sweet.....	14	224
Cupid's Corner	20	421
Don't	15	290
Elder Brown's Big Hit.....	26	184
A Fo'castle Ballad.....	15	285
Following the Band.....	15	287
A Happy Family.....	15	289
Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson.....	16	395
The Life School.....	14	222
Looking for Trouble.....	26	184
Mother's Apron Strings.....	14	223
Once in a While.....	14	225
An Open Letter to a Pessimist.....	15	286
A Rose to the Living.....	14	222
Stagestruck	18	155
To Know All Is to Forgive All.....	17	25
What Have We Done To-day?.....	14	187
Woman: A Study	15	284

	No.	PAGE
WATERS, N. McGEE, The Bible.....	14	182
Christian Character	14	184
The Prodigal	14	185
What Is a Creed?.....	14	187
What Is Religion?.....	10	155
A Young Man's Religion.....	10	151
WATSON, JOHN (see Ian Maclaren).		
WATTERSON, HENRY, Abraham Lincoln.....	10	135
The New Americanism.....	31	336
The Puritan and Cavalier.....	10	133
WATTS, ISAAC, The Cradle Hymn.....	4	367
WEATHERLY, FREDERIC E., A Bird in the Hand. 1		44
Gone Home on New Year's Eve.....	18	182
Nini, Ninette, Ninon.....	1	77
WEBB, CHARLES HENRY, A Story of the Sea....	7	245
WELLS, CAROLYN, Dorothy's Opinion.....	30	179
An Overworked Elocutionist.....	17	42
Pretty Peggy	15	325
Reciprocity	11	301
WEBSTER, DANIEL, First Bunker Hill Address....	31	285
Massachusetts	31	309
WESLEY, JOHN, Hymn of a Child.....	4	349
John Wesley's Rule.....	14	161
WHITELOCK, WILLIAM W., How to Tell Time....	15	321
WHITMAN, WALT, O Captain! My Captain!.....	12	354
When I Heard the Learned Astronomer.....	25	82
WHITNEY, HATTIE, A Little Dutch Garden.....	24	394
WHITTIER, JOHN G., Abraham Davenport.....	31	334
Angels of Buena Vista.....	26	172
Brown of Ossawatomie.....	31	344
Kallundborg Church	29	34
The Moral Warfare.....	19	337
The Poor Voter on Election Day.....	31	378
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, The Author's Reading....	24	365
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER, A Hero.....	19	323
My Ships	7	258
Out of the Depths.....	19	320
Overworked	14	241
The Two Glasses.....	19	321
Victims of a Demon.....	19	324
When the Regiment Came Back.....	24	430
WILLARD, FRANCES E., A Legitimate Strike.....	19	341
The Shoemaker's Little White Shoes.....	19	338
Write It Everywhere.....	19	358
While We May.....	14	147
WILKES, JOHN, A Distinction.....	15	328
WILLIAMS, JESSE L., The Hazing of Valliant.....	20	394
WILLIAMS, MICHAEL, The Stolen Song.....	29	46
WILLIS, N. P., Andre's Request to Washington....	23	297
WILSON, MRS. E. V., The Children We Keep.....	11	236
WILSON, HOMER, America's Uncrowned Queen....	10	122
WILSON, JAMES, Casey's Revenge.....	7	205
WILSON, J. B., Ticonderoga.....	31	280
WILSON, McL., The Little Boy Who Moved.....	15	313

	No.	PAGE
WINSTON, ANNIE S., The Waiting Room.....	20	430
WITHERSPOON, CONGRESSMAN, The Meaning of the Flag.....	27	335
WOLFE, JAMES, General Wolfe's Address to His Army	31	269
WOOD, JOHN S., In the Toils of the Enemy.....	2	139
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, My Heart Leaps Up...	2	105
The Rainbow	14	221
YEATS, W. B., The Fiddler of Dooney.....	18	173
The Land of Heart's Desire.....	9	74
YOUNG, MARTHA, One L'il Lamb.....	25	28

Index by Titles

Including all selections in The Speaker, numbers 1 to 32.
(See also Index of Authors.)

Figures indicate in what number and on what page of The Speaker selections will be found.

	No.	PAGE
ABANDONMENT OF PROTECTIVE TARIFF, a debate	15	365
ABOU BEN ADHEM, Hunt.....	14	156
ABOUT THE SALOON, The Ram's Horn.....	19	284
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT, Whittier.....	31	334
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Stoddard.....	13	43
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Watterson.....	10	135
ABSENCE, Crane	15	317
ADVOCATE'S FIRST PLEA, THE, McCutcheon....	2	144
AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING, Editorial.....	21	1
AFTER FORTY YEARS, Nesbit.....	19	319
AFTER MIDNIGHT, Talmage.....	19	259
AFTERMATH (cutting), Allen.....	30	214
AFTERWARDS, Ian Maclaren.....	26	126
AGAINST THE SPOILS SYSTEM, Van Dyke.....	31	359
AIM OF THE SCHOLAR, THE, Gladstone.....	12	376
ALARM, THE, Anon.....	15	351
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Morris.....	16	446
ALL MIXED UP, a story.....	15	361
ALLA FOR ROSA, Daly.....	13	107
ALONE, Burdette	15	277
ALONZO MEAKIN'S SILVER WEDDING, Sterrett.	23	300
ALL, Durivage	17	97
AMERICA, Hovey	18	242
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT, Burns.....	13	54
AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY, Saxe.....	15	362
AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, Lowell.....	16	438
AMERICAN FLAG, THE, Drake.....	3	212
AMERICAN IDEALS (Our Debt to the Nation's Heroes), Roosevelt	31	260
AMERICAN IMPERIALISM, a debate.....	13	114
AMERICAN NAVY, THE, Long.....	13	30
AMERICAN SCHOLAR, THE, Emerson.....	10	170
AMERICA'S UNCROWNED QUEEN, Wilson.....	10	122
ANECDOTES, More Than One Hundred.....	22	220-223
AN APPEAL, Gilbert.....	18	242

	No.	PAGE
ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON, Willis.....	23	297
ANDREW'S LEADING LADY, Forbes.....	30	163
ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA, John G. Whittier.....	26	172
ANGEL'S WHISPER, THE, Lover.....	3	242
ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS, THE ("Ben- Hur"), Wallace	14	208
ANNABEL LEE, Poe	12	349
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (cutting), Montgomery.....	30	206
ANNUITY, THE, Outram.....	30	152
ANTONY ON BRUTUS ("Julius Cæsar"), Shakes- peare	18	239
APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE, Grady.....	19	295
ANT AND THE CRICKET, THE, Anon.....	4	366
APOLLO BELVIDERE, Stuart.....	5	65
ARBACES TO THE LION ("Last Days of Pompeii"), Bulwer-Lytton	28	386
ARDELIA IN ARCADY, Daskam.....	5	27
ARENA SCENE ("Quo Vadis"), Sienkiewicz.....	1	15
ARMED INTERVENTION (Brief of).....	8	391
ARMGART, Eliot	8	308
ARNOLD WINKELREID, Montgomery.....	31	230
ARTIST'S SECRET, THE, Schreiner.....	1	5
ASHES OF OLD WISHES, THE, Templeton.....	30	233
ASK ME NO MORE, Tennyson.....	9	73
AS JESUS PASSED, Smith.....	14	164
AS REGARDS JUDGES.....	9	4
AS TOLD BY MRS. WILLIAMS, Wakeman.....	20	439
AS YOU LIKE IT (a cutting), Shakespeare.....	27	272
AS YOU LIKE IT (The Uses of Adversity), Shakes- peare	20	418
AT DANCING SCHOOL.....	8	299
AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE, Ingersoll.....	10	180
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB, Love.....	4	355
AT NANNY'S COTTAGE ("The Little Minister"), Barrie	6	169
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD, Glaspell.....	8	359
AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S, Fisk.....	18	248
AT THE SIGN OF THE CLEFT HEART, Gar- rison	22	137
ATTRACTION, THE, Richard.....	14	224
AUDIENCE AND THE SPEAKER, THE, Editorial.....	11	196
AULD DADDY DARKNESS, Ferguson.....	3	240
AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY ("Sally Ann's Expe- rience"), Hall	8	369
AUTHOR'S READING AT BIXBY CENTRE, Wiggin	24	365
AUTUMN, Marion Crum.....	27	271
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SEVENTY YEARS (Glad- stone the Orator), Hoar.....	12	367
BABY AT RUDDER GRANGE, THE ("Rudder Grange"), Stockton	26	165
BABY CORN, Anon.....	3	245
BABYHOOD, Holland	15	271

	No.	PAGE
BACHELOR'S SUPPER, A, Mitchell.....	20	466
BAFFLED CHAMPION, THE, Nesbit.....	15	283
BALCONY SCENE, THE ("Cyrano de Bergerac"), Rostand	6	129
BALLAD OF THE COLORS, THE, English.....	9	64
BALLAD OF CROSSING THE BROOK, A, Roberts..	7	246
BALLAD OF BEDLAM, Anon.....	15	291
BALLAD OF ELIZABETH ZANE, Anon.....	31	261
BANNOCKBURN, Burns	9	6
BANKS OF DOON, THE, Burns.....	11	237
BANK NOTES ON GENERAL ASSETS (Brief of).....	12	409
BANTY TIM, Hay.....	31	379
BARDELL VS. PICKWICK ("Pickwick Papers"), Dickens	32	474
BARGAINS IN HEARTS, Hosford.....	24	404
BARNABY, RUDGE (Mr. Tappertit Goes Out for the Evening), Dickens	26	145
BASEBALL (Togo), Irwin.....	13	92
BASS SOLO, A, Irwin.....	23	243
BAT, THE, Carroll.....	18	212
BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, Lanier.....	31	276
BATTLE OF MANILA ("The War with Spain"), Lodge	31	328
BATTLE OF NASEBY, THE, Thomas B. Macaulay..	28	435
BATTLE OF SANTIAGO ("The War with Spain"), Lodge	31	327
BATTLE OF TRENTON, Anon.....	31	282
BATTLE OF WATERLOO, THE ("Les Miserables"), Victor Hugo	28	420
BEAUTIFUL THINGS, Swing.....	14	193
BEDOUIIN LOVE SONG, Taylor.....	8	380
BEECHER AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE....	4	292
BEIN' SICK, Anon.....	30	186
BEFORE THE GATES, Stanton.....	24	454
BE KIND, Clark.....	14	174
BELLS, THE, Poe.....	12	346
BELLES, THE, Daly.....	25	107
BENEDICTION, THE, Coppee.....	28	417
BEN HUR (The Angel and the Shepherds), Wallace..	14	208
BEN BUTLER'S LAST RACE ("The Bishop of Cot- tontown"), Moore	17	49
BEST OF IT, THE, Cone.....	20	400
BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH (His Mother's Sermon), Maclaren	7	248
BE STRONG, Babcock.....	14	150
BE TRUE, Bonar.....	3	225
BETHL'EM STAR, Stuart.....	25	108
BETTER TREASURE, THE, Andrews.....	25	1
BEWARE, Longfellow	18	240
BEWILDERED PRESIDENT, THE, Thanet.....	18	193
BIBLE, THE, Ferris.....	14	226
BIBLE, THE ("A Young Man's Religion"), Waters..	14	182
BIG 'FRAID AND LITTLE 'FRAID, Hawks.....	17	41
BILL'S IN TROUBLE, Anon.....	20	422

	No.	PAGE
BILL, THE LOKIL EDITOR, Field.....	1	12
BILLINGS OF '49, Balmer.....	13	11
BILLY BRAD'S BIG LIE, Butler.....	24	386
BIMI, Kipling	18	132
BIRD IN THE HAND, A, Butler.....	23	262
BIRD IN THE HAND, A, Weatherby.....	1	44
BIRDS, Stoddard	5	47
BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK, THE, Lover.....	16	452
BISHOP OF COTTONTOWN, THE (Ben Butler's Last Race), Moore.....	17	49
BISHOP OF COTTONTOWN, THE (Downfall of Conway), Moore	19	272
BIT OF CHEER, A, Beauchamp.....	14	247
BITTER SWEET, Waterman.....	14	224
BLACK ROCK (Mrs. Mavor's Story), Connor.....	26	198
BLACK REGIMENT, THE, Boker.....	31	347
BLACK SHEEP, Burton.....	22	224
BLIND BOY, THE, Cibber.....	18	243
BLIND, ARCHER, THE, Doyle.....	11	261
BLUE AND THE GRAY, THE, Finch.....	31	349
BLUE AND THE GRAY, THE, Lodge.....	21	24
BLUEBELL, THE, Margaret Deland.....	25	85
BOAT RACE, THE ("Tom Brown at Oxford"), Thomas Hughes	28	367
BOAST OF A VIRTUOUS MAN, THE, Kiser.....	15	315
BOBBIE'S EXCHANGES, Bangs.....	15	324
BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG, Hayne.....	31	324
BONAVENTURE (Examination, The), Cable.....	6	178
BONNIEST BAIRN, THE, Ford.....	3	220
BORDER AFFAIR, A, Clark.....	24	401
BORROWED HUSBAND, THE, Cooke.....	22	179
BOTTLE IMP, THE, Thayer.....	19	366
BOTTLE OF HELL-FIRE, THE ("The 'Code' in Larrigan Land"), Day.....	19	278
BOUNDARIES, Hiner	15	354
BOYS, THE, Holmes.....	12	312
BOY'S PLEDGE, A, Hutchinson.....	19	336
BOY'S PRAYER, A, Beeching.....	3	224
BOY THAT WAS SCARET O' DYIN', Slosson.....	3	268
BOY WHO SAID "G'WAN," Carryl.....	22	188
BRAVEST BATTLE, THE, Miller.....	7	253
BRAVE MAN, THE, Burger.....	17	43
BREAD AND BUTTER STUDIES.....	4	289
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK, Tennyson.....	12	338
BREAKING OF THE ICE-BRIDGE, THE, From Daily Paper	27	290
BROKEN PINION, THE, Butterworth.....	14	150
BROOK IN THE HEART, THE, Dickinson.....	24	396
BROTHER WOLF AND THE HORNED CATTLE, Harris	3	201
BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE, Whittier.....	31	344
BUD'S FAIRY TALE, Riley.....	3	262
BUGLE SONG, THE, Tennyson.....	12	315
BULLDOG, THE, Euwer.....	24	427

	No.	PAGE
BUNKER HILL, Calvert.....	31	278
BURGOMASTER'S DEATH, THE ("The Bells")...	2	162
BURNS, Curtis	2	124
BUTTON, A, a play from the German.....	13	80
BY SEVERN SEA, Hayes.....	11	249
BY TELEPHONE, Matthews.....	17	136
CALF PATH, THE, Foss.....	19	327
CALL, THE, Anon.....	18	169
CALL OF THE WILD, THE (a cutting), London...	2	131
CAMPASPE, John Lyly.....	27	243
CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR, THE, Thackeray.....	28	463
CAP THAT FITS, THE, Dobson.....	1	58
CARES OF KINGSHIP ("King Henry V"), Shakes- peare	20	420
CASE OF FITS, A, Fillmore.....	23	270
CASEY AT THE BAT, Thayer.....	16	418
CASEY'S REVENGE, Wilson.....	7	205
CASTE, Kiser	29	121
CAT, THE, Euwer.....	24	426
CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE, THE, Gough.....	19	281
CAUSE OF WOE, THE, The Ram's Horn.....	19	282
CAUTION TO POETS, A, Arnold.....	5	64
CAVALRY SONG, Stedman.....	15	347
CAVALRY SONG, Cutler.....	23	228
CENOTAPH, THE, McKay.....	12	353
CHAMBERED NAUTILUS, THE, Holmes.....	12	314
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR, Cham- pion	7	228
CHARACTER OF THE SALOON, Fernwald.....	19	363
CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE, Tennyson..	31	317
CHARLES DICKENS, Hodges.....	30	256
CHEER, A, Dowd.....	14	244
"CHEER UP, HONEY," Dowd.....	13	33
CHILD MUSICIAN, THE, Dobson.....	16	409
CHILDHOOD GARLAND, A, Hayes.....	31	381
CHILD'S GRACE, A, Burns.....	3	260
CHILD'S LAUGHTER, A, Swinburne.....	15	292
CHILDREN OF THE POOR, THE, Parker.....	2	122
CHILDREN OF THE POOR (Kid McDuff's Girl), Riis	19	299
CHILDREN WE KEEP, THE, Wilson.....	11	236
CHIEF OPERATOR, THE, Phelps.....	23	229
CHIQUITA, Harte	18	204
CHORUS LADY, THE (a cutting), Forbes.....	24	391
CHORUS OF WOMEN, Aristophanes.....	15	295
CHRISTIAN, THE (John Storm's Resolution), Caine.	4	308
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER ("A Young Man's Reli- gion"), Waters	14	184
CHRISTIAN PULPIT, THE, Hillis.....	14	202
CHRISTIANITY DEFINED, Drummond.....	14	179
CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS, Ferris.....	14	239
CHRISTMAS AT THE TRIMBLES, Stuart.....	18	244
CHRISTMAS CAROL (Tiny Tim), Dickens.....	3	207

	No.	PAGE
CHRISTMAS CAROL, A, Lowell.....	14	188
CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE, Brooks.....	14	193
CHRISTMAS FIRE, THE, Harriet Prescott Spofford.....	25	15
CHRISTMAS GIFTS, Mr. Dooley.....	17	25
CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS (Origin of the Banjo), Russell.....	16	389
CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY, A, Kelly.....	20	461
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, Campbell.....	18	148
CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN (How She Went into Business), Harris.....	1	28
CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS, THE ("The Hoosier Schoolmaster"), Eggleston.....	29	100
CITIZEN OF SUNLIGHT, A, Stanton.....	29	21
CITIZENS TO BLAME, Folk.....	19	347
CLEON AND I, Mackay.....	8	298
"CODE" IN LARRIGAN LAND, THE (The Bottle of Hell-Fire), Day.....	19	278
CODE OF MORALS, A, Kipling.....	17	111
COLD WATER, Hatchet.....	19	357
COLLEGE OIL CANS, McGuire.....	20	404
COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW AT FORT WAGNER ("The Monument to Robert Gould Shaw"), James.....	31	346
COLUMBUS, Montgomery.....	31	266
COLUMBUS, Hale.....	23	304
COLUMBUS IN CHAINS, Freneau.....	23	311
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD, Tennyson.....	12	330
COMET, THE, Holmes.....	7	287
COMFORTS OF TRAVEL, THE, Dooley.....	22	142
COMMEMORATION ODE, Lowell.....	12	355
COMMENCEMENT AT BILLVILLE, Stanton.....	24	402
COMMISSION SYSTEM OF MUNICIPAL GOV- ERNMENT (Brief of).....	12	404
COMMINATION, Landor.....	25	92
COMO, Miller.....	28	433
COMPARISON, A, Anon.....	27	352
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, Henry.....	30	217
CONCERNING GEORGE, Anon.....	15	378
CONCORD HYMN, Emerson.....	3	254
CONFESSION, THE, Eldridge.....	29	22
CONFESSIONS ("A Duet"), Doyle.....	7	271
CONFESSIONS OF A MODERATE DRINKER, Anon.....	19	265
CONGRESSMAN ALLEN'S ELECTION.....	17	37
CONQUERED BANNERS, THE, Ryan.....	8	355
CONQUEROR, THE, Aurin.....	29	11
CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES, a debate.....	23	313
CONSPIRACY AGAINST IRELAND, Plunket.....	23	250
CONSTANCY, O'Reilly.....	15	348
COOM, LASSIE, BE GOOD TO ME, McIlvane.....	1	43
CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, Hanly.....	19	262
CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS, THE, Kip- ling.....	30	160

	No.	PAGE
CORDIAL RELATIONS, Hope.....	6	187
CORNAYLIUS HANNIGAN, Daly.....	15	299
CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, Dooley.....	22	145
CORPSE'S HUSBAND, THE, Anon.....	15	318
COUNTING THE COST, Gillilan.....	14	168
COURAGE, Coates	16	478
COURAGE, Anon.	19	277
COURTING OF T'NOWHEAD'S BELL, Barrie.....	4	300
COWBOY'S PRAYER, THE, Clark.....	24	390
CRACKAJACK STORY, THE, Kellock.....	29	12
CRADLE HYMN, Luther.....	4	349
CRADLE HYMN, Watts.....	4	367
CREATIVE READING	2	99
CREMONA, Doyle	17	3
CRISTINA, Browning	30	193
CROSSING THE BAR, Tennyson.....	12	333
CROWNING INDIGNITY, THE, Nesbit.....	25	22
CRY OF THE CHILDREN, THE, Browning.....	17	101
CUDDLE DOON, Anderson.....	15	288
CUDDLIN'TOWN, Hanff	30	177
CULT OF THE TRUE FAITH, THE.....	1	3
CUMBERLAND, THE, Longfellow.....	31	320
CUPID AND CAMPASPE, Lyly.....	18	235
CUPID'S CORNER, Waterman.....	20	421
CUPID SWALLOWED, Hunt.....	15	274
CURED ("The Tenor") Bunner.....	9	32
CURE'S PROGRESS, THE, Dobson.....	1	60
CURING OF WILLIAM HICKS, THE, Nesbit.....	27	260
CURTAIN LIFTED, THE, Talmage.....	19	306
CUSHVILLE HOP, THE, King.....	1	21
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE ("The Deemster"), Caine	9	69
CYRANO DE BERGERAC (Balcony Scene), Ros- tand	6	129
DA COMICA MAN, Daly.....	15	301
DAD, Ross	30	248
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY, Warner	4	364
DAILY MOTTO, A, Anon.....	29	58
DAISIES, THE, Anon.....	22	153
DAISIES, Sherman	25	36
DA 'MERICANA GIRL, Daly.....	8	295
DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKY, THE ("The Lit- tle God and Dicky"), Daskam.....	5	18
DAS KRIST KINDEL, Riley.....	5	75
DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER....	29	64
DAVID COPPERFIELD (The Tragedy of Little Em'ly), Dickens	28	396
DAWN, Dunbar	1	11
DA' SWEETA SOIL, Daly.....	11	217
DANCE AT THE RANCH, THE, Anon.....	9	61
DARWIN AND SCIENCE, Huxley.....	12	381
DARWINISM, Robinson	12	397
DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN, Anon.....	12	398

	No.	PAGE
DAY OF PRECIOUS PENALTIES, THE, Hill.....	4	342
DAY OF JUDGMENT, THE ("Trot's Wedding Journey"), Phelps	81	150
DEACON AND PARSON ON NEW YEAR'S, Murray	22	164
DEAD MAN'S RUN, Cawein.....	22	126
DEAD NAPOLEON, THE, Thackeray.....	15	348
DEAD ONES, THE, Walt Mason.....	25	88
DEAF MAN, THE (play), Moinaux.....	17	73
DEATHBED, THE, Hood.....	14	215
DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE, Beecher.....	28	461
DEATH OF MADAME DEFARGE ("Tale of Two Cities"), Dickens	28	353
DEATH OF GRADY, THE, Graves.....	17	122
DEATH OF HYPATIA, THE ("Hypatia"), Kingsley.....	5	48
DEATH OF IVON ILYVITCH, THE, Tolstoy.....	9	19
DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME, Landor.....	5	54
DEATH OF LAFAYETTE, THE, Prentiss.....	10	164
DEATH OF DARWIN, THE, Bryce.....	12	385
DEBT OF SCIENCE TO DARWIN, THE, Wallace.....	12	389
DECENT MAN, THE, Kipling.....	15	260
DE CAPTAIN OF DE "MARGUERITE," Amsbary.....	25	78
DECORATION, Cooke	11	255
DECORATION DAY ("A Vision of War"), Ingersoll.....	8	356
DECLAMATION PROGRAMS	17	123
DEED AND A WORD, A, McKay.....	17	106
DEEMSTER, THE (Cut Off from the People), Caine.....	9	69
DEEPWATER DEBATE, THE, McHenry.....	29	37
DEFEAT FOR THE SALOON, Iglehart.....	19	302
DE LEON, Butterworth.....	23	298
DEPOSED, Sabin	24	455
DEMOCRACY, Lowell	16	434
DER OAK AND DER VINE, Adams.....	25	27
DE SQUEEGEE, Hermann.....	15	311
DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN', Piner.....	20	454
DE VALLEY AN' DE SHADDER (Trial of Ben Thomas), Edwards	2	151
DIALOGUE FROM PLATO, A, Dobson.....	8	296
DICK'S PLEASANT DREAM, Dudley.....	13	18
DICTION, Irvine (editorial).....	24	353
DIFFERENCE, THE, Aldrich.....	15	274
DIOGENES PAUSES, Futrelle.....	13	57
DIDN'T KNOW, a story.....	17	40
DIFFICULTY, THE, Heine.....	18	243
DILEMMA, A, Anon.....	18	216
DIRECT PRIMARY, THE, a debate.....	21	82
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER, Boker.....	31	292
DISTINCTION, A, Wilkes.....	15	328
DITTY, A, Sidney.....	30	195
DIVINE FIRE, THE, Gilder.....	17	48
DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY, THE, Maclaren.....	30	141
DOLCINO TO MARGARET, Kingsley.....	30	189
DOLLY DIALOGUES, THE (Scene from), Hope... 6		187
DOLLY DIALOGUES, THE (Scene from), Hope... 7		267

	No.	PAGE
DOMBEY AND SON (Little Paul and Mrs. Pipchin), Dickens	27	258
DONE UNTO CHRIST, Richard.....	14	172
DON'T, Waterman	15	290
DON'T YOU? Cooke.....	7	252
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, The Ram's Horn.....	19	280
DOORSTEP DIALOGUE, A, Sothern.....	20	470
DOORS OF DARING, Van Dyke.....	8	379
DO SALOONS HELP BUSINESS? Tuckett.....	19	313
DOROTHY'S OPINION, Wells.....	30	179
DOWNFALL OF CONWAY, THE ("The Bishop of Cottontown"), Moore	19	272
DOT BABY OF MINE, Adams.....	25	29
DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER, Adams.....	25	25
DR. MARIGOLD (cutting), Dickens.....	29	125
DRAMA AND LIFE, THE, Jones, Editorial.....	23	225
DRAMATIC INSTINCT, An Editorial, Miriam Lee Earley	26	113
DREAMS, Foley	26	222
DREAMS AHEAD, THE, Litsey.....	14	151
DREAMS, THE, Stanton.....	15	334
DREAM AND THE DEED, THE, McNally.....	25	95
DREAM OF PAST CHRISTMASSES, A, Secordin.....	25	31
DRINK AND DRUNKARDS, The Ram's Horn.....	19	287
DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS, Thorpe.....	19	342
DRINK'S LAST BLUFF, Anon.....	19	375
DRUGS, DUNNE	30	145
DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT, Kipling.....	23	283
DRUNKARD'S GRAND MARCH, THE, Jones.....	19	325
DUET, A (Confessions), Doyle.....	7	271
DUTY, Emerson	3	261
DUTY OF PUBLIC SERVICE, Rosebery.....	31	319
DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL, Pope.....	14	218
DYING IN HARNESS, O'Reilly.....	14	189
EAGLE'S SONG, THE, Mansfield.....	15	349
EAT LESS, a story.....	15	357
ECHO, Saxe	16	408
EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE, THE, Beecher.....	19	288
EGYPTIAN AND THE CAPTAIN ("The Little Min- ister"), Barrie	20	492
ELDER BROWN'S BIG HIT, Waterman.....	26	171
ELDORADO, Poe	12	352
ELEGY, AN, Goldsmith.....	15	309
ELEVATOR LOVE STORY ("The Expatriates"), Bell	24	414
ELOCUTION AND POETRY (editorial), Gummere.....	22	97
ELOCUTIONIST'S CURFEW, THE, Nesbit.....	1	95
ELOQUENCE, Emerson	16	385
EMMA (Miss Bates at the Ball), Austen.....	29	84
EMMY LOU, Martin.....	1	49
EMPLOYERS' RESPONSIBILITY (Briefs of).....	11	272
END OF THE TASK, THE, Lessing.....	23	253
ENGLISHMAN'S FRANK TOAST, a story.....	22	125

	No.	PAGE
ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782, Tennyson.....	12	339
ENVOY, THE, Porter.....	15	319
EPILOGUE, Browning	14	216
EPITAPH, Clemens	31	358
EPITAPH, AN, Gayley.....	18	221
ESSENCE OF PATRIOTISM, Bryan.....	31	293
EULOGY OF GARFIELD, A, Blaine.....	10	114
EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER, Schurz.....	4	293
EULOGY ON JOHN BRIGHT, Gladstone.....	12	375
EULOGY OF ROBERT E. LEE, Daniel.....	10	124
EULOGY OF WEBSTER, Choate.....	11	263
EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY, Tilton.....	2	155
EVENING IDYL, AN, Anon.....	16	417
EVERY MORNING, Kingsley.....	20	473
EVERYTHING REMINDS ME SO OF CHICKEN, Grilley	16	393
EVIL EASIER THAN GOOD, Aldrich.....	15	297
EVOLUTION, Tabb	12	388
EVOLUTION, Smith	12	394
EXAMINATION, THE ("Bonaventure"), Cable.....	6	178
EXERCISE NOT AN EXHIBITION, AN.....	3	194
EXPLANATION, AN, Learned.....	15	343
EXPATRIATES, THE (An Elevator Love Story). Bell	24	414
EXPRESSION IN READING, Browning.....	17	1
FACES IN THE STREET, Lawson.....	16	433
FAGIN'S LAST DAY ("Oliver Twist"), Dickens....	5	60
FAILURE, Theodosia Garrison.....	25	8
FAIRIES, THE, Allingham.....	3	213
FAIRY SHOEMAKER, THE, Allingham.....	29	82
FAITH, Bryan	14	138
FAITH, Dunbar	23	302
FAITHFUL LOVERS, THE, Burnand.....	18	208
FALLEN STAR, A, Chevalier.....	16	474
FAMILY FEUD, A ("Folks from Dixie"), Dunbar....	18	161
FANCY DISEASES, Mrs. Partington.....	18	171
FANNY SQUEERS' TEA PARTY ("Nicholas Nickle- by"), Dickens	25	38
FAREWELL, A. Kingsley.....	3	223
FARING WORSE, a story.....	15	355
FATHER TIME, E. K. Z.....	15	372
FATE, Susan Marr Spalding.....	25	30
FATE OF BURNS, THE, Carlyle.....	17	113
FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENT (Brief of)	8	385
FEDERAL CHARTER FOR INTERSTATE BUSI- NESS (Brief of).....	12	400
FERRY OF GALLAWAY, Cary.....	29	60
FIDDLER OF DOONEY, THE, Yeats.....	18	173
FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT, a debate.....	13	115
FIGHT FOR A CITY, A, Jerome.....	7	209
FIGHT WITH A CANNON, A ("Ninety-three"), Hugo	8	300
FIGHT WITH PIRATES, A ("Very Hard Cash"), Charles Reade	27	339

	No.	PAGE
FINALE, Thackeray	15	332
FINNIGAN TO FLANNIGAN, Gillilan.....	11	215
FINERTY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS, Stewart.....	23	305
FIRST BUNKER HILL ADDRESS, Webster.....	31	285
FIRST CALL ON THE BUTCHER, Fisk.....	18	172
FIRST IDEALIST, THE, Allen.....	25	87
FIRST KISS, THE, Anon.....	30	188
FIRST NOWELL, THE (Old Carol).....	3	205
FIRST PIANO IN CAMP, THE, Davis.....	7	219
FIR TREE, THE, Anderson.....	3	229
FISHIN', Anon.	5	26
FISHING PARTY, THE, Anon.....	26	119
FLAG GOES BY, THE, Bennett.....	3	221
FLEET, THE, Cooke.....	16	473
FLASK, BOTTLE AND DEMIJOHN, Talmage.....	19	306
FLOATING BALANCE, THE, Osbourne.....	23	289
FLOOD OF THE FLOSS, THE ("The Mill on the Floss"), Eliot.....	4	314
FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL, Tennyson..	2	161
FO'CASTLE BALLAD, A, Waterman.....	15	285
FOLLOWING THE BAND, Waterman.....	15	287
FOLLOWING ORDERS	16	482
FOLLY OF FALSEHOOD, THE, Speer.....	14	210
FOLKS FROM DIXIE (A Family Feud), Dunbar...	18	161
FOOL'S PRAYER, THE, Sill.....	17	108
FOOTBALL HERO, A, Gillilan.....	16	388
FOOTPATH OF PEACE, THE, Van Dyke.....	20	491
FOR ALL THESE, Tompkins.....	23	294
FOR DEAR OLD YALE, Langston.....	2	183
FOREIGN LANDS, Stevenson.....	13	4
FORETOKENS OF IMMORTALITY, Hillis.....	14	230
FOR THOSE WHO FAIL, Miller.....	14	205
FOUNDATION FOR READING, Editorial.....	1	1
FOURTEEN TO ONE, Phelps.....	9	10
FOURTH OF JULY, THE, Pierpont.....	23	295
FOXES' TAILS, THE, Anon.....	32	494
FRANCOIS VILLON ABOUT TO DIE, Swain.....	4	323
FRIENDLY CLOUD, A, Flint.....	7	270
FRIVOLOUS GIRL, THE, Anon.....	30	162
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE, Stevenson.....	3	233
FROST, THE, Gould.....	14	192
FUTURE BRIGHT, THE, Stanton.....	14	244
FULTON, Julia Ward Howe.....	25	24
FUZZY-WUZZY, Kipling	18	236
GARDENDALE BURGLAR CURE, THE, Rath.....	23	234
GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS ("Young Folks' History of the United States"), Higginson	31	271
GENERAL GRANT, Lowell.....	31	373
GENERAL GRANT'S COURAGE AND DECISION ("Political Discussions"), Blaine.....	31	289
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.....	31	294
GENERAL SHERMAN, Schurz.....	13	27

	No.	PAGE
GENERAL WOLFE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.....	31	269
GENTLEMEN, THE KING, Barr.....	2	106
GEORGE WASHINGTON, Anon.....	23	163
GEORGE LEE, Aide.....	17	118
GETTING THE PONY SHOD AND WHAT CAME OF IT, Anon.....	30	138
GETHSEMANE, Anon.....	28	449
GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, Lincoln.....	10	187
GIFT OF TACT, THE, Loomis.....	20	442
GINEVRA, Susan Coolidge.....	28	424
GLADSTONE ON ORATORY.....	12	366
GLADSTONE THE ORATOR ("The Autobiography of Seventy Years"), Hoar.....	12	367
GLADSTONE IN DEFEAT, Tyler.....	12	370
GLORY, Long.....	1	53
GLORY OF THE REPUBLIC, THE, Smith.....	13	29
GLORY THAT IS TO BE, THE, Dawson.....	24	417
GOBLIN GOOSE, Anon.....	20	428
GOD LOVED THE LILIES, Preston.....	30	251
GOD GIVE US MEN, Holland.....	14	137
GOD'S WAY, Bonar.....	14	219
GOIN' INTO BREECHES, Lamb.....	3	243
GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN, THE, Parker.....	13	19
GOLD, Guiterman.....	26	120
GOLD, Herford.....	17	28
GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, Weatherly.....	18	182
GONDOLA RACE, A ("Gondola Days"), Smith.....	4	371
GOOD DINNER, A, Cutting.....	4	336
GOOD-MORNING, Browning.....	3	276
GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR WORLD, Walker.....	29	19
GOOD CHEER, Ehrmann.....	22	222
GOOD FELLOW, THE, Holland.....	19	285
GOspel OF LABOR, Van Dyke.....	23	304
GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF MONOPOLIES, Debate Brief.....	27	312
GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION, a debate.....	13	108
GOVERNMENT MULE, THE, Porter.....	22	208
GRANDMOTHER'S SONG, Cooke.....	14	206
GRACE FOR A CHILD, A, Herrick.....	3	212
GRANDPA AND THE FOGHORN, Nesbit.....	25	17
GRAYSONS, THE (Trial of Tom Grayson), Eg- gleston.....	29	26
GREAT GUEST COMES, Markham.....	24	424
GREAT ORATORS, OUR, Editorial.....	4	291
GREEK-LETTER FRATERNITIES, Debate Brief.....	27	316
GREEN GNOME, THE, Buchanan.....	25	93
GREEN THINGS GROWING, Mulock.....	3	226
GROUND OF THE TERRIBLE, Begbie.....	17	98
GUILLotine, THE, Hugo.....	5	40
GYPSY SONG, Kipling.....	15	268
HAMLET (Polonius to Laertes), Shakespeare.....	18	228
HANS' HENS, Loomis.....	27	293
HAPPIEST TIME, THE, Cutting.....	26	206

	No.	PAGE
HAPPINESS, Avebury	26	144
HAPPINESS, Anon.	15	371
HAPPY FAMILY, A, Waterman.....	15	289
HAPPY THE MAN, Horace.....	20	401
HARD TIMES (School scene), Dickens.....	6	152
HARK! HARK! THE LARK, Shakespeare.....	13	46
HARPS HUNG UP IN BABYLON, Colton.....	14	170
HARVEST SONG, Montgomery.....	14	191
HAUNTED PALACE, THE, Poe.....	12	351
HAYSTACK IN THE FLOOD, THE, Morris.....	26	180
HAZING OF VALLIANT, THE, Williams.....	20	394
HE AND SHE, Ware.....	15	291
HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY, Carlton.....	16	421
HEART OF LIFE, THE, Ashton Edwards.....	27	230
HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD, THE (Mi- randa and Her Friend Kroof), Roberts.....	3	277
HEARTS AND HANDS, Porter.....	29	53
HEART'S EASE, Landor.....	2	166
HEATHEN, THE, Nesbit.....	24	457
HEAVEN, Nesbit	20	402
HE CALLED IT OFF, Mark Twain.....	17	20
HE'D HAD NO SHOW, Foss.....	15	263
HE DID, a story.....	15	353
HELLO, HOUSE, Harris.....	11	259
HELENE THAMRE, Phelps.....	26	176
HE LIKED MUSIC, a story.....	17	12
HELD AT THE STATION, Loomis.....	22	147
HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE, Van Dyke.....	20	457
HEN OR A HORSE, A, a story.....	16	461
HEN, THE, Herford.....	15	306
HENRY THE FIFTH AT HARFLEUR ("Henry V"), Shakespeare	28	448
HENRY THE FIFTH'S WOOING ("Henry V"), Shakespeare	28	429
HENRY THE FIFTH (Prayer Before Agincourt), Shakespeare	18	254
HE PUT HIM OFF, a story.....	17	35
HER FAULTS, Harry B. Smith.....	25	82
HER MORAL, Hood.....	17	103
HERO, A, Wilcox.....	19	323
HERO OF THE HILL, THE, Cooke.....	17	6
HER POLKA DOTS, Newell.....	15	312
HER REASON, Irving.....	15	331
HERSELF AND MYSELF, McCall.....	15	265
HE-SIREN OF THE GOLD FIELDS, THE, Den- nison	9	49
HE UNDERSTOOD, Culbertson.....	15	346
HERVE RIEL, Browning.....	31	311
HE WORRIED ABOUT IT, Foss.....	16	476
HIGH LIFE AT CHRISTMAS, Paine.....	23	310
HIGH, LOW, JACK AND THE BABY, Cray.....	18	222
HIGHLAND MARY, Burns.....	17	100
HIGHER PANTHEISM, Swinburne.....	15	292
HIRAM FOSTER'S TURKEY, Kiser.....	5	77

	No.	PAGE
HIS COLLEGE EXAMINATION ("Up from Slavery"), Washington	3	255
HIS CORK LEG, Hawks	17	120
HIS DAD, Brinsted	29	68
HIS FUTURE, Guiterman	15	363
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON, Maclaren	7	248
HIS NEW SUIT, Kiser	25	10
HIS ONE BOOK, Naylor	25	100
HIS SECOND WIFE, a story	17	109
HIS SYMPTOMS, Butler	26	162
HIS UNBIASED OPINION, Furniss	32	501
HISTORY LESSON ("L'Aiglon"), Rostand	1	6
HIS THOUSAND DOLLARS, Hawks	16	465
HOCH DER KAISER, Gordon	16	397
HOME-COMING ("The Other Room"), Abbott	14	233
HOLY NATION, A. Realf	17	107
HOME ROAD, THE, Stanton	23	280
HOME RULE, Gladstone	12	378
HOME SONG, A. Van Dyke	14	175
HON. GASOLINE, THE, (Togo), Irwin	13	95
HOPE FOR ALL, Beecher	14	181
HOPE, Clough	22	218
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS, Anon	26	213
HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE (Church of the Best Licks), Eggleston	29	100
HORN OF PLENTY, THE, Freeman	27	280
HOSTILE AUDIENCE, A, a story	17	38
HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, THE, Foss	14	234
HOW ADVENTURE CAME TO PETEE, Hunter	29	92
HOW I SPOKE THE WORD, Stanton	16	391
HOWDY SONG, Harris	3	261
HOW JAMIE CAME HOME, Carleton	19	332
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX, Browning	20	426
HOW SHE WENT INTO BUSINESS ("Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann"), Harris	1	28
HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK, Kipling	4	295
HOW TO TELL TIME, Whitelock	15	321
HULLO! Foss	14	190
HUMOR, an editorial	15	257
HUGO GROTIUS, Kotzebue	32	410
HUNTING AN APARTMENT, Fisk	18	186
HUSBAND'S PETITION, THE	16	456
HUNCHBACK, THE (two scenes), Knowles	2	172
HUNT, THE, Baker	4	322
HUNTING SONG, Scott	8	384
HYMN OF A CHILD, Wesley	4	341
HYMN, A, Fletcher	13	17
HYPATIA (The Death of Hypatia), Kingsley	5	48
HYPNOTISM AND THE DOG, Montague	18	151
I FEAR THY KISSES, Shelley	13	46
I WANT TO GO TO-MORROW, Anon	7	207
I WOULD, DEAR JESUS, Long	14	162

	No.	PAGE
"I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK," Langbridge.....	25	86
I WANT TO LIVE IN A COLLEGE TOWN, Ade....	25	52
IDELLA AND THE WHITE PLAGUE, Lincoln.....	13	99
IDENTITY, Aldrich	15	275
IF I CAN BE BY HER, King.....	15	389
IF, Roche	18	239
IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT, King.....	18	147
IF I CAN LIVE, Jackson.....	26	224
IF I WERE KING, McCarthy.....	27	327
ILLUSIONS OF WAR, Le Gallienne.....	16	416
IMMORTALITY Bryan	14	140
IMMORTALITY, Knox	17	14
IMPH-M, Nicholson	4	328
IN A SLEEPING CAR, a story.....	15	361
IN CHRISTMAS LAND, Stanton.....	27	289
INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP, AN, Browning	3	251
INCOME TAX, THE, a debate.....	19	376
INCOME TAX, THE (Briefs of).....	11	296
INDECISION, Anon.	18	209
INDEPENDENCE BELL, THE, Anon.....	31	272
INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA, THE, Thurston.....	2	118
INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES, Cleveland.....	10	145
IN HIS GOOD TIME.....	14	230
INGOMAR (Two Souls with but a Single Thought), Halm	32	455
INHERITANCE TAX (Briefs of).....	8	389
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM (Briefs of)....	11	281
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM, a debate.....	24	431
INISHAIL, Anon.	25	36
INJUNCTION, GOVERNMENT BY, a debate.....	13	108
IN LOCO PARENTIS, Kelly.....	30	227
IN MEMORIAM, Tennyson.....	14	214
IN MEMORIAM OF CHARLES DARWIN, Fiske...	12	392
INMATE OF THE DUNGEON, THE, Morrow....	20	478
IN OUR CURRICULUM, Irwin.....	23	241
INTEMPERATE HUSBAND, THE, Sprague.....	19	310
INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS, debate brief...	27	295
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD, Abbott.....	14	194
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, Tennyson.....	12	334
IN THE CITY LIMITS, a story.....	17	39
IN THE PALACE OF THE KING (A Love-Story of Old Madrid), Crawford.....	25	71
IN THE OLD CHURCH CHOIR, Reese.....	15	376
IN THE TOILS OF THE ENEMY, Wood.....	2	139
IN TRUST ("Romola"), Eliot.....	7	260
INVALID IN LODGINGS, AN, Barrie.....	5	71
INVICTUS, Henley	20	403
IN WILLARD'S SHOES, Child.....	11	219
IO VICTIS, story.....	7	286
I RESOLVE, Stetson.....	20	399
I USED TO KNOW YOUR MA, Nesbit.....	22	134
IRISH ASTRONOMY, Halpine.....	16	452
IRISH BACHELOR, THE, Daly.....	15	300

	No.	PAGE
IRISH COLONEL, THE, Doyle.....	25	84
IRISH NAMES, John Ludlow.....	25	11
IVY GREEN, THE ("Pickwick Papers"), Dickens....	29	5
IVRY, Macaulay	31	395
IVANHOE ("The Tournament"), Scott.....	5	55
JACK, THE FISHERMAN, Phelps.....	26	134
JACKDAW OF RHEIMS, Barham.....	28	370
JANE JONES, King.....	4	383
JATHROP LATHROP'S COW, Warner.....	2	167
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP ("Les Mis- erables"), Hugo	1	38
JENNIE, Brooks	15	377
JENNY KISSED ME, Hunt.....	8	383
JILTED, Anon.	15	327
JIM, Harte	18	206
JIM BLUDSO, Hay.....	18	213
JIM BOWKER, Foss.....	24	456
JOE'S BABY, Sheldon.....	19	348
JIM'S WOMAN, Abbott.....	25	47
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, Burns.....	9	48
JOHN BRIGHT (Eulogy on), Gladstone.....	12	375
JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE, Blackburn.....	16	442
JOHN GRAHAM ("Letters from a Self-Made Mer- chant to His Son"), Lorimer.....	7	256
JOHN MARSHALL, Olney.....	16	463
JOHNNY'S HIST'RY LESSON, Waterman.....	16	395
JOHN RUSKIN, Hillis.....	10	111
JOHN STORM'S RESOLUTION ("The Christian"), Caine	4	308
JOHN WESLEY'S RULE.....	14	161
JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN, Brown.....	27	225
JOKING, Anon.	15	333
JOY OF RHYME, THE.....	3	194
JULIE, Anon.	30	150
JULIET AND HER NURSE ("Romeo and Juliet"), Shakespeare	32	421
JULIA AND LUCETTA ("Two Gentlemen of Ver- ona"), Shakespeare	6	156
JULIUS CÆSAR (Antony on Brutus), Shakespeare..	18	239
JULIUS CÆSAR (The Quarrel Scene), Shakespeare..	32	432
KALLUNDBORG CHURCH, Whittier.....	29	34
KEENAN'S CHARGE, Lathrop.....	11	253
KEEP A-GOIN', Stanton.....	15	340
KEEP SWEET, Gillilan.....	14	142
KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN', Burdette.....	15	276
KENTUCKY CARDINAL, THE (The Strawberry Bed), Allen	26	154
KENTUCKY CINDERELLA, A. Smith.....	4	350
KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY, Robertson.....	28	415
KEYS TO SUCCESS, Bok.....	19	304
KID McDUFF'S GIRL ("The Children of the Poor") Riis	19	299

	No.	PAGE
KING RICHARD'S DESPONDENCY ("King Richard II"), Shakespeare.....	20	418
KING JOHN (cutting), Shakespeare.....	32	488
KING LEAR (cutting), Shakespeare.....	32	467
KING HENRY V (The Cares of Kingship), Shakespeare.....	20	420
KING HENRY VIII (Wolsey's Soliloquy), Shakespeare.....	25	103
KING'S GREAT VICTORY, THE, Anderson.....	11	205
KIRTLE RED, Bellamy.....	25	97
KITCHEN CLOCK, THE, Cheney.....	16	400
KITTY NEIL, Waller.....	15	267
KITTY OF COLERAINE, Lysaght.....	15	293
KISS IN THE RAIN, A, Peck.....	15	363
KISSING NO SIN, Anon.....	15	325
KNEELING CAMEL, THE, Temple.....	14	175
KNIGHT IN THE WOOD, THE, Warren.....	5	6
KNOWLEDGE, Kiser.....	17	22
L'AIGLON ("The History Lesson"), Rostand.....	1	6
LADDIE.....	9	23
LADY MOON, Houghton.....	4	326
LADY OF SHALOTT, THE, Tennyson.....	12	325
LADDIE, By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission".....	27	261
LAETUS SORTE MEA ("Story of a Short Life"), Ewing.....	3	271
LAGGARD IN LOVE, THE, Daly.....	27	351
LAMENT, A, Shelley.....	9	9
LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT, Dufferin.....	18	174
LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL, Anon.....	22	168
LAMP CHIMNEYS OUT OF OLD BOTTLES, Butler.....	22	191
LANCE OF KANANA, THE, French.....	2	188
LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN, THE, Tarkington.....	25	110
LAND OF NOD, THE, Stevenson.....	3	234
LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE, THE, Yeats.....	9	74
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, Hemans.....	14	157
LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING (The Will), Parker.....	9	24
LAPIDARY, Lear.....	17	93
LARK AND THE ROOK, THE, Anon.....	4	369
LARRY'S ON THE FORCE, Russell.....	18	140
LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY, THE, Gordon.....	10	189
LAST LEAF, THE, Holmes.....	12	306
LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (Arbaces to the Lion), Lytton.....	28	386
LAST LOVE FEAST, THE, King.....	22	102
LAST MEETING WITH FLAVIA ("Prisoner of Zenda"), Hope.....	2	135
LAST RIDE TOGETHER, THE, Browning.....	30	190
LAST SHOT, THE, Reid.....	16	410
LAST SPEECH, Robespierre.....	5	42
LAST SPEECH OF WILLIAM McKINLEY, THE.....	2	180

	No.	PAGE
LAST STRAW, THE, Grilley.....	16	431
LATEST EASTER COLOR, THE, Anon.....	17	99
LAUGHING CHORUS, A, Anon.....	25	85
LAUGHING SONG, A, Blake.....	15	268
LAWYERS, MR. DOOLEY ON, Dunne.....	13	5
LAZARRE (A Night in Ste. Pilagie), Catherwood....	2	127
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL (My Native Land), Scott	3	227
LEADERSHIP OF EDUCATED MEN, THE, Curtis. 1	1	34
LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG, THE, Longfellow.....	29	56
LEETLA GIORGIO WASHEENTON, Daly.....	24	398
LEGITIMATE STRIKE, A, Willard.....	19	341
LES MISERABLES (The Battle of Waterloo), Hugo.	28	421
LES MISERABLES (Jean Valjean and the Bishop), Hugo	1	38
LET US SMILE, Nesbit.....	27	352
LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON (John Graham), Lorimer.....	7	256
LEWIS RAND (a cutting), Johnston.....	24	418
LIDES TO BARY JADE, Anon.....	15	336
LIE, THE, Donnell.....	30	133
LIBERTY BELL, THE, Brooks.....	31	274
LIFE GARDEN, A, Earle.....	14	173
LIFE SCHOOL, THE, Waterman.....	14	222
LIFE, Barbauld	17	8
LIFE, Pauline V. Nickey.....	26	224
LIFE BOAT YARN, A, Fred Lyster.....	28	459
LIFE BOAT, THE, Anon.....	17	47
LIMERICK, A, Chicago News.....	16	475
LIMERICK, A, Chicago Tribune.....	16	462
LINCOLN'S GREATNESS, Washington.....	20	409
LINCOLN, Dolliver	4	374
LINCOLN: A MAN CALLED OF GOD, Thurston..	12	362
LINCOLN'S HEART, Butterworth.....	13	42
LINCOLN, Stories	13	116
LINCOLN: THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, Markham	12	358
LINCOLN'S RESPONSIBILITIES, Curtis.....	12	360
LINES BY A MEDIUM.....	15	296
LINES BY AN OLD FOGY, Anon.....	18	191
LINES ON LOVE, Tennyson.....	20	450
LION AND THE MOUSE (two scenes), Klein and Hornblow	32	388
LIQUOR SELLER'S PSALM OF LIFE, Dodd.....	19	276
LIQUOR TRAFFIC, THE, Chapman.....	19	354
LITTLE AH SID, Anon.....	15	341
LITTLE BOY'S BABY PRAYER, THE, Talbot.....	15	322
LITTLE BOY WHO MOVED, THE, Wilson.....	15	313
LITTLE BROWN BABY, Dunbar.....	3	250
LITTLE BREECHES, Hay.....	18	215
LITTLE CHRISTEL, Rands.....	4	361
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES, Larcom.....	29	66
LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN, Whitney.....	24	394
LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA, A, Martin.....	5	7
LITTLE GIFFIN, Ticknor.....	14	143

	No.	PAGE
LITTLE GIRL OF GETTYSBURG, THE, Tyrell....	9	18
LITTLE GOD AND DICK, THE (The Dancing School and Dicky), Daskam.....	5	18
LITTLE KNIGHT-ERRANT, A, Richards.....	4	382
LITTLE MINISTER, THE (At Nanny's Cottage)...	6	169
LITTLE MINISTER, THE (Mob scene), Barrie.....	26	121
LITTLE MINISTER, THE (The Egyptian and the Captain), Barrie	20	492
LITTLE NELL, ("Old Curiosity Shop"), Dickens....	3	282
LITTLE SISTER, Gilson.....	20	389
LITTLE VAGABOND, A, Sangster.....	24	369
LITTLE PAUL AND MRS. PIPCHIN ("Dombey and Son"), Dickens.....	27	258
LITTLE PARABLE, A, Aldrich.....	14	138
LITTLE WHILE, A, Haynes.....	11	238
LIVING, Anon.	30	137
LIVING FLAG, THE, Harl.....	25	101
LONELY HONEYMOON, THE, Daly.....	18	138
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, Waterman.....	26	184
LOOKING FORWARD, Stevenson.....	4	329
LORNA DOONE (The Winning of Lorna Doone)...	5	79
LOST DOLL, THE, Kingsley.....	3	244
LOST LEADER, THE, Browning.....	11	239
LOST WORD, THE, Van Dyke.....	20	486
LOVE (from "The Merchant of Venice").....	2	180
LOVE IN JUNE, Cunningham.....	15	330
LOVE ME NOT FOR COMELY GRACE.....	9	86
LOVE IS A SICKNESS, Daniel.....	8	347
LOVER'S QUARREL, A, Dobson.....	15	261
LOVE ON DECK, Barlow.....	17	33
LOVE-STORY OF OLD MADRID, A ("In the Palace of the King"), Crawford.....	25	71
LOVE THE MEASURE, Buckham.....	14	169
LOVEY LOVES, King.....	1	69
LUCK OF THE BOGANS, THE, Jewett.....	19	291
LULLABY, Foley	7	235
LULLABY, A, McCluskey.....	15	326
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF, Scott.....	3	252
LYING, Moore	18	238
MCKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER, Creelman.....	17	24
MADNESS OF PHILIP, THE (A Model Story in the Kindergarten), Daskam.....	5	24
MADONNA OF THE TUBS, A, Phelps.....	27	251
MAHSR JOHN, Irwin Russell.....	28	457
MAIDEN MARTYR, THE, Anon.....	31	353
MALONEY'S ST. PATRICK'S DAY HAT, Anon...	8	297
MAMMY'S PICKANIN', Jenkins.....	4	357
MAN AND HIS SHOES, A, Anon.....	22	221
MAN FOR A' THAT, A, Gough.....	19	329
MAN OF THE WORLD, THE ("The Utility of Boeing"), Macklin	22	121
MAN ON THE HILLTOP, THE, Bacheller.....	23	307
MAN'S REQUIREMENT, A, Browning.....	18	234

	No.	PAGE
MAN, THE KICKER, Anon.....	27	242
MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE TENTH, THE, Thomas	25	32
MAN WITH ONE TALENT, THE, Davis.....	26	185
MAN WITH THE HOE, THE, Markham.....	14	144
MAN WHO WAS, THE, Kipling.....	13	118
MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE, Hale.....	31	264
MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON, Thurston....	31	365
MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE, THE, Roosevelt..	31	366
MANGER SONG OF MARY, THE, Edwin Markham.	25	106
MARCH OF THE SUFFRAGETTES, Ade.....	23	240
MARK TWAIN AND DEPEW, a story.....	17	38
MARION'S FAITH (Ray's Ride), King.....	31	375
MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE, Edwin Arnold.....	26	159
MARY ELIZABETH, Phelps	19	315
MARY HAD A CACTUS PLANT, Anonymous.....	22	169
MARY TUDOR (cutting), De Vere.....	17	63
MARRIAGEMONY OF MINERVA WHITE, Rion..	22	170
MARTYR, THE, Oliver.....	13	36
MASSACHUSETTS, Webster	31	309
MATCH-MAKING, Marshall	32	429
MATRIMONIAL TRAINING SCHOOL, Fitz.....	21	27
MATTER OF IMPORTANCE, A, Richards.....	24	376
MEANING OF OUR FLAG, THE, Beecher.....	31	257
MEANING OF THE FLAG, THE, Witherspoon....	27	335
MEASURE OF THE GHETTO, THE, Lopez.....	27	345
MEASURE OF A MAN, THE, Kaufman.....	22	195
MELANCHOLY, Fletcher	13	98
MEMORIAL DAY, Long.....	10	148
MENDING THE CLOCK, Barrie.....	23	245
MERCHANT OF VENICE (Portia and Nerissa) Shakespeare	32	451
MERCEDES, Aldrich	32	397
MERIEL, Houston	5	34
MESSAGE TO GARCIA, A, Hubbard.....	1	68
METAPHYSICS, Herford	15	305
MIDDLE CHILD, THE, Kelly.....	24	403
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Over Hill, Over Dale), Shakespeare	11	218
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A (cutting), Shakespeare	8	327
MILITANT CHURCH, THE, Dickie.....	19	311
MILL ON THE FLOSS, THE, (The Flood on the Floss), Eliot	4	314
MINISTER'S BLUNDER, THE, Twain.....	17	21
MINISTER SETS THE TOM TURKEY, Stowe....	22	109
MINE SHILDRN, Adams.....	28	438
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF ("The Heart of the Ancient Wood"), Roberts.....	3	277
MIRANDY ON LOSING A HUSBAND, Dix.....	26	214
MIRANDY ON THE ENEMY, Dix.....	30	181
MISDEMEANOR OF NANCY, A, Hoyt.....	8	348
MISDEMEANOR OF NANCY, THE, Hoyt.....	7	213
MITHERLESS BAIRN, THE, Thorn.....	11	256

	No.	PAGE
MISS PETTIGREW'S RECEPTION, Baker.....	20	446
MISS BATES AT THE BALL ("Emma"), Austen.....	29	84
MISSION OF KITTY MALONE, THE, Cleary.....	7	241
MISTHER DENIS' RETURN, Barlow.....	29	88
MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES, Holland.....	19	283
MOB SCENE ("The Little Minister"), Barrie.....	26	121
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN, A ("The Madness of Philip"), Daskam.....	5	24
MODERN CHIVALRY, Chapin.....	10	143
MODERN HIAWATHA, Anon.....	15	310
MODERATE DRINKER, THE, Daly.....	19	308
MOLLIE AND THE OPERA GAME, Gates.....	22	113
MONOLOGUE, WHAT IS A (Editorial).....	18	129
MONTEREY, Hoffman.....	31	286
MOO-COW-MOO, THE, Cooke.....	3	200
MOON CRADLE, THE, McCluskey.....	11	262
MOON PILOT, THE, Pruitt.....	29	98
MORAL ASPECT OF THE AMERICAN WAR, Beecher.....	31	341
MORAL WARFARE, THE, Whittier.....	19	337
MORNING PRAYER, A, Stevenson.....	14	136
MORNING UPLIFT, THE, Emma C. Dowd.....	28	450
"MOTHER," James Whitcomb Riley.....	25	69
MOTHER, Fetter.....	14	148
MOTHER AND POET, Mrs. Browning.....	18	152
MOTHERHOOD, Bacon.....	29	120
MOTHER OF LITTLE MAUDE AND LITTLE MAUDE, Loomis.....	22	151
MOTHER OF LINCOLN, THE, Black.....	7	225
MOTHERS, Sabin.....	23	294
MOTHER'S ALMANAC, Anon.....	15	375
MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS, Waterman.....	14	223
MOTHERS OF EDWARD, THE, Kelly.....	6	142
MOTHER'S NAP, Dillingham.....	18	252
MOTOR GOOSE RHYME, Anonymous.....	17	109
MOURNER, THE, Daly.....	25	12
MOUNTAINS, THE, Tynan.....	26	223
MR. BUMBLE'S WOOING ("Oliver Twist"), Dick- ens.....	26	140
MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, Dunne.....	20	423
MR. DOOLEY ON LAWYERS, Dunne.....	13	5
MR. DOOLEY ON THE GRIP, Dunne.....	1	85
MR. GLADSTONE IN DEFEAT, Tyler.....	12	370
MR. TAPPERTIT GOES OUT FOR THE EVEN- ING ("Barnaby Rudge"), Dickens.....	26	145
MRS. ATWOOD'S OUTER RAIMENT, Cutting....	4	330
MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD, Jerrold.....	29	90
MRS. HARRIGAN TELEPHONES, Loomis.....	24	370
MRS. HARRIGAN ON NEIGHBORLINESS, Loomis.....	22	154
MRS. MALAPROP ON FEMALE EDUCATION ("The Rivals"), Sheridan.....	28	412
MRS. MAVOR'S STORY ("Black Rock"), Connor..	26	198

	No.	PAGE
MRS. O'LEARY MAKES A MORNING CALL, Morgan	29	20
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP (Briefs of)	8	400
MUSIC GRINDERS, THE, Holmes	12	308
MUSIC OF RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS, Thompson	16	459
MUSIC POUNDING ("The Poet at the Breakfast- Table"), Holmes	16	457
MUSTARD PLASTER, THE, Fielding	20	474
MY CREED, Kiser	17	114
MY DEARIE, Stanton	15	323
MY DREAM, Anon	15	294
MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND, MR. RAEGEN, Davis	27	231
MY HEART LEAPS UP, Wordsworth	2	105
MY LAST DUCHESS, Browning	18	211
MY LITTLE BOY, Joyce	25	14
MY MOTHER, Anon	14	154
MY NATIVE LAND (Lay of the Last Minstrel), Scott	3	226
MY OLD FRIEND, Benson	18	210
MY RIVAL, Kipling	4	327
MY SHIPS, Wilcox	7	258
MY STAR, Browning	7	251
MY WISH, Rogers	9	53
MY WIFE AND CHILD, Jackson	18	227
MY YOUNG 'UN, Anonymous	18	198
NAMES, Coleridge	25	83
NANCY'S CINDERELLA, Brainard	24	377
NAP INTERRUPTED, THE ("Trelawney of the 'Wells'"), Pinero	32	423
NAPOLEON, Ingersoll	16	432
NATHAN HALE, Finch	17	29
NATION'S FOE, THE, The Ram's Horn	19	312
NAUGHTY CLAUDE, Riley	24	358
NAUTICAL EXTRAVAGANCE, A, Irwin	9	7
NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Russell	18	146
NEGRO IN THE SPANISH WAR, THE, Washington	13	25
NEGRO, THE, Washington	5	37
NELL, Buchanan	29	103
NERVOUS MAN, THE, Hawks	17	117
NEW AMERICANISM, Watterson	31	336
NEW AMERICANISM, THE, Harrison	2	114
NEW BROTHER, THE, Lincoln	27	279
NEW LIFE, THE, Smith	14	166
NEW ENGLAND WEATHER, Twain	21	45
NEW ROAD QUESTION, Furniss	22	209
NEW SOUTH, THE, Grady	7	237
NICE CORRESPONDENT, A, Anon	30	152
NIGHT AND MORNING, Field	15	280
NIGHT IN STE. PILAGIE, A ("Lazarre"), Catherwood	2	127

	No.	PAGE
NINETY-THREE (A Fight with a Cannon), Hugo..	8	300
NINI, NINETTE, NINON, Weatherby.....	1	77
NINE SUITORS, THE, Anon	15	383
NIXIE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, Daulton.....	30	241
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY (Fanny Squeers' Tea-Party), Dickens	25	38
NOBODY'S TIM, Phelps.....	22	175
NO CURE BUT PROHIBITION, Talmage.....	19	331
NOCTURNE, Aldrich	15	269
NONSENSE, Moore	15	304
NOT EVERY MAN, Burtscher	30	178
NOT HIS BUSINESS, Anon	19	361
NO WONDER, Hawks	17	41
NOTHING TO WEAR, Butler	30	155
NOTHING BUT LEAVES, M. H. G.....	15	346
NOW, THE, Ware	14	227
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! Whitman	12	354
ODE TO A LONDON FOG, Anonymous.....	18	197
OF A' THE AIRTS, Burns.....	8	292
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT, Moore.....	9	67
OH, MY GERALDINE, Hurnand	15	307
OH, NO, Bell	18	217
OH, WEARY MOTHER, Pain	15	305
OLD BOYS IN THE DANCE, THE, Stanton.....	8	358
OLD DOLL, THE, Thomas	4	359
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP (Little Nell), Dickens....	3	282
OLD HOUSE A NEW INN, THE ("She Stoops to Conquer"), Goldsmith	28	377
OLD HYMNS, THE, Stanton	14	245
OLD IRONSIDES, Holmes	3	253
OLD MAN AND SHEP, THE, Scorer	5	35
OLD, OLD SONG, THE, Kingsley	15	281
OLD MR. RABBIT, Harris	18	231
OLE BANJO, THE, Jenkins	22	193
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM, Brooks.....	3	217
OLIVER TWIST STARTS OUT INTO THE WORLD, Dickens	26	190
OLIVER TWIST (Mr. Bumble's Wooing), Dickens..	26	140
OLIVER TWIST (Fagin's Last Day), Dickens.....	5	60
ON A BARRICADE, Hugo	20	417
ON A SLOW TRAIN, a story	17	39
ON A VISIT, Tompkins	15	335
ON CO'TIN', Pifer	18	143
ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS, Smith.....	20	410
ONLY A MAN, Hopper	22	112
ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, Landor..	1	94
ON MILTON, Dryden	2	156
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DORY, Connelly.....	16	422
ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN, Beecher	12	357
ON WITHDRAWING FROM THE UNION, Davis..	10	177
ONCE IN A WHILE, Waterman.....	14	225
ONE, TWO, THREE, Bunner	1	83

	No.	PAGE
ONE HUNDRED AND ONETH ("Rebecca Mary"), Donnell	25	64
ONE L'IL LAMB, Young	25	28
ONLY WAY, THE ("Tale of Two Cities"), Dickens. 2		111
OPEN LETTER TO A PESSIMIST, Waterman.....	15	286
OPEN SHOP, THE (Briefs of).....	8	398
OPERA, AN, Ade	4	378
OPPORTUNITY, Sill	7	227
OPPORTUNITY, Malone	14	167
OPPORTUNITY, Ingall	14	156
ORATOR'S POWER, THE (Editorial).....	8	289
ORATORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON, Churchill	14	129
ORIGIN OF THE BANJO, THE ("Christmas Night in the Quarters"), Russell	16	389
ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG, Lamb	29	6
ORIGIN OF SPECIES, THE, Huxley	12	382
ORIGINAL LOVE SONG, AN, Anon	15	279
ORIGINALITY, Aldrich	15	272
OTHER ONE, THE, Peck.....	11	257
OTHER FELLOW, THE, Smith	32	420
OTHER ROOM, THE (Home Coming), Abbott.....	14	233
OTHERS CALL IT GOD, William C. Carruth.....	28	359
OUR COUNTRY, Howe	23	296
OUR DEBT TO THE NATION'S HEROES, Roosevelt	31	260
OUR UNITED COUNTRY, Howell	21	20
OUTLAW, THE, Clark	24	400
OUT IN THE FIELDS, Mrs. Browning.....	17	28
OUT OF THE DEPTHS, Wilcox.....	19	320
OVER HILL, OVER DALE ("Midsummer Night's Dream"), Shakespeare	11	218
OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST, AN, Wells.....	17	42
OVERWORKED, Wilcox	14	241
OWL, THE, Tennyson	4	299
OWL AND THE BELL, THE, MacDonald	29	32
OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT, THE, Lear	3	241
PA SHAVED OFF HIS WHISKERS, Anon.....	29	86
PADDY'S CONTENT, Donovan	17	13
PAIR OF PLATONICS, A, Terrett	16	454
PALM SUNDAY AND EASTER, Hale.....	17	34
PANACEA, Cooke	14	207
PARADISE, Birdseye	15	294
PARADOX OF TIME, THE, Dobson.....	18	230
PARSIFAL THE PURE, Wagner	3	285
PARSON'S HORSE-RACE, THE, Stowe.....	29	1
PARTING AT MORNING, Browning	11	216
PARTING, Norman Gale	25	89
PAT MAGEE, Lena Barrington	25	21
PAT MAGEE'S WIFE, Lena Barrington	25	20
PATHS TO THE CITY OF GOD (The Sympathies of Religion and Art), Gunsaulus.....	10	158
PATRIOT, THE, Browning	17	131
PATRON OF ART, A, Cameron.....	24	372

	No.	PAGE
PATTER OF THE RAIN, Kinney	14	148
PAWPAW, THE, Hopkins	11	248
PEACE, Vaughn	14	216
PEACE AND HOPE, Hillis	14	232
PEACE AND PAIN, O'Reilly	25	104
PENANCE, Anon	30	144
PEOPLE IN ART, GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION, THE, Bancroft	10	167
PERFECT PEACE, Child	29	71
PERSONAL LIBERTY, Bryan	19	257
PETITION TO TIME, A, Proctor	13	47
PET'S PUNISHMENT, Ashby-Sterry	30	259
PHEIDIPIDES, Browning	31	296
PHILOSOPHER, THE, Anonymous	24	371
PHILOSOPHER IN THE ORCHARD, THE, Hope. 1		61
PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES, THE Taylor	11	302
PHOTOGRAPH, THE, Dunbar	1	67
PIAZZA TRAGEDY, A, Field	16	402
PICKET GUARD, THE, Beers	31	287
PICKWICK PAPERS (Bardell vs. Pickwick), Dickens.	32	474
PICKWICK PAPERS (The Ivy Green), Dickens....	29	5
PILGRIM FATHERS, THE, Pierpont	23	303
PILLER FIGHTS, Ellsworth	24	395
PIPER, THE, Peabody	24	359
PILOT, THE, Howells	11	211
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, THE (The Shepherd Boy Sings), Bunyan	3	223
PLACE FOR BOYS, A, Foley	26	205
PLAY BALL, BILL, Grilley.....	16	394
PLAY'S THE THING, THE, Martin	5	12
PLAYING, Anon	15	334
PLEA FOR PATRIOTISM, A, Harrison	2	116
PLEA FOR THE OLD YEAR, A, Moulton	5	59
PLUCK AND LUCK, Holmes	20	400
PO' LITTLE LAMB, Dunbar	3	248
POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES, THE, Lear.....	15	307
POCAHONTAS, Thackeray	3	222
POCAHONAS, Morris	31	267
POE, Alanson Tucker Schumann.....	25	13
POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, THE (Music-Pounding), Holmes	16	457
POETRY AND ELOCUTION, Editorial	22	99
POLONIUS TO LAERTES ("Hamlet") Shakespeare.	18	229
POOR DEAR MAMMA ("Story of the Gadsbys"), Kipling	32	436
POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY, THE Whittier	31	378
POOR MAN'S CLUB, THE, Curtis	19	298
POPPY-LAND EXPRESS, THE, Abbott	14	160
PORTIA AND NERISSA ("Merchant of Venice"), Shakespeare	32	451
PORTRAIT, THE, Meredith	18	176
POTION SCENE ("Romeo and Juliet"), Shakespeare.	20	415
POWER OF HABIT, THE, Gough.....	19	289

	No.	PAGE
PRACTICE, Drummond	14	178
PRACTICE OF IMMORTALITY, Gladden	14	220
PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN, THE, Foss.....	15	381
PRAYER, A, Stevenson	23	311
PRAYER BEFORE AGINCOURT ("Henry the Fifth"), Shakespeare	18	254
PRAYIN' FOR RAIN, Stanton	16	387
PREACHER PREFERRED CASH, Anon	15	350
PRESENT CONDITIONS	4	290
PRESENT CRISIS, THE, Lowell	31	361
PRESENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE, A, Foley.....	14	243
PRESIDENTIAL VS. PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT, a debate.....	14	248
PRESS AND PUBLIC SPEAKING, THE.....	11	193
PRETTY MAID OF KISSIMMEE, THE, Benton... 9		66
PRETTY PEGGY, Wells	15	325
PRICE OF FAME, Gilmer	20	451
PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE, Cameron...22		196
PRICE OF GREATNESS, THE, Kiser	29	123
PRIMROSE, THE, Herrick	8	307
PRINCE OF PEACE, Bryan	14	141
PRINCE OF ILLUSION, THE, Long	23	257
PRINCE OF WALES, THE, Ward	18	167
PRINCE OF INDIA, THE (Sergius to the Lions), Wallace	26	149
PRINCESS FARAWAY, THE (The Temptation), Rostand	6	103
PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE (The Last Meeting with Flavia), Hope.....	2	135
PRIZE SPRING STORY, Stanton	17	37
PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS, THE, Stewart....19		344
PRODIGES, THE, Mason	22	123
PRODIGAL, THE ("A Young Man's Religion"), Waters	14	185
PROEM TO IN MEMORIAM, Tennyson	14	214
PROFANE SILENCE, a story	15	354
PROOF, Richard	14	169
PROPOSAL, THE, Anon	15	321
PROTECTIVE TARIFF, a debate	15	365
PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS, Frye...23		251
PROVOKED, Grady	16	446
PSALM OF MARRIAGE, A, Cary	15	382
PUBLIC SPEAKING IN COLLEGES, Editorial....20		385
PUBLIC SPEAKING FOR PRIVATE CITIZENS, Davis	21	7
PULPIT IN MODERN LIFE, THE, Hillis.....14		197
PUNISHMENT OF ROBERT, THE, Nesbit	24	382
PURITAN AND CAVALIER, Watterson	10	133
PURITAN PRINCIPLE, THE, Curtis	21	39
PYGMALION AND GALATEA, Gilbert	31	442
QUAKER WIDOW, THE, Taylor	18	178
QUARREL SCENE ("Julius Caesar"), Shakespeare..32		432
QUEEN MAB, Hood	3	215

	No.	PAGE
QUEER OLD WOMAN, THE, Douglas	14	201
QUIET HEART, THE, Newton	14	218
QUO VADIS (Arena Scene), Sienkiewicz.....	1	15
RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH, THE, Grady...	10	128
RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY, Lyon	17	40
RAILROAD POOLING (Brief of)	9	93
RAINBOW, THE, Wordsworth	14	221
RAJPUT NURSE, THE, Arnold	9	40
RAMON, Harte	13	34
RAVEN, THE, Poe	12	340
RAY'S RIDE ("Marion's Faith"), King.....	31	374
REBECCA MARY (The One Hundred and Oneth), Donnell	25	64
READER'S PART, THE	7	194
READING, Mrs. Browning	3	198
READING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS	13	1
REAL MUCK-RAKE MAN, Van Dyke	4	319
RECESSIONAL, Kipling	3	219
RECALL OF JUDGES, THE, Debate Brief	27	301
RECIPE FOR SANITY, A, Eliot	17	121
RECIPROCITY, Wells	11	301
RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA (Briefs of).....	9	95
RECITING IN COSTUME, Editorial	6	99
RECRUIT, THE, Chambers	16	403
REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, O'Leary	24	397
REFORMATION OF CINNAMON, THE, Cooley...	11	240
REIGN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE, Beecher.....	10	140
RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, Lowell	31	356
REPENTANCE, Hackett	16	466
REQUIEM, Stevenson	14	215
REQUITAL, Proctor	16	415
RETRIBUTION, Hope	7	267
REPORTER WHO MADE A STORY, Buchanan...	29	59
RETURN OF ENOCH ARDEN, THE, Tennyson...	28	391
RETURNED UNOPENED, Barnard	28	366
REVEL, THE, Dowling	8	293
REVENGE, THE, Tennyson.....	12	319
REVOLUTIONARY RISING, THE, Read	31	338
RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY, Mrs. Browning.	1	87
RICHELIEU (cutting), Lytton.....	2	157
RIDDLE, A, Swift	3	206
RIDDLE, A, Moore	3	281
RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE, THE, Lippard..	31	302
RIGHT OF THE FILIPINOS TO INDEPENDENCE, Hoar	31	332
RIGHT WAY, THE, Cary.....	14	200
RIVALS, THE (Mrs. Malaprop on Female Education) Sheridan	28	412
RIZPAH, Tennyson	20	433
ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN, THE, Blake.....	25	109
ROBERT BROWNING, Gunsaulus	10	161
ROBESPIERRE'S LAST SPEECH	5	42

	No.	PAGE
ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA, THE, Garfield	31	322
ROCKABY LAND, Brininstool	9	62
ROGER WILLIAMS, Butterworth	31	268
ROLL CALL, Shepherd	31	290
ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST, Mrs. Browning	13	48
ROMEO AND JULIET (Juliet and Her Nurse), Shakespeare	32	421
ROMEO AND JULIET (The Potion Scene), Shakespeare	20	415
ROMOLA (In Trust)	7	260
RORY O'MORE, Lover	15	266
ROSE AND THE GARDENER, THE, Dobson.....	1	57
ROSE, A, Bates	25	96
ROSE OF CALVARY, THE, Anon	28	358
ROSE TO THE LIVING, A, Waterman	14	222
ROSE AND THE RING, THE (A selection), Thackeray	17	16
ROSY WREATH, A, Jonson.....	20	445
ROUGH RIDERS, THE ("The War with Spain"), Lodge	31	326
RUDDER GRANGE (The Baby at Rudder Grange), Stockton	26	165
ROUNDELAY, A, Mattheux	15	278
ROYAL PRINCESS, A, Rossetti.....	24	410
RULES FOR BIRD NESTERS, THE (Old Rhyme). 3		214
RUM FIEND'S PORTRAIT, Talmage	19	309
RUNAWAY TOYS, THE, Stanton	16	386
RUPERT'S MARCH, Thornbury	28	465
SAINT AND THE SINNER, THE, Bridges	24	429
ST. JOHN'S FUND, THE, Greene.....	8	362
SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE ("Aunt Jane of Ken- tucky"), Hall	8	369
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY, Carey	15	280
SAME OLD STORY, Smith	15	298
SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE, Markham	4	384
SANTA CLAUS, Anon	3	218
SANTO DOMINGO TREATY, THE (Briefs of)... 8		393
SATAN'S SOVEREIGN SWAY, Milton	20	403
SAYINGS OF OMAR IBN	22	141
SAYS I, Cole	17	23
SAWFISH, THE, Euwer	24	427
SAY SOMETHING GOOD, Gillilan.....	25	102
SCENES FROM PLAYS FOR PLATFORM READ- ING (Editorial), Earley	32	385
SCHOLAR IN A REPUBLIC, THE, Phillips.....	10	104
SCHOOL DAYS, Babcock	14	176
SCHOOL-HOUSE STANDS BY THE FLAG, THE, Butterworth	32	474
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (Selling the Family Pictures), Sheridan	28	373
SCHOOL SCENE ("Hard Times"), Dickens.....	6	152
SECESSION, Stephens	5	44

	No.	PAGE
SECRETS OF THE HEART, Dobson.....	32	486
SECRET OF DEATH, THE, Arnold	28	384
SELLING THE FAMILY PICTURES ("School for Scandal"), Sheridan	28	373
SELF-INDEPENDENCE, Arnold	18	229
SEND-OFF, A, Irwin	15	373
SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS, Anon.....	14	135
SERGIUS TO THE LIONS ("The Prince of India"), Wallace	26	149
SERMON IN RHYME, Anon.....	14	152
SET OF TURQUOISE, THE, Aldrich	13	72
SEPTEMBER GALE, THE, Holmes.....	12	310
SEVEN TIMES ONE, Ingelow	4	363
SHAKESPEARE, Ingersoll	10	107
SHANG, Child	19	268
SHAUGHRAUN, THE, Boucicault.....	32	407
SHAVE STORE, THE, Cooke	3	199
SHEPHERD BOY SINGS, THE ("Pilgrim's Progress"), Bunyan	3	223
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER (Tony Lumpkin's Joke), Goldsmith	32	506
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER (The Old House a New Inn), Goldsmith	28	377
SHOEING A BRONCO, Nye	17	115
SHOEMAKER'S LITTLE WHITE SHOES, THE, Willard	19	338
SHY LITTLE MAID, A, Anon.....	15	337
SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE (A cutting), Barrett..	2	101
SILENT SYSTEM, THE, Matthews	6	160
SIMILAR CASE, A, Anon.....	15	270
SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS, Jonson	11	271
SIN OF OMISSION, THE, Sangster	14	136
SINCERITY IN HUMOR, Editorial.....	5	5
SING HEIGH-HO! Charles Kingsley.....	25	92
SINGLE TAX, THE, Debate Brief.....	28	439
SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL, Proctor	13	45
SKY-BORN MUSIC, Emerson	14	191
SKY FOR YOU, THE, Stanton	14	235
SKY, THE, Stoddard	5	96
SLAP HIM ON THE BACK, Riley	15	378
SLEEP, Mrs. Browning	13	51
SLEEPY MAN, Roberts	15	264
SLEEPY SONG, THE, Daskam	13	55
SLIPPING AWAY UNBEKNOWNST, Lincoln	13	71
SLOW, A story	15	352
SLOW MAN, THE, Poole	1	45
SLOW TRAIN, A story	17	36
SMILING BLUE EYES, Mounts	25	89
SNOW MAN, THE, Cone	25	105
SNAKES, THE, Field	19	296
SOBRIETY, Barrows	19	294
SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES, Gough	10	117
SOLDIER BOY FOR ME, THE, Kiser	24	408

	No.	PAGE
SOLDIER OF FRANCE, A ("Under Two Flags"), Ouida	7	201
SOLDIER REST, Scott	11	303
SOLDIERS, REST, Burdette.....	16	403
SOLID LADY VOTE, THE, Irwin	17	9
SOLOMON AND THE BEES, Saxe	25	34
SO MANY, Stanton	14	254
SOME EXPERIMENTS, Mooney.....	15	342
SOME WISE SAYINGS, Franklin	14	181
SON, YOU WASHED? Anon.	27	311
SONG, Addison	15	279
SONG, Coleridge	8	326
SONG OF THE DANCING DERVISHES, THE, Irwin	25	76
SONG OF THE FACTORY, A, Montague.....	22	141
SONG OF THE MAN, THE, Abbott	8	381
SONG OF MARION'S MEN, Bryant.....	31	283
SONG IN THE MARKET PLACE, THE, Buckham.....	27	333
SONG OF THE MOTOR CAR, THE, Naylor.....	15	313
SONG OF THE MYSTIC, THE, Ryan	17	102
SONG OF PEACE, THE, Miller	25	23
SONG OF A SHIRT, Cutting	30	196
SONG OF SEASONS, A, Stanton	14	230
SONG OF SORROW, A, Loomis	15	273
SONG OF THE SOLDIER, THE, Halpine.....	23	312
SONNY'S CHRISTENING, Stuart	1	22
SORROWS OF WERTHER, Thackeray	28	468
SOUL'S CHRISTMAS, THE, Ferris	14	237
SOUTH IS GOING DRY, THE, Nesbit	19	359
"SPACIALLY JIM," Morgan	4	370
SPIRITUAL EDUCATION	7	193
SPRING, Thaxter	17	27
SPRING FEELING, A, Carman	23	306
SPRING OPINIONS, Merriman	30	187
STAGESTRUCK, Waterman	18	155
STANZAS FOR MUSIC, Byron	13	47
STAR SONG, THE, Herrick	3	216
STEEPLE CHASE, THE ("Under Two Flags"), Ouida	11	228
STIRRUP-CUP, THE, Lanier	5	74
STOLEN FRUIT, Leigh Hunt	25	84
STOLEN SONG, THE, Williams	29	46
STORIES, One Hundred of Them	21	58-81
STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE, Taylor	30	253
STORY OF THE BAREFOOT BOY, A, Trowbridge.....	16	405
STORY OF THE GADSBYS (Poor Dear Mamma), Kipling	32	436
STORY OF THE GADSBYS (With Any Amaze- ment), Kipling	1	78
STORY OF JOSEPH, THE, Bible	3	235
STORY OF THE SEA, A, Webb.....	7	245
STORY OF A SHORT LIFE (Laetus Sorte Mea), Ewing	3	271
STORY OF A STOWAWAY, THE, Scott	18	190

	No.	PAGE
STORY OF THE WRINKLES, Nesbit	25	99
STRAWBERRY BED, THE ("The Kentucky Cardinal"), Allen	26	154
STUDY IN NERVES, A, Anonymous	27	242
STUTTERERS, THE, three stories	15	359
STUTTERING SONNETEER, THE, Stinson.....	15	382
SUBJUGATION OF THE PHILIPPINES, Hoar....	10	182
SUCCESS, Cameron	14	151
SULKS, THE, Bates	29	9
SUMMER CYCLE, A, Jones	15	330
SUMMER LULLABY, A, Bumstead	3	204
SUPREME ISSUE, THE, Fernwald	19	362
SWEET AND LOW, Tennyson	12	317
SWISS AIR, Harte	15	306
SYMPATHIES OF RELIGION AND ART, THE ("Paths to the City of God") Gunsaulus	10	158
TAKE THAT BACK, Anon.....	15	345
TAKING DOWN A BACHELOR, A story.....	17	103
TALE OF A SEA SHELL, Starr	15	328
TALENTS FOR THE LAW, Dolson	30	139
TALE OF TWO CITIES (Death of Madame Defarge), Dickens	28	353
TALE OF TWO CITIES (The Only Way), Dickens. 2		111
TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE (two scenes), William Shakespeare	28	360
TEACHING CHILDREN MANNERS, Mason.....	18	145
TEACHING A GIRL FOOTBALL, Kiser	24	405
TELLING HIS MIND, A Story	17	101
TEMPERANCE CORKSCREW, A, Porter.....	22	221
TEMPERANCE QUESTION, THE, Holland.....	19	286
TEMPERANCE RESOLUTION, THE, Lincoln.....	19	353
TEMPERANCE SONG, A, Baldwin	19	356
TEMPTATION, THE ("The Princess Faraway"), Rostand	6	103
TEMPORAL HAPPINESS, Penn	15	343
TEMPEST, THE, Palmer	14	177
TEN LITTLE BACHELORS, Stinson	17	72
TENOR, THE (Cured), Bunner.....	8	832
TETE-A-TETE AT OWL'S ROOST, Anon.	26	216
THANKFUL SONG, A, Greene	18	139
THANKSGIVING, A, Towne	14	200
THANKSGIVING DAY, John Kendrick Bangs....	25	90
THAT GAME OF QUOITS, Herman.....	17	30
THAT TIRED FEELING, Anon.....	28	452
THE USUAL WAY, Anon.	4	368
THEIR FIRST SPAT, Anon.	27	336
THERE AIN'T NO WEST NO MORE, Anon.....	20	18
THE BELLS (The Burgomaster's Death), Erckmann- Chatrian	2	162
THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES, Stoddard	13	128
THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL, Longfellow.....	15	310
THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS, Bridges.....	14	149

	No.	PAGE
THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT, Anon.....	14	156
THINGS INSIDE, Coll	22	156
THIRTY-SECOND DAY, THE, Foss	16	399
THIS WORLD, Stanton	14	186
THREE LITTLE CHESTNUTS, Anon.....	15	350
THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, Bryan	23	281
THREE PRAYERS, Goode	24	423
THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS, Anon.....	30	140
TICONDEROGA, Wilson	31	280
TIM CALLIGAN'S GRAVE-MONEY, Bates.....	25	54
TINY TIM ("A Christmas Carol"), Dickens.....	3	207
TO ———, Shelley	13	46
TOASTS, One Hundred Sentiments	21	48-57
TO ANNE, Maxwell	18	189
TO-DAY, Carlyle	17	107
TO-DAY, Ware	14	237
TO THE EAGLE, Percival	31	258
TOGO AND THE CLOTHES LINE, Irwin.....	30	201
TO HELEN, Poe	9	43
TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO WAR, Lovelace.....	11	204
TO KNOW ALL, ETC., Waterman	17	25
TO THE DANDELION, Lowell	17	96
TO THE HARVARD ALUMNI, Washington	21	34
TOMORROW, Anon.	28	456
TO THE NEW YEAR, Riley.....	25	97
TOM BROWN AT OXFORD (The Boat Race), Hughes	28	367
TONIO, Garrison	25	9
TONGUE, THE, Strong	16	458
TONY LUMPKIN'S JOKE ("She Stoops to Conquer"), Goldsmith	32	306
TOPSY ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"), Stowe	7	281
TO THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN, Gilder	12	360
TOURNAMENT, THE ("Ivanhoe"), Scott	5	55
TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS, Kipling	17	110
TO A WATER FOWL, Bryant	14	246
TRAGEDY, A, Munzallee	30	195
TRAGEDY OF LITTLE EM'LY ("David Copper- field"), Dickens	28	396
TRAIN-MISSER, THE, Riley	15	344
TRANSGRESSION, Le Gallienne	28	468
TRIAL OF BEN THOMAS, THE ("De Valley an' de Shadder"), Edwards	2	151
TRIAL OF TOM GRAYSON ("The Graysons"), Eggleston	29	26
TRAVELING LINDY, Todd	7	197
TRELAWNEY OF THE 'WELLS' (The Nap Interrupted), Pinero	32	423
TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT, Porter	21	30
TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY, Hay.....	11	266
TRIP TO TOY-LAND, Field	15	282
TRIUMPH OF PEACE, THE, Chapin	31	351
TROOPIN', Kipling	17	95

	No.	PAGE
TROT'S WEDDING JOURNEY (The Day of Judgment), Phelps	18	156
TRUE BRAVERY ("The Young Citizen"), Dole.....	31	291
TRUE GREATNESS, Speer	14	211
TRUE HEROISM, Brown	17	32
TRUE REST, Goethe	20	393
TRUE POWER OF A NATION, Chapin	31	300
TRUTH ABOUT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, Hanly..	19	263
TRUTH IN PARENTHESES, Hood.....	6	192
TUBAL CAIN, Mackay.....	13	32
TWIGGS AND TUDENS, Riley.....	11	200
TWO APPLE HOWLING SONGS (Old Rhymes)...	3	224
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA (Julia and Lucetta), Shakespeare	6	156
TWO GLASSES, THE, Wilcox	19	321
TWO OF THEM, Barrie	22	157
TWO LOVERS, Eliot	17	105
TWO OUTSIDE, THE, a story	15	356
TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT ("Ingomar"), Halm	32	455
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Topsy), Stowe	7	281
UNDER TWO FLAGS (A Soldier of France), Ouida. 7		201
The Steeple-Chase Ouida.....	11	228
UNDER THE TALCUM POWDER RAG, Ade	25	108
UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY, THE, Stedman.....	15	273
UNEXPECTED GUESTS, Cameron	7	254
UNION AND LIBERTY, Holmes	12	305
UNITED STATES SENATE, THE, An Appreciation, Irwin	23	242
UNIVERSAL HABIT, THE, Gillilan	15	379
UNSUNG, Aldrich	15	269
UP IN A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY, Browning..	29	122
UP FROM SLAVERY (His College Examination), Washington	3	255
UPHILL, Rossetti	9	59
UPON THE VALLEY'S LAP, Bourdillon.....	20	456
USES OF ADVERSITY, THE ("As You Like It") Shakespeare	20	418
USES FOR EDUCATION IN BUSINESS, Eliot	16	448
UTILITY OF BOOING, THE ("The Man of the World"), Macklin	22	121
VALUE OF THE ONE ACT PLAY (Editorial).....	30	129
VAGABOND, THE, Stevenson	25	19
VAGABOND SONG, A, Carman	24	408
VAMPIRE, THE, Kipling	17	94
VANISHED DANGERS, Kiser	23	288
VARIATIONS ON A THEME, Adams	30	183
VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? Adams	9	68
V-A-S-E, THE, Roche	15	296
VARIA, Anon.	15	347
VERMIN IN THE DARK, THE, Markham	23	249
VERY HARD CASH (A Fight with Pirates), Reade..	27	339

	No.	PAGE
VICTIMS OF A DEMON, Wilcox.....	19	324
VICTOR OF MARENGO, THE.....	3	275
VICTORIES, Coburn	19	360
VICTORY, Allen	30	250
VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA, Rives	26	130
VISION OF WAR, A, Ingersoll.....	8	356
VOICE OF HEAVEN, Addison.....	14	217
VOT TO CALL HIM, Hobart	25	18
VOTES FROM WOMEN, Fitch	29	108
WAGES, Tennyson	11	214
WAIFS, THE, Foley.....	25	33
WAITING FIGURE, THE	7	236
WAITING ROOM, THE, Winston	20	430
WALLACE OF UHLEN, Blake	29	118
WANTED, A DRINK, Anon.	16	457
WAR WITH AMERICA, THE, Pitt	31	307
WAR GAME IN THE CHOIR, THE, Anon.....	23	269
WAR WITH SPAIN (Battle of Manila), Lodge	31	328
WAR WITH SPAIN (Battle of Santiago), Lodge.....	31	327
WAR WITH SPAIN (The Rough Riders), Lodge	31	326
WARREN'S ADDRESS, Pierpont	20	401
WAS LINCOLN A KING? Anon.....	14	247
WASHERWOMAN'S SONG, THE, Ware.....	14	228
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, Butterworth.....	23	303
WASHINGTON'S GRAVE, Pike	25	53
WASTED LIFE, A, Bryan	19	258
WATCH THE CORNERS, Linton	14	155
WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN', Brooks	15	337
WATCHWORDS, Coxe	13	56
WATER, Gough	19	370
WATERLOO PLACE, Pennell	17	62
WAY TO WIN, THE, Watson	17	32
WEARY FOR HER, Stanton	15	323
WEE TAY-TABLE, THE, Bullock	9	87
WEDDING JOURNEY, THE, A story.....	17	13
WELCOME TO THE ALUMNI, Holmes	21	18
WELCOME TO KOSSUTH, Bryant	10	174
WENDELL PHILLIPS, The Oratory of	10	97
WHAT ABOUT EXPENSES? Editorial	9	4
WHAT CHILDREN SAY, A story.....	15	358
WHAT DOES GRAFT MEAN? Langdon	23	279
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY? Tennyson....	3	270
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY? Waterman....	14	187
WHAT HE GOT OUT OF IT, Kiser	5	11
WHAT I LIVE FOR, Banks	14	146
WHAT IS A CREED? Waters	14	187
WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? Maclaren	14	180
WHAT IS RELIGION? Waters	10	155
WHAT MEN FIGHT FOR, Burdette	19	261
WHAT REALLY IS THE TROUBLE, Bangs	27	338
WHAT THE FLAG MEANS, Lodge	31	315
WHAT WAS IT? Dayre	15	320
WHAT WILL WE DO? Burdette	15	275

	No.	PAGE
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? Anon.....	25	91
WHEN CLASS "A" GAVE THANKS, Copinger	9	44
WHEN DE FOLKS IS GONE, Riley	15	345
WHEN HE COMES, Shadwell	14	168
WHEN I HEARD THE LEARNED ASTRONO- MER, Whitman	25	82
WHEN I'M A MAN, Douglas	19	357
WHEN I WAS A BOY, Field.....	16	420
WHEN MOONLIGHT O'ER THE HAZURE SEAS, Thackeray	15	303
WHEN PAW WAS A BOY, Kiser	11	258
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HAND, Gillilan	13	52
WHEN SAW WE THEE? Speer	14	212
WHEN THE COWS COME HOME, Mitchell	29	44
WHEN THE BIRDS COME NORTH, Higginson..	17	35
WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK, Wilcox..	24	430
WHEN THE GRAVY'S ON THE BUCKWHEAT, Kiser	9	92
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, Anon.....	15	339
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, Fielding	20	474
WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES, Prentice	14	161
WHICH OF THREE? Jensen	15	329
WHICH FIRM ARE YOU IN? Cone.....	25	105
WHILE WE MAY, Willard	14	147
WHISPERIN' BILL, Bacheller.....	8	376
WHO GOT SKINNED? Hays	15	372
WHO KNOWS? Moulton	5	36
WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED, Goode.....	14	160
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? Child	3	246
WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN, Stevenson	3	234
WHY SHOULDST THOU FEAR? Dewhurst	14	205
WIDOW MALONE, THE, Lever	15	302
WILDERNESS, THE, Anon	28	453
WILL, THE ("The Lane That Had No Turning"), Parker	9	24
WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, Phillips	12	365
WILL'S CHUBBY LEGS, Richard	22	195
WINDOW BLIND, THE, Jones	32	415
WINNING OF LORNA DOONE, THE ("Lorna Doone"), Blackmore	5	79
WINTER NIGHTS, Talmage	19	305
WITH ANY AMAZEMENT ("The Story of the Gadsbys"), Kipling	1	78
WITH WHOM NO VARIABLENESS, Clough.....	2	171
WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY ("King Henry VIII."), Shakespeare	25	103
WOMAN, Irwin	20	416
WOMAN, Tilton	21	36
WOMAN, Holleck	15	304
WOMAN, A STUDY, Waterman	15	284
WOMAN'S EDUCATION, A, Sheridan	18	226
WOMAN'S QUESTION, A, Mrs. Browning.....	30	163
WOMAN SUFFRAGE, Mr. Dooley.....	27	236

	No.	PAGE
WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, MR. DOOLEY ON.....	20	423
WOMAN'S WILL, Saxe	15	360
WOMEN AND THE SALOON, Dickie	19	364
WONDERFUL COUNTRY OF GOOD BOY LAND, THE, Blake	3	227
WORK, Van Dyke	31	329
WORKMAN'S PRAYER, A, Stott	22	219
WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE, Coxe	14	139
WORLD'S BID FOR A MAN, THE, Stuart	14	162
WORTH OF A MAN, THE, Ferris	14	240
WORTHY FOE, A, Anon.	23	239
WRITE IT EVERYWHERE, Willard	19	358
WUSTEST BOY, THE, Dart.....	15	312
YOU GIT UP, Kerr	15	316
YOUNG CITIZEN, THE (True Bravery), Dole	31	291
YOUNG FOLKS HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (General Gage and the Boston Boys), Higginson	31	271
YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION, A (cutting), Waters..	10	151
YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION, A (The Bible), Waters..	14	182
YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION, A (Christian Charac- ter), Waters	14	184
YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION, A (The Prodigal), Waters	14	185
YOUR MISSION, Gates	14	158
YOUTH AND LOVE, Stevenson.....	9	9
YOUTH'S REPLY, Emerson	16	455
ZETTO, THE STORY OF A LIFE, Long	13	7

Classified Contents of The Speaker

(The numeral after name of author indicates Number of "The Speaker" in which selection may be found.)

PLAYS

Length of play, and number of male and female characters are indicated.

L'AIGLON (The History Lesson Scene).....	Rostand	1
20 min., 3 m. (Duke may be played by young woman), 1 f. Drama.		
THE HUNCHBACK.....	Knowles	2
25 min., 1 m., 1 f. Comedy.		
THE TEMPTATION	Rostand	6
From "The Princess Faraway." 30 min., 1 m., 2 f. Drama.		
THE FALCON.....	Tennyson	6
45 min., 2 m., 2 f. Drama.		
THE BALCONY SCENE from "Cyrano de Bergerac".....	Rostand	6
30 min., 4 m., 1 f. Drama.		
THE MOTHERS OF EDWARD.....	Kelly	6
30 min., 9 f. Comedy.		
SCHOOL SCENE from "Hard Times".....	Dickens	6
15 min., 3 m., 1 boy, 1 girl, other boys and girls. Comedy.		
TWO GENTLEMEN of Verona.....	Shakespeare	6
10 min., 2 f. Act I, Scene II. Comedy.		
THE SILENT SYSTEM.....	Matthews	6
25 min., 1 m., 1 f. Comedy.		
AT NANNY'S COTTAGE.....	Barrie	6
From "The Little Minister." 25 min., 2 m., 2 f. Comedy.		
THE EXAMINATION.....	Cable	6
From "Bonaventure." 30 min., 2 m., boys and girls, and the audience. Comedy.		
CORDIAL RELATIONS.....	Hope	6
From "The Dolly Dialogues." 15 min., 2 m., 1 f. Comedy.		
IN TRUST.....	Eliot	7
From "Romola." 20 min., 1 m., 1 f. Drama.		
RETRIBUTION	Hope	7
From "Dolly Dialogues." 15 min., 2 m., 7 f. Comedy.		
CONFESSIONS	Doyle	7
40 min., 1 m., 1 f. Comedy.		
TOPSY	Stowe	7
From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 20 min., 3 f. Comedy.		
ARMGART	Eliot	8
60 min., 2 m., 3 f. Drama.		

MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A SCENE FROM	
70 min., 3 m., 7 f. Comedy.	
A MISDEMEANOR OF NANCY.....	Hoyt 8
25 min., 2 m., 3 f. Comedy.	
THE WILL.....	Parker 9
From 'The Lane That Had No Turning.' 20 min.,	
2 m., 2 f. Drama.	
CURED.....	Bunner 9
From "The Tenor." 30 min., 5 f. Comedy.	
THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.....	Yeats 9
40 min., 3 m., 3 f. Romance.	
THE SET OF TURQUOISE.....	Aldrich 13
20 min., 1 m., 2 f. Comedy.	
A BUTTON.....	Translated for "The Speaker." 13
25 min., 2 m., 2 f. Comedy.	
THE DEAF MAN.....	Moinaux 17
25 min., 4 m., 2 f. A farce.	
THE ROSE AND THE RING.....	Thackeray 17
FANNY SQUEERS' TEA-PARTY.....	Dickens 25
2 m., 2 f.	
MATCH-MAKING.....	Marshall 32
1 m., 1 f.	
HIS UNBIASED OPINION.....	Furniss 32
1 m., 2 f.	

ENCORES

(See also lists under Child Life and Humorous.)

DAWN.....	Dunbar 1
THE CUSHVILLE HOP.....	King 1
COOM, LASSIE, BE GOOD TO ME.....	McIlvaine 1
LOVEY LOVES.....	King 1
ONE, TWO, THREE.....	Bunner 1
HEART'S EASE.....	Landon 2
THE USUAL WAY.....	Anon 4
"SPACIALLY JIM".....	Morgan 4
JANE JONES.....	King 4
WHAT HE GOT OUT OF IT.....	Kiser 5
FISHIN'?.....	Anon 5
MERIEL.....	Houston 5
TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.....	Hood 6
A FRIENDLY CLOUD.....	Flint 7
LOVE IS A SICKNESS.....	Daniel 8
THE OLD BOYS IN THE DANCE.....	Stanton 8
BEDOUIN LOVE SONG.....	Taylor 8
JENNY KISSED ME.....	Hunt 8
THE LITTLE GIRL OF GETTYSBURG.....	Tyrell 9
LADDIE.....	Anon 9
THE PRETTY MAID OF KISSIMMEE.....	Benton 9
WHEN THE GRAVY'S ON THE BUCKWHEATS...	
.....	Kiser 9
WHEN PAW WAS A BOY.....	Kiser 11
THE MOON CRADLE.....	McClusky 11
THE BLIND ARCHER.....	Doyle 11
RECIPROCITY.....	Wells 11
"CHEER UP, HONEY".....	Dowd 13

THE DECENT MAN.....	Kipling	15
GYPSY SONG	Kipling	15
A LOVER'S QUARREL.....	Dobson	15
HE'D HAD NO SHOW.....	Foss	15
SLEEPY MAN	Roberts	15
HERSELF AND MYSELF.....	McCall	15
RORY O'MORE	Lover	15
KITTY NEILL	Waller	15
A LAUGHING SONG.....	Blake	15
IDENTITY	Aldrich	15
NOCTURNE	Aldrich	15
UNSUNG	Aldrich	15
A SIMILAR CASE.....	Anon	15
CUPID SWALLOWED	Hunt	15
BABYHOOD	Holland	15
THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.....	Stedman	15
A SONG OF SORROW.....	Loomis	15
WHAT WILL WE DO?.....	Burdette	15
KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'.....	Burdette	15
ALONE	Burdette	15
AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.....	Anon	15
THE RECRUIT	Chambers	15
A ROUNDELAY.....	Metteux	15
NIGHT AND MORNING.....	Field	15
A TRIP TO TOY LAND.....	Field	15
THE "OLD, OLD SONG".....	Kingsley	15
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.....	Carey	15
A REQUIEM	Stevenson	15
THE BAFFLED CHAMPION.....	Nesbit	15
WOMAN: A STUDY.....	Waterman	15
A FO'CAS'LE BALLAD.....	Waterman	15
A HAPPY FAMILY.....	Waterman	15
DON'T	Waterman	15
MY DREAM	Anon	15
THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.....	Swinburne	15
A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.....	Swinburne	15
CORNAYLIUS HA-HA-HANNIGAN.....	Daly	15
THE IRISH BACHELOR.....	Daly	15
DA COMICA MAN.....	Daly	15
THE WIDOW MALONE.....	Lever	15
WOMAN'S WILL	Saxe	15
HE AND SHE.....	Ware	15
CHORUS OF WOMEN.....	Aristophanes	15
KITTY OF COLERAINE.....	Lysaght	15
WOMAN	Hallock	15
THE V-A-S-E	Roche	15
SAME OLD STORY.....	Smith	15
METAPHYSICS	Herford	15
HER POLKA DOTS.....	Newell	15
NONSENSE	Moore	15
OH! WEARY MOTHER.....	Pain	15
SWISS AIR	Harte	15
OH, MY GERALDINE	Burnand	15
THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES.....	Lear	15
AN ELEGY	Goldsmith	15

THE MODERN HIAWATHA.....	Anon	15
DE SQUEEZEE	Hermann	15
THE WUSTEST BOY.....	Darte	15
LITTLE BOY WHO MOVED.....	Wilson	15
SONG OF THE MOTOR CAR.....	Naylor	15
THE BOAST OF A VIRTUOUS MAN.....	Kiser	15
"YOU GIT UP".....	Kerr	15
ABSENCE	Crane	15
CUDDLE DOON	Anderson	15
THE CORPSE'S HUSBAND.....	Anon	15
THE ENVOY	Porter	15
THE PROPOSAL	Anon	15
HOW TO TELL THE TIME.....	Whitlock	15
BOY'S BABY PRAYER.....	Talbot	15
MY DEARIE	Stanton	15
WEARY FOR HER.....	Stanton	15
WHAT WAS IT?.....	Dayre	15
BOBBIE'S EXCHANGE	Bangs	15
PRETTY PEGGY	Wells	15
KISSING NO SIN.....	Anon	15
A LULLABY	McClusky	15
A DISTINCTION	Wilkes	15
TALE OF THE SEA SHELLS.....	Starr	15
LOVE IN JUNE.....	Cunningham	15
A SUMMER CYCLE.....	Jones	15
WHICH OF THREE?.....	Jensen	15
HER REASON	Irving	15
THE DREAMS	Stanton	15
FINALE	Thackeray	15
ON A VISIT.....	Tompkins	15
THE STUTTERING SONNETEER.....	Stinson	15
JOKING	Anon	15
TAKE THAT BACK.....	Anon	15
JILTED	Anon	15
WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN'.....	Brooks	15
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.....	Anon	15
AN EXPLANATION	Learned	15
IF I CAN BE BY HER.....	King	15
KEEP A-GOIN'.....	Stanton	15
LITTLE AH SID.....	Anon	15
THE TRAIN-MISSER	Riley	15
WHEN DE FOLKS IS GONE.....	Riley	15
THE UNIVERSAL HABIT.....	Gillilan	15
A SEND-OFF	Irwin	15
A PRACTICAL YOUNG WOMAN.....	Russell	15
HAPPINESS	Anon	15
MOTHER'S ALMANAC	Anon	15
IN THE OLD CHURCH CHOIR.....	Reese	15
JENNIE	Brooks	15
HIS FUTURE	Guiterman	15
SLAP HIM ON THE BACK.....	Riley	15
NOTHING BUT LEAVES.....	M. H. G	15
CAVALRY SONG	Stedman	15
THE EAGLE'S SONG.....	Mansfield	15
THREE LITTLE CHESTNUTS.....	Anon	15

THE DEAD NAPOLEON.....	Thackeray	15
A KISS IN THE RAIN.....	Peck	15
THE RUNAWAY TOYS.....	Stanton	16
A FOOTBALL HERO.....	Gillilan	16
HOW I SPOKE THE WORD.....	Stanton	16
THE LAST STRAW.....	Grilley	16
PLAY BALL, BILL.....	Grilley	16
HOCH DER KAISER.....	Gordon	16
LIFE	Barbault	17
TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL.....	Waterman	17
THE WAY TO WIN.....	Matson	17
LOVE ON DECK.....	Barlow	17
AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST.....	Wells	17
TEN LITTLE BACHELORS.....	Stinson	17
TO-DAY	Carlyle	17
A RECIPE FOR SANITY.....	Eliot	17
IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.....	King	18
HYPNOTISM AND THE DOG.....	Montague	18
THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.....	Yeats	18
ODE TO A LONDON FOG.....	Anon	18
INDECISION	Anon	18
IF	Roche	18
ELOPEMENT	King	18
BEWARE	Longfellow	18
AN APPEAL	Gilbert	18
THE BEST OF IT.....	Cone	20
INVICTUS	Henley	20
CUPID'S CORNER	Waterman	20
"BILL'S IN TROUBLE".....	Anon	20
THE DAISIES	Anon	22
THINGS INSIDE	Coll	22
WILL'S CHUBBY LEGS.....	Richard	22
A MAN AND HIS SHOES.....	Anon	22
MARCH OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.....	Ade	23
IN OUR CURRICULUM	Irwin	23
A BASS SOLO.....	Irwin	23
THE WAR GAME IN THE CHOIR.....	Anon	23
THE HOME ROAD.....	Stanton	23
VANISHED DANGERS	Kiser	23
MOTHERS	Sabin	23
HIGH LIFE AT CHRISTMAS.....	Paine	23
A LITTLE VAGABOND.....	Sangster	24
THE COWBOY'S PRAYER.....	Clark	24
A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.....	Whitney	24
PILLER FIGHTS	Ellsworth	24
COMMENCEMENT AT BILLVILLE.....	Stanton	24
THE GLORY THAT IS TO BE.....	Dawson	24
THE CAT	Euwer	24
THE BULLDOG	Euwer	24
THE SAW-FISH	Euwer	24
JIM BOWKER	Foss	24
IRISH NAMES	Ludlow	25
GRANDPA AND THE FOGHORN.....	Nesbit	25
VOT TO CALL HIM.....	Hobart	25
DAISIES	Sherman	25

HER FAULTS	Smith	25
THE IRISH COLONEL	Doyle	25
I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK.....	Langbridge	25
PARTING	Gale	25
THE FIRST IDEALIST	Allen	25
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?.....	Anon	25
WHICH FIRM ARE YOU IN?.....	Cone	25
THE SNOW MAN.....	Cone	25
THE BELLES	Daly	25
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.....	Anon	26
LIFE	Nickey	26
SON, YOU WASHED?	Anon	27
WHAT REALLY IS THE TROUBLE.....	Bangs	27
THE LAGGARD IN LOVE.....	Daly	27
LET US SMILE.....	Nesbit	27
THAT TIRED FEELING.....	Anon	28
TO-MORROW	Anon	28
SORROWS OF WERTHER.....	Thackeray	28
TRANSGRESSION	Le Gallienne	28
THE CONQUEROR	Aurin	29
A CITIZEN OF SUNLIGHT.....	Stanton	29
A DAILY MOTTO.....	Anon	29
CASTE	Kiser	29
THE PRICE OF GREATNESS.....	Kiser	29
JULIE	Anon	30
NOT EVERY MAN.....	Burtscher	30
BEIN' SICK	Anon	30
SPRING OPINIONS	Merriman	30
THE FIRST KISS.....	Anon	30
A DITTY	Sidney	30
A TRAGEDY	Manzall	30
DAD	Ross	30
PET'S PUNISHMENT	Ashby-Sterry	30
VICTORY	Allen	30
BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.....	Whittier	31

HUMOROUS

"The Speaker" No. 15 contains nearly 200 encores, most of which are humorous. See list of encores.

BILL, THE LOKIL EDITOR.....	Field	1
THE CUSHVILLE HOP.....	King	1
SONNY'S CHRISTENING	Stuart	1
HOW SHE WENT INTO BUSINESS.....	Harris	1
A BIRD IN THE HAND.....	Weatherby	1
EMMY LOU	Martin	1
PHILOSOPHER IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.....	Hope	1
THE PHOTOGRAPH	Dunbar	1
NINI, NINETTE, NINON	Weatherby	1
WITH ANY AMAZEMENT.....	Kipling	1
MR. DOOLEY ON THE GRIP.....	Dunne	1
THE ELOCUTIONIST'S CURFEW.....	Nesbit	1
IN THE TOILS OF THE ENEMY.....	Wood	2
JATHROP LATHROP'S COW.....	Warner	2
T'NOWHEAD'S BELL	Barrie	4

MY RIVAL	Kipling	4
MRS. ATWOOD'S OUTER RAIMENT.....	Cutting	4
A GOOD DINNER	Cutting	4
THE DAY OF PRECIOUS PENALTIES.....	Hill	4
MAMMY'S PICKANIN'	Jenkins	4
AN OPERA	Ade	4
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA.....	Martin	5
THE PLAY'S THE THING.....	Martin	5
THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKEY.....	Daskam	5
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN...	Daskam	5
ARDELIA IN ARCADY.....	Daskam	5
APOLLO BELVEDERE	Stuart	5
AN INVALID IN LODGINGS.....	Barrie	5
TRUTH IN PARENTHESSES	Hood	6
TRAVELING LINDY	Todd	7
CASEY'S REVENGE	Wilson	7
I WANT TO GO TO MORROW.....	Anon	7
THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY.....	Hoyt	7
THE FIRST PIANO IN CAMP.....	Davis	7
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR...	Champion	7
A BALLAD OF CROSSING THE BROOK.....	Roberts	7
DON'T YOU?	Cooke	7
UNEXPECTED GUESTS	Cameron	7
JOHN GRAHAM	Lorimer	7
THE COMET	Holmes	7
DA 'MERICANA GIRL.....	Daly	8
A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.....	Dobson	8
MALONEY'S ST. PATRICK'S DAY HAT.....	Anon	8
AT DANCING SCHOOL.....	Anon	8
SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE.....	Hall	8
A NAUTICAL EXTRAVAGANCE.....	Irwin	9
WHEN CLASS "A" GAVE THANKS.....	Copinger	9
THE HE-SIREN OF THE GOLD FIELDS.....	Dennison	9
A DANCE AT THE RANCH.....	Anon	9
THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS.....	English	9
VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?.....	Adams	9
THE WEE TAY TABLE.....	Bullock	9
IN WILLARD'S SHOES	Child	11
FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN.....	Gillilan	11
THE REFORMATION OF CINNAMON.....	Cooley	11
HELLO HOUSE	Harris	11
TWIGGS AND TUDENS	Riley	11
THE PAW PAW.....	Hopkins	11
THE MUSIC GRINDERS.....	Holmes	12
THE SEPTEMBER GALE.....	Holmes	12
THE BOYS	Holmes	12
EVOLUTION	Anon	12
DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.....	Anon	12
MR. DOOLEY ON LAWYERS.....	Dunne	13
DIODENES PAUSES	Futrelle	13
THE SET OF TURQUOISE.....	Aldrich	13
BASEBALL	Togo	13
THE HON. GASOLENE.....	Togo	13
IDELLA AND THE WHITE PLAGUE.....	Lincoln	13
JOHNNY'S HISTORY LESSON.....	Waterman	16

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.....	Cheney	16
WANTED A DRINK.....	Anon	16
HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.....	Foss	16
PADDY'S CONTENT	Donovan	17
SHOEING A BRONCO.....	Nye	17
THE SOLID LADY VOTE.....	Irwin	17
CREMONA	Doyle	17
THE MINISTER'S BLUNDER	Twain	17
SAYS I.....	Cole	17
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	Dooley	17
THAT GAME OF QUOITS.....	Hermann	17
TROOPIN'	Kipling	17
TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.....	Kipling	17
A CODE OF MORALS.....	Kipling	17
BY TELEPHONE	Matthews	18
THE LONELY HONEYMOON.....	Daly	18
LARRY'S ON THE FORCE.....	Russell	18
ON CO'TIN'	Piper	18
NEBUCHADNEZZAR	Russell	18
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS	Campbell	18
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.....	Phelps	18
THE PRINCE OF WALES.....	Ward	18
THE CALL	Anon	18
FIRST CALL ON THE BUTCHER.....	Fisk	18
HUNTING AN APARTMENT.....	Fisk	18
THE BEWILDERED PRESIDENT.....	Thanet	18
JIM	Harte	18
THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.....	Burnand	18
OH, NO	Bell	18
HIGH LOW! JACK AND THE BABY.....	Croy	18
"FUZZY-WUZZY"	Kipling	18
LYING	Moore	18
CHRISTMAS AT THE TRIMBLES	Stuart	18
AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S	Fisk	18
MOTHER'S NAP	Dillingham	18
WHAT MEN FIGHT FOR	Burdette	19
LIQUOR SELLER'S PSALM OF LIFE.....	Dodd	19
THE SNAKES	Field	19
THE MODERATE DRINKER	Daly	19
THE CALF PATH.....	Foss	19
THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY.....	Nesbit	19
MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.....	Dunne	20
THE GOBLIN GOOSE FROM "PUNCH".....		20
THE WAITING-ROOM	Winston	20
AS TOLD BY MRS. WILLIAMS.....	Wakeman	20
THE GIFT OF TACT.....	Loomis	20
MISS PETTIGREW'S RECEPTION.....	Baker	20
THE PRICE OF FAME.....	Gilmer	20
DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN'.....	Piner	20
A DOORSTEP DIALOGUE	Sothorn	20
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.....	Fielding	20
NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.....	Clemens	21
THE MINISTER SETS THE TOM-TURKEY.....	Stowe	22
AT THE SIGN OF THE CLEFT HEART.....	Garrison	22
THE COMFORTS OF TRAVEL.....	Dooley	22

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT	Dooley	22
HELD AT THE STATION.....	Loomis	22
THE MOTHER OF LITTLE MAUDE AND LITTLE MAUDE	Loomis	22
MRS. HARRIGAN ON NEIGHBORLINESS.....	Loomis	22
TWO OF THEM	Barrie	22
GEORGE WASHINGTON.....	Anon	22
THE BORROWED HUSBAND	Cooke	22
LAMP CHIMNEYS OUT OF OLD BOTTLES....	Butler	22
THE OLE BANJO	Jenkins	22
PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE.....	Cameron	22
THE NEW ROAD QUESTION.....	Furniss	22
GARDENDALE BURGLAR CURE.....	Rath	23
MENDING THE CLOCK	Barrie	23
A BIRD IN THE HAND.....	Butler	23
A CASE OF FITS	Fillmore	23
ALONZO'S SILVER WEDDING	Sterrett	23
FINERTY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.....	Stewart	23
THE MAN ON THE HILLTOP.....	Bachellor	23
MRS. HARRIGAN TELEPHONES.....	Loomis	24
A PATRON OF ART.....	Cameron	24
THE PUNISHMENT OF ROBERT.....	Nesbit	24
REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATHERA'S NEEDLE....	O'Leary	24
LEETLA GIORGIO WASHEENTON	Daly	24
THE MIDDLE CHILD.....	Kelly	24
TEACHING A GIRL FOOTBALL.....	Kiser	24
PAT MAGEE	Barrington	25
PAT MAGEE'S WIFE	Barrington	25
DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.....	Adams	25
DER OAK UND DER VINE.....	Adams	25
DAT BABY OF MINE.....	Adams	25
SOLOMON AND THE BEES.....	Saxe	25
SONG OF THE DANCING DERVISHES.....	Irwin	25
DE CAPTAIN E OF DE "MARGUERITE".....	Amsbary	25
HIS ONE BOOK.....	Naylor	25
MR. BUMBLE'S WOOING.....	Dickens	26
MR. TAPPERTIT GOES OUT FOR THE EVENING	Dickens	26
THE STRAWBERRY BED	Allen	26
HIS SYMPTOMS	Butler	26
THE BABY AT RUDDER GRANGE.....	Stockton	26
ELDER BROWN'S BIG HIT.....	Waterman	26
THE HAPPIEST TIME.....	Cutting	26
MIRANDY ON LOSING A HUSBAND.....	Dix	26
A TETE-A-TETE AT OWL'S ROOST.....	Anon	26
DREAMS	Foley	26
WOMAN SUFFRAGE	Dunne	27
A STUDY IN NERVES.....	Anon	27
LITTLE PAUL AND MRS. PIPCHIN.....	Dickens	27
THE CURING OF WILLIAM HICKS.....	Nesbit	27
AUTUMN	Crum	27
HANS' HENS	Loomis	27
THEIR FIRST SPAT.....	Anon	27
THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.....	Barham	28

MRS MALAPROP ON FEMALE EDUCATION.....	Sheridan	28
KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY	Robertson	28
HENRY THE FIFTH'S WOOING.....	Shakespeare	28
MINE SHILDRREN	Adams	28
THE MORNING UPLIFT.....	Dowd	28
MAHSR JOHN	Russell	28
THE PARSON'S HORSE RACE.....	Anon	29
THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.....	Lamb	29
THERE AIN'T NO WEST NO MORE.....	Anon	29
MRS. O'LEARY MAKES A MORNING CALL....	Morgan	29
THE DEEPWATER DEBATE	McHenry	29
PERFECT PEACE	Child	29
MISS BATES AT THE BALL.....	Austen	29
PA SHAVED OFF HIS WHISKERS.....	Anon	29
MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD.....	Jerrold	29
VOTES FROM WOMEN	Fitch	29
DR. MARIGOLD	Dickens	29
DRUGS	Dunne	30
THE ANNUITY	Outram	30
NOTHING TO WEAR	Butler	30
CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.....	Kipling	30
MIRANDY ON THE ENEMY	Dix	30
VARIATIONS ON A THEME	Adams	30
SONG OF A SHIRT.....	Cutting	30
TOGO GETS ACQUAINTED WITH THE CLOTHES LINE	Irwin	30
IN LOCO PARENTIS.....	Kelly	30
THE SHAUGHRAN	Boucicault	32
PORTIA AND NERISSA	Shakespeare	32
BARDELL VS. PICKWICK.....	Dickens	32
SECRETS OF THE HEART.....	Dobson	32
THE FOXES' TAILS	Anon	32
TONY LUMPKIN'S JOKE	Goldsmith	32

ORATORICAL

THE LEADERSHIP OF EDUCATED MEN.....	Curtis	1
A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.....	Hubbard	1
THE NEW AMERICANISM.....	Watterson	2
A PLEA FOR PATRIOTISM.....	Harrison	2
THE INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA.....	Thurston	2
THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.....	Parker	2
BURNS	Curtis	2
THE TRIAL OF BEN THOMAS.....	Edwards	2
LAST SPEECH OF WM. McKINLEY.....		2
EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER.....	Schurz	4
SECESSION	Stephens	5
A FIGHT FOR THE CITY.....	Jerome	7
THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN.....	Black	7
THE NEW SOUTH	Grady	7
A VISION OF WAR.....	Ingersoll	8
THE ORATORY OF PHILLIPS.....	Churchill	10
THE SCHOLAR IN A REPUBLIC.....	Phillips	10
SHAKESPEARE	Ingersoll	10
JOHN RUSKIN	Hillis	10

EULOGY OF GARFIELD.....	Blaine	10
SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.....	Gough	10
AMERICA'S UNCROWNED QUEEN.....	Wilson	10
EULOGY OF ROBERT E. LEE.....	Daniel	10
THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.....	Grady	10
THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER.....	Watterson	10
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	Watterson	10
THE REIGN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.....	Beecher	10
MODERN CHIVALRY.....	Chapin	10
INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES.....	Cleveland	10
MEMORIAL DAY.....	Long	10
A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION.....	Waters	10
WHAT IS RELIGION?.....	Waters	10
RELIGION AND ART.....	Gunsaulus	10
ROBERT BROWNING.....	Gunsaulus	10
DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.....	Prentiss	10
THE PEOPLE IN ART, GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.....	Bancroft	10
THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.....	Emerson	10
WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.....	Bryant	10
ON LEAVING THE UNION.....	Davis	10
AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.....	Ingersoll	10
SUBJUGATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.....	Hoar	10
GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.....	Lincoln	10
EULOGY ON WEBSTER.....	Choate	10
TRIBUTE TO McKINLEY.....	Hay	10
LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.....	Gordon	10
ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.....	Beecher	12
LINCOLN'S RESPONSIBILITY.....	Curtis	12
LINCOLN: CALLED OF GOD.....	Thurston	12
GLADSTONE THE ORATOR.....	Hoar	12
GLADSTONE IN DEFEAT.....	Tyler	12
EULOGY ON JOHN BRIGHT.....	Gladstone	12
AIM OF THE SCHOLAR.....	Gladstone	12
HOME RULE.....	Gladstone	12
DARWIN AND SCIENCE.....	Huxley	12
THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.....	Huxley	12
THE DEATH OF DARWIN.....	Bryce	12
DEBT OF SCIENCE TO DARWIN.....	Wallace	12
IN MEMORIAM, DARWIN.....	Fiske	12
NEGRO IN SPANISH WAR.....	Washington	13
GENERAL SIHERMAN.....	Schurz	13
GLORY OF THE REPUBLIC.....	Smith	13
AMERICAN NAVY.....	Long	13
NAPOLEON.....	Ingersoll	16
ALEX. HAMILTON.....	Morris	16
JOHN MARSHALL.....	Olney	16
DEMOCRACY.....	Lowell	16
JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE.....	Blackburn	16
EDUCATION AND BUSINESS.....	Eliot	16
LINCOLN'S GREATNESS.....	Washington	16
THE FATE OF BURNS.....	Carlyle	17
THE DEATH OF GRADY.....	Graves	17
PERSONAL LIBERTY.....	Bryan	19
AFTER MIDNIGHT.....	Talmage	19

CONTROL OF LIQUOR TRAFFIC.....	Hanly	19
TRUTH ABOUT LIQUOR CURSE.....	Hanly	19
THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.....	Gough	19
MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES	Holland	19
THE GOOD FELLOW	Holland	19
THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION	Holland	19
THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.....	Beecher	19
THE POWER OF HABIT.....	Gough	19
APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE	Grady	19
THE KEYS TO SUCCESS	Bok	19
THE CURTAIN LIFTED	Talmage	19
DO SALOONS HELP BUSINESS?.....	Tuckett	19
THE DRUNKARD'S GRAND MARCH	Jones	19
THE PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS	Stewart	19
CITIZENS TO BLAME	Folk	19
THE TEMPERANCE REVOLUTION	Lincoln	19
THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC	Chapman	19
THE SUPREME ISSUE	Fernwald	19
WOMEN AND THE SALOON	Dickie	19
LINCOLN'S GREATNESS	Washington	20
PUBLIC SPEAKING FOR PRIVATE CITIZENS..	Davis	21
WELCOME TO THE ALUMNI	Holmes	21
A MATRIMONIAL TRAINING SCHOOL.....	Fitz	21
TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT	Porter	21
TO THE HARVARD ALUMNI	Washington	21
WOMAN	Tilton	21
THE PURITAN PRINCIPLE	Curtis	21
CONSPIRACY AGAINST IRELAND	Plunket	23
PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.....	Frye	23
WHAT DOES GRAFT MEAN?.....	Langdon	23
THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.....	Bryan	23
THE MEANING OF THE FLAG.....	Witherspoon	27
DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	Beecher	28
THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG.....	Beecher	31
GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY.....		31
FIRST BUNKER HILL ADDRESS	Webster	31
THE ESSENCE OF PATRIOTISM	Bryan	31
WAR WITH AMERICA	Pitt	31
MASSACHUSETTS	Webster	31
ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA	Garfield	31
RIGHT OF THE FILIPINOS TO INDEPENDENCE...		
.....	Hoar	31
NEW AMERICANISM	Watterson	31
MORAL ASPECT OF THE AMERICAN WAR..	Beecher	31
THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE	Chapin	31
AGAINST THE SPOILS SYSTEM	Van Dyke	31
THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE	Roosevelt	31

PATHETIC, OR TENDER SENTIMENT

THE SLOW MAN	Poole	1
THE ADVOCATE'S FIRST PLEA	McCutcheon	2
EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.....	Tilton	2
A KENTUCKY CINDERELLA	Smith	4
THE OLD MAN AND SHEP	Scorer	5

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY	Kiser	5
THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE	Cleary	7
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON	Maclaren	7
THE ST. JOHN FUND	Greene	8
WHISPERIN' BILL	Bachelor	8
THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYITCH	Tolstoy	9
THE RAJPUT NURSE	Arnold	9
THE MITHERLESS BAIRN	Thorn	11
THE KING'S GREAT VICTORY	Anderson	11
THE CHILDREN WE KEEP	Wilson	11
THE OTHER ONE	Peck	11
A LITTLE WHILE	Hayne	11
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL	Tennyson	12
ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.....	Mrs. Browning	13
BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HANDS	Gillilan	13
WHEN I WAS A BOY	Field	16
HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY	Carleton	16
THE LAST SHOT	Reid	16
MUSIC OF RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS..	Thompson	16
GEORGE LEE	Aidé	17
KNOWLEDGE	Kiser	17
WHEN THE BIRDS COME NORTH	Higginson	17
TO THE DANDELION	Lowell	17
ALL	Durivage	17
HIGHLAND MARY	Burns	17
THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN	Browning	17
TWO LOVERS	Eliot	17
THE PATRIOT	Browning	18
ROSA	Long	18
MOTHER AND POET	Browning	18
LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT	Dufferin	18
THE QUAKER WIDOW	Taylor	18
MY YOUNG UN	Anon	18
MY WIFE AND CHILD	Jackson	18
A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS	Browning	18
THE BLIND BOY	Cibber	18
ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS	Smith	20
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY.....	Kelly	20
A BACHELOR'S SUPPER	Mitchell	20
I USED TO KNOW YOUR MA	Nesbit	22
A SONG OF THE FACTORY	Montague	22
THE BOY WHO SAID "G'WAN".....	Carryl	22
BLACK SHEEP	Burton	22
THE END OF THE TASK	Lessing	23
THE PRINCE OF ILLUSION	Long	23
ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON	Willis	23
THE MOURNER	Daly	25
MY LITTLE BOY	Joyce	25
ONE LIL' LAMB	Young	25
THE WAIFS	Foley	25
"MOTHER"	Riley	25
THE DREAM AND THE DEED	McNally	25
A ROSE	Bates	25
THE STORY OF THE WRINKLES.....	Nesbit	25

PEACE AND PAIN	O'Reilly	25
THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.....	Tarkington	25
AFTERWARDS	Maclaren	26
ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA	Whittier	26
HELENE THAMRE	Phelps	26
OLIVER TWIST STARTS OUT INTO THE WORLD	Dickens	26
MRS. MAVOR'S STORY	Connor	26
MADONNA OF THE TUBS	Phelps	27
LADDIE		27
THE SONG IN THE MARKET PLACE.....	Buckham	27
THE MEASURE OF THE GHETTO	Lopez	27
THE RETURN OF ENOCH ARDEN	Tennyson	28
DAVID COPPERFIELD	Dickens	28
THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR	Thackeray	28
THE IVY GREEN	Dickens	29
THE CRACKAJACK STORY.....	Kellock	29
KALLUNDBORG CHURCH	Whittier	29
WHEN THE COWS COME HOME	Mitchell	29
THE STOLEN SONG	Williams	29
THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY	Cary	29
MOTHERHOOD	Bacon	29
THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY	Maclaren	30
A WOMAN'S QUESTION	Browning	30
THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER	Browning	30
CRISTINA	Browning	30
AFTERMATH	Allen	30
NIXIE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD	Daulton	30
GOD LOVED THE LILIES.....	Preston	30
CHARLES DICKENS	Hodge	30
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY	Hale	31
THE PICKET GUARD	Beers	31
ROLL CALL	Shepherd	31
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.....	Anon	31
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.....	Finch	31

LYRICS

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER	Dobson	1
THE CAP THAT FITS	Dobson	1
THE CURE'S PROGRESS	Dobson	1
THE RECESSIONAL	Kipling	3
THE HUNT	Baker	4
BALLADE OF FRANCOIS VILLON.....	Swain	4
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB	Love	4
THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD.....	Warren	5
THE STIRRUP CUP	Lanier	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL	Riley	5
OPPORTUNITY	Sill	7
LULLABY	Foley	7
THE BRAVEST BATTLE	Miller	7
MY SHIPS	Wilcox	7
IO VICTIS	Story	7
DOORS OF DARING	Van Dyke	8
BEDOUIIN LOVE SONG	Taylor	8

THE SONG OF THE MAN.....	Abbott	8
YOUTH AND LOVE	Stevenson	9
TO HELEN	Poe	9
MY WISH	Rogers	9
UP-HILL	Rossetti	9
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS	Chester	9
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT	Moore	9
THE LOST LEADER	Browning	11
DA SWEETA SOIL	Daly	11
THE THROSTLE	Tennyson	12
THE LADY OF SHALOTT	Tennyson	12
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.....	Tennyson	12
CROSSING THE BAR	Tennyson	12
EVOLUTION	Tabb	12
EVOLUTION	Smith	12
DARWINISM	Robinson	12
TUBAL CAIN	Mackay	13
STANZAS FOR MUSIC	Byron	13
ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST....	Mrs. Browning	13
SLEEP	Mrs. Browning	13
WATCHWORDS	Coxe	13
SPRING	Thaxter	17
OUT IN THE FIELDS.....	Mrs. Browning	17
THE DIVINE FIRE	Gilder	17
ONLY A MAN	Hopper	22
THE BROOK IN THE HEART	Dickinson	24
A VAGABOND SONG	Carman	24
BEFORE THE GATES	Stanton	24
THE VAGABOND	Stevenson	25
INISHAIL	Anon	25
SING HEIGH-HO!	Kingsley	25
THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN	Blake	25
THE MOUNTAINS	Tynan	26

CHILD LIFE AND FOR CHILDREN

Of the 120 selections in The Speaker No. 14, over 100 are suitable for children to recite.

ONE, TWO, THREE	Bunner	1
THE SHAVE STORE	Cooke	3
THE MOO COW MOO	Cooke	3
BROTHER WOLF & THE HORNED CATTLE...	Harris	3
A SUMMER LULLABY	Bumstead	3
THE FIRST NOWELL	Old Carol	3
TINY TIM ("CHRISTMAS CAROL").....	Dickens	3
THE FAIRIES	Allingham	3
QUEEN MAB	Hood	3
THE STAR SONG	Herrick	3
O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM	Brooks	3
SANTA CLAUS	Anon	3
THE FLAG GOES BY.....	Bennett	3
POCAHONTAS	Thackeray	3
A FAREWELL	Kingsley	3
TODAY	Carlyle	3
BE TRUE	Bonar	3

GOOD BOY LAND	Blake	3
THE FIR TREE	Anderson	3
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.....	Stevenson	3
THE LAND OF NOD	Stevenson	3
AULD DADDY DARKNESS	Ferguson	3
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT	Lear	3
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
THE LOST DOLL	Kingsley	3
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?	Child	3
PO' LITTLE LAMB	Dunbar	3
LITTLE BROWN BABY	Dunbar	3
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP....	Browning	3
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.....	Scott	3
CONCORD HYMN	Emerson	3
A HOWDY SONG	Harris	3
BUD'S FAIRY TALE	Riley	3
THE BOY SCARET O' DYIN'.....	Slosson	3
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY	Tennyson	3
HAPPY IN MY LOT	Ewing	3
THE VICTOR OF MARENGO	Anon	3
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF.....	Roberts	3
LITTLE NELL	Dickens	3
PARSIFAL THE PURE	Wagner	3
HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK.....	Kipling	4
THE OWL	Tennyson	4
LADY MOON	Houghton	4
HYMN OF A CHILD	Wesley	4
THE OLD DOLL	Thomas	4
LITTLE CHRISTEL	Rands	4
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY	Warner	4
THE LARK AND THE ROOK.....	Anon	4
A LITTLE KNIGHT ERRANT	Richards	4
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA	Martin	5
THE PLAY'S THE THING.....	Martin	5
THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKY	Daskam	5
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN..	Daskam	5
ARDELIA IN ARCADY	Daskam	5
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR..	Champion	7
LULLABY	Foley	7
UNEXPECTED GUESTS	Cameron	7
AT DANCING SCHOOL	Anon	8
ROCK-A-BY LAND	Brininstool	9
FOREIGN LANDS	Stevenson	13
DICKS PLEASANT DREAM	Dudley	13
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HANDS.....	Gillilan	13
THE SLEEPY SONG	Daskam	13
OLD MR. RABBIT	Harris	18
A BOY'S PLEDGE	Hutchinson	19
A TEMPERANCE SONG	Baldwin	19
WHEN I'M A MAN	Douglas	19
THE BOTTLE IMP.....	Thayer	19
LITTLE SISTER	Gilson	20
THE PRODIGIES	Mason	22
A WORTHY FOE	Anon	23
A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE	Richards	24

BILLY BRAD AND THE BIG LIE.....	Butler	24
DEPOSED	Sabin	24
THE HEATHEN	Nesbit	24
TONIO	Garrison	25
THE CROWNING INDIGNITY	Nesbit	25
THE ONE HUNDRED AND ONETH	Donnell	25
STOLEN FRUIT	Hunt	25
A LAUGHING CHORUS	Anon	25
THE BLUEBELL	Deland	25
THE FISHING PARTY	Anon	26
A PLACE FOR BOYS	Foley	26
THE NEW BROTHER	Lincoln	27
THE SULKS	Bates	29
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR WORLD.....	Walker	29
THE OWL AND THE BELL	MacDonald	29
DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER...	Dickens	29
HIS DAD	Brinstead	29
THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER	Allingham	29
DE MOON PILOT	Fruitt	29
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES	Larcom	29
THE LIE	Donnell	30
CUDDLINTOWN	Hauff	30
DOROTHY'S OPINION	Wells	30
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES	Montgomery	30
THE ASHES OF OLD WISHES.....	Templeton	30
GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS.	Higginson	31
A CHILDHOOD GARLAND	Hayes	31

PATRIOTIC

(See also Oratorical, and Special Occasions.)

THE CONQUERED BANNER	Ryan	8
BANNOCKBURN	Burns	9
THE LITTLE GIRL OF GETTYSBURG.....	Tyrell	9
KEENAN'S CHARGE	Lathrop	11
UNION AND LIBERTY	Holmes	12
ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.....	Tennyson	12
THE CENOTAPH	McKay	12
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!.....	Whitman	12
COMMEMORATION ODE	Lowell	12
LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE...	Markham	12
TO THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN.....	Gilder	12
W. E. GLADSTONE	Phillips	12
GLADSTONE ON ORATORY	Hoar	12
BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
LINCOLN'S HEART	Butterworth	13
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Stoddard	13
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.....	Burns	13
DIOGENES PAUSES	Futrelle	13
THE FLEET	Cook	16
MUSIC OF RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS...	Thompson	16
NATHAN HALE	Finch	17
GROUND OF THE TERRIBLE	Begbie	17
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER	Boker	17
A HOLY NATION	Realf	17

AMERICA	Hovey	18
THE MORAL WARFARE	Whittier	19
WRITE IT EVERYWHERE	Willard	19
WARREN'S ADDRESS	Pierpont	20
OUR UNITED COUNTRY	Howell	21
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY	Lodge	21
CAVALRY SONG	Cutler	23
THE VERMIN IN THE DARK.....	Markham	23
THE FOURTH OF JULY	Pierpont	23
OUR COUNTRY	Howe	23
DE LEON	Butterworth	23
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	Butterworth	23
THE PILGRIM FATHERS	Pierpont	23
COLUMBUS	Hale	23
COLUMBUS IN CHAINS	Freneau	23
SONG OF THE SOLDIER	Halpin	23
THE SOLDIER BOY FOR ME	Kiser	24
WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK.....	Wilcox	24
HIS NEW SUIT	Kiser	25
THE SONG OF PEACE	Miller	25
FULTON	Howe	25
THE MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE TENTH.....	Thomas	25
WASHINGTON'S GRAVE	Pike	25
THE LIVING FLAG	Harl	25
TO THE EAGLE	Percival	31
COLUMBUS	Montgomery	31
INDEPENDENCE BELL	Anon	31
THE LIBERTY BELL	Brooks	31
TICONDEROGA	Wilson	31
SONG OF MARION'S MEN	Bryant	31
PHEIDIPPEDES	Browning	31
THE TRUE POWER OF A NATION.....	Chapin	31
WHAT THE FLAG MEANS	Lodge	31
ARNOLD WINKELREID	Montgomery	31
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT	Whittier	31
THE PRESENT CRISIS	Lowell	31
THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON....	Thurston	31
GENERAL GRANT	Lowell	31
THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.....	Whittier	31

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

(See also Patriotic.)

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (CHRISTMAS)...	Brooks	3
A PLEA FOR THE OLD YEAR	Moulton	5
APOLLO BELVEDERE (CHRISTMAS).....	Stuart	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL (CHRISTMAS)	Riley	5
THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY	Kiser	5
THE WAITING FIGURE (NEW YEAR'S)		7
THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE (THANKS- GIVING)	Cleary	7
A VISION OF WAR (DECORATION DAY)....	Ingersoll	8
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD (CHRISTMAS)....	Glaspell	8

THE ST. JOHN'S FUND (EASTER).....	Greene	8
MEMORIAL DAY	Long	10
DECORATION	Cooke	11
ALLA FOR ROSA (CHRISTMAS).....	Daly	13
THE CHRISTMAS FIRE	Spofford	25
A DREAM OF PAST CHRISTMASSES.....	Secordin	25
THANKSGIVING DAY	Bangs	25
TO THE NEW YEAR	Riley	25
THE MANGER SONG OF MARY.....	Markham	25
BETHL'EM STAR	Stuart	25
MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE	Arnold	26
IN CHRISTMAS LAND	Stanton	27
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON	Henry	30

DRAMATIC

The Speaker No. 14 contains 120 selections for all kinds of religious occasions—Sunday School, Young People's Societies, Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and so on.

THE HISTORY LESSON ("L'AIGLON").....	Rostand	1
ARENA SCENE ("QUO VADIS").....	Sienkiewicz	1
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP.....	Hugo	1
GLORY	Long	1
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.....	Poe	1
RHYME OF DUCHESS MAY	Mrs. Browning	1
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.....	Barrett	2
GENTLEMEN, THE KING	Barr	2
THE ONLY WAY ("TALE OF TWO CITIES").....		2
A NIGHT IN STE. PILAGIE (from "Lazarre").....		
.....Catherwood		2
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA	Hope	2
THE CALL OF THE WILD	London	2
THE TELL-TALE HEART	Poe	2
RICHELIEU	Lytton	2
BURGOMASTER'S DEATH (from "The Bells").....		2
FOR DEAR OLD YALE.....	Langston	2
THE LANCE OF KANANA	French	2
JOHN STORM'S RESOLUTION	Caine	4
THE FLOOD OF THE FLOSS.....	Eliot	4
A GONDOLA RACE	Smith	4
THE DEATH OF HYPATIA	Kingsley	5
THE TOURNAMENT	Scott	5
FAGIN'S LAST DAY	Dickens	5
THE WINNING OF LORNA DOONE.....	Blackmore	5
30 min., or 8 separate readings.		
A SOLDIER OF FRANCE	Ouida	7
A STORY OF THE SEA.....	Webb	7
THE REVEL	Dowling	8
A FIGHT WITH A CANNON	Hugo	8
FOURTEEN TO ONE	Phelps	9
THE RAJPUT NURSE	Arnold	9
THE TEAM (A WEST POINT FOOTBALL STORY)		
.....Buchanan		9
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE	Caine	9
THE WOMEN OF MUMBLE'S HEAD.....	Scott	11

THE STEEPLECHASE	Ouida	11
THE PILOT	Howells	11
THE REVENGE	Tennyson	12
THE RAVEN	Poe	12
ZETTO, THE STORY OF A LIFE	Long	13
BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN	Parker	13
RAMON	Harte	13
THE MARTYR	Oliver	13
THE MAN WHO WAS	Kipling	13
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DORY	Connolly	16
A FALLEN STAR	Chevalier	16
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE	Shaw	16
MARY TUDOR	Vere	16
NATHAN HALE	Finch	16
REPENTANCE	Hackett	16
THE BRAVE MAN	Burger	17
THE LIFE BOAT	Anon	17
BEN BUTLER'S LAST RACE	Moore	17
MARY TUDOR	Vere	17
THE VAMPIRE	Kipling	17
BIMI	Kipling	18
A FAMILY FEUD	Dunbar	18
THE PORTRAIT	Meredit	18
GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.....	Weatherby	18
STORY OF A STOWAWAY	Scott	18
CHIQUITA	Harte	18
MY LAST DUCHESS	Browning	18
JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELL.....	Hay	18
LITTLE BREECHES	Hay	18
"SHANG"	Child	19
THE DOWNFALL OF CONWAY	Moore	19
THE BOTTLE OF HELL-FIRE	Day	19
THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS.....	Jewett	19
KID McDUFF'S GIRL	Riis	19
MARY ELIZABETH	Ward	19
THE TWO GLASSES	Wilcox	19
A MAN FOR A' THAT	Gough	19
HOW JAMIE CAME HOME	Carleton	19
THE SHOEMAKER'S LITTLE WHITE SHOES..	Willard	19
DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS	Thorpe	19
JOE'S BABY	Sheldon	19
THE HAZING OF VALLIANT	Williams	20
COLLEGE OIL CANS	McGuire	20
THE POTION SCENE	Shakespeare	20
ON A BARRICADE	Hugo	20
THE CARES OF KINGSHIP.....	Shakespeare	20
THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.....	Browning	20
RIZPAH	Tennyson	20
HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE	Van Dyke	20
THE INMATE OF THE DUNGEON	Morrow	20
THE EGYPTIAN AND THE CAPTAIN.....	Barrie	20
THE LAST LOVE-FEAST	King	22
MOLLIE AND THE OPERA GAME	Gates	22
THE UTILITY OF BOOING	Macklin	22

DEAD MAN'S RUN.....	Cawein	22
DEACON AND PARSON ON NEW YEAR'S....	Murray	22
MARRIAGEMONY OF MINERVA WHITE.....	Rion	22
NOBODY'S TIM	Phelps	22
THE CHIEF OPERATOR	Phelps	23
DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.....	Kipling	23
THE FLOATING BALANCE	Osbourne	23
THE PIPER	Peabody	24
AUTHOR'S READING AT BIXBY CENTRE....	Wiggin	24
NANCY'S CINDERELLA	Brainard	24
THE CHORUS LADY	Forbes	24
THE OUTLAW	Clark	24
A BORDER AFFAIR	Clark	24
A ROYAL PRINCESS	Rossetti	24
AN ELEVATOR LOVE STORY	Bell	24
LEWIS RAND	Johnston	24
THE BETTER TREASURE	Andrews	25
JIM'S WOMAN	Abbott	25
TIM CALLIGAN'S GRAVE-MONEY.....	Bates	25
A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID.....	Crawford	25
THE GREEN GNOME	Buchanan	25
MOB SCENE FROM LITTLE MINISTER.....	Barrie	26
VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA	Rives	26
JACK THE FISHERMAN	Phelps	26
SERGIUS TO THE LIONS	Wallace	26
THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS	Morris	26
THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT	Davis	26
JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN	Brown	27
MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND	Davis	27
CAMPASPE	Lyly	27
AS YOU LIKE IT	Shakespeare	27
THE HORN OF PLENTY	Wilkins	27
THE BREAKING OF THE ICE BRIDGE.....		27
IF I WERE KING	McCarthy	27
A FIGHT WITH PIRATES	Reade	27
DEATH OF MADAME DEFARGE	Dickens	28
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	Shakespeare	28
THE BOAT RACE	Hughes	28
SELLING THE FAMILY PICTURES	Sheridan	28
THE OLD HOUSE A NEW INN	Goldsmith	28
THE SECRET OF DEATH	Arnold	28
ARBACES TO THE LION.....	Lytton	28
THE BENEDICTION	Coppee	28
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	Hugo	28
GINEVRA	Coolidge	28
COMO	Miller	28
BATTLE OF NASEBY	Macaulay	28
THE WILDERNESS	Anon	28
A LIFE BOAT YARN	Lyster	28
RUPERT'S MARCH	Thornbury	28
THE CONFESSION	Eldridge	29
THE TRIAL OF TOM GRAYSON.....	Eggleston	29
HEARTS AND HANDS	Porter	29
THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.....	Longfellow	29
THE REPORTER WHO MADE A STORY.....	Buchanan	29

MISTHER DENIS' RETURN	Barlow	29
HOW ADVENTURE CAME TO PETEE	Hunting	29
NELL	Buchanan	29
WALLACE OF UHLEN	Blake	29
ANDREW'S LEADING LADY.....	Forbes	30
THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE.....	Taylor	30
BALLAD OF ELIZABETH ZANE.....	Anon	31
THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON	Lanier	31
BUNKER HILL	Calvert	31
MONTEREY	Hoffman	31
THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE.....	Lippard	31
IVRY	Macaulay	31
HERVE RIEL	Browning	31
RAY'S RIDE	King	31
THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE... Tennyson		31
THE CUMBERLAND	Longfellow	31
BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG	Hayne	31
THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING	Read	31
THE BLACK REGIMENT	Boker	31
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW	Lowell	31
THE LION AND THE MOUSE	Klein	32
MERCEDES	Aldrich	32
HUGO GROTIUS	Kotzebue	32
THE WINDOW-BLIND	Jones	32
JULIET AND HER NURSE	Shakespeare	32
THE NAP INTERRUPTED	Pinero	32
JULIUS CAESAR	Shakespeare	32
PYGMALION AND GALATEA	Gilbert	32
TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.. Halm		32
KING LEAR	Shakespeare	32
KING JOHN	Shakespeare	32
POOR DEAR MAMMA	Kipling	32

BRIEFS OF DEBATES

Briefs of Debates, affirmative and negative, on the following questions, as used in the colleges indicated:

FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENT.....	Princeton	8
INHERITANCE TAX	Michigan	8
ARMED INTERVENTION FOR THE COLLECTION OF DEBTS	Brown	8
THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY	Amherst	8
THE OPEN SHOP	Universities Iowa and S. Dakota	8
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP	Iowa State	8
RAILROAD POOLING	Chicago and Univ. of Minn.	9
RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA..	Dartmouth and Brown	9
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM		
.....	Dickinson and Penn State	11
INCOME TAX... Swarthmore and Franklin and Marshall		11
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY FOR ACCIDENTS.....		
.....	Yale and Princeton	11
FEDERAL CHARTER FOR INTERSTATE BUSINESS	Michigan	12

COMMISSION SYSTEM OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT	Dartmouth	12
GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION		13
AMERICAN IMPERIALISM		13
FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT		13
PRESIDENTIAL SYSTEM VS. PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM.....	Dickinson—Franklin and Marshall	14
ABANDONMENT OF PROTECTIVE TARIFF.....	University of Pennsylvania	15
PROGRAMS OF DECLAMATION AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS		8
THE INCOME TAX	Harvard	19
THE DIRECT PRIMARY....	Univ. of Southern California	21
CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES.....	Columbia University	23
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.....	Colgate College	24
INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS		27
THE RECALL OF JUDGES.....	Doane College	27
GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF MONOPOLIES.....	Princeton University	27
GREEK-LETTER FRATERNITIES..	Swarthmore College	27
THE SINGLE TAX.....	Universities of Manitoba and North Dakota	28

(With most briefs there is a good bibliography of the question.)

FOR RELIGIOUS OCCASIONS

Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Sunday School, Young People's Societies, etc.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
ARENA SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS".....	Sienkiewicz	1
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD	Glaspel	8
A BOY'S PRAYER	Beeching	3
THE BOY THAT WAS SCARET O' DYIN.....	Slosson	3
THE BRAVEST BATTLE	Miller	7
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.....	Tennyson	12
THE BUGLE SONG	Tennyson	12
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS	Holmes	12
A CHILD'S GRACE	Burns	3
THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.....	Parker	2
THE CHILDREN WE KEEP	Wilson	11
CRADLE HYMN	Luther	4
CRADLE HYMN	Watts	4
CROSSING THE BAR.....	Tennyson	12
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE	Caine	9
DAS KRIST KINDEL	Riley	5
DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME	Landor	5
DOORS OF DARING	Van Dyke	8
EULOGY OF GARFIELD	Blaine	10
EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.....	Tilton	2
A FAREWELL	Kingsley	3
THE FIRST NOWELL (Old Carol).....		3
FOURTEEN TO ONE	Phelps	9
HAPPY IN MY LOT.....	Ewing	3
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON	Maclaren	7

HYMN OF A CHILD	Wesley	4
INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES	Cleveland	10
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL	Tennyson	12
IO VICTIS	Story	7
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP	Hugo	1
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	Burns	9
THE KING'S GREAT VICTORY	Anderson	11
LINCOLN, A MAN CALLED OF GOD	Thurston	12
LITTLE CRISTEL	Rands	4
THE LOST LEADER	Browning	11
THE MOTHERLESS BAIRN	Thom	11
MY HEART LEAPS UP	Wordsworth	2
MY STAR	Browning	7
OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM	Brooks	3
OPPORTUNITY	Sill	7
THE OTHER ONE	Peck	11
PARSIFAL THE PURE		3
RECESSIONAL	Kipling	3
THE ST. JOHN'S FUND	Greene	8
SANTA CLAUS	Anon	3
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS	Barrett	2
SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES	Gough	10
THE SONG OF THE MAN	Abbott	8
SYMPATHIES OF RELIGION AND ART	Gunsaulus	10
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS	Chester	9
WAGES	Tennyson	11
THE WAITING FIGURE	Anon	7
WHAT IS RELIGION?	Waters	10
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST	Child	3
WITH WHOM NO VARIABLENESS	Clough	2
A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION	Waters	10
THE GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN	Parker	13
CHEER UP, HONEY	Dowd	13
LINCOLN'S HEART	Butterworth	13
A PETITION TO TIME	Proctor	13
SLEEP	Mrs. Browning	13
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT	Burns	13
WATCHWORDS	Coxe	13
THE ORATORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON	Churchill	14
SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS	Anon	14
A MORNING PRAYER	Stevenson	14
THE SIN OF OMISSION	Sangster	14
GOD GIVE US MEN	Holland	14
A LITTLE PARABLE	Aldrich	14
FAITH	Bryan	14
WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE	Cox	14
IMMORTALITY	Bryan	14
THE PRINCE OF PEACE	Bryan	14
KEEP SWEET	Gillilan	14
THE MAN WITH THE HOE	Markham	14
WHAT I LIVE FOR	Banks	14
WHILE WE MAY	Willard	14
MOTHER	Fetter	14
BE STRONG	Babcock	14
THE BROKEN PINION	Butterworth	14

THE DREAMS AHEAD	Litsey	14
MY MOTHER	Anon	14
WATCH THE CORNERS	Linton	14
OPPORTUNITY	Ingalls	14
THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT	Anon	14
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS	Hemans	14
YOUR MISSION	Gates	14
THE POPPY LAND EXPRESS.....	Abbott	14
WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED?.....	Goode	14
WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES....	Prentice	14
I WOULD, DEAR JESUS	Long	14
THE WORLD'S BID FOR A MAN.....	Stuart	14
AS JESUS PASSED	Smith	14
OPPORTUNITY	Malone	14
COUNTING THE COST	Gillilan	14
WHEN HE COMES	Shadwell	14
LOVE THE MEASURE	Buchanan	14
HARPS HUNG UP IN BABYLON.....	Colton	14
DONE UNTO CHRIST	Richard	14
A HOME SONG	Van Dyke	14
THE KNEELING CAMEL	Temple	14
SCHOOL DAYS	Babcock	14
THE TEMPEST	Palmer	14
PRACTICE	Drummond	14
CHRISTIANITY DEFINED	Drummond	14
WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?	Maclaren	14
HOPE FOR ALL	Beecher	14
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER	Waters	14
THIS WORLD	Stanton	14
WHAT IS A CREED?	Waters	14
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?	Waterman	14
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	Lowell	14
DYING IN HARNESS	O'Reilly	14
SKY-BORN MUSIC	Emerson	14
BEAUTIFUL THINGS	Swing	14
CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE	Brooks	14
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD	Abbott	14
THE PULPIT IN MODERN LIFE	Hillis	14
THE RIGHT WAY	Carey	14
A THANKSGIVING	Towne	14
THE CHRISTIAN PULPIT	Hillis	14
FOR THOSE WHO FAIL	Miller	14
WHY SHOULDST THOU FEAR?	Dewhurst	14
GRANDMOTHER'S SONG	Cooke	14
PANACEA	Cooke	14
THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS	Wallace	14
THE FOLLY OF FALSEHOOD	Speer	14
WHEN SAW WE THEE	Speer	14
THE DEATHBED	Hood	14
REQUIEM	Stevenson	14
EPILOGUE	Browning	14
PEACE	Vaughn	14
THE QUIET HEART	Newton	14
GOD'S WAY	Bonar	14
THE PRACTICE OF IMMORTALITY	Gladden	14

THE RAINBOW	Wordsworth	14
A ROSE TO THE LIVING	Waterman	14
THE LIFE SCHOOL	Waterman	14
BITTER SWEET	Waterman	14
THE ATTRACTION	Richard	14
ONCE IN A WHILE	Waterman	14
THE BIBLE	Ferris	14
THE NOW	Ware	14
THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG	Ware	14
IN HIS GOOD TIME	Browning	14
FORETOKENS OF IMMORTALITY	Hillis	14
PEACE AND HOPE	Hillis	14
HOME COMING	Abbott	14
THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.....	Foss	14
THE SKY FOR YOU	Stanton	14
A SONG OF SEASONS	Stanton	14
THE SOUL'S CHRISTMAS	Ferris	14
CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS	Ferris	14
OVERWORKED	Wilcox	14
A PRESENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE	Foley	14
A CHEER	Dowd	14
THE FUTURE BRIGHT	Stanton	14
THE GOOD OLD HYMNS	Stanton	14
WAS LINCOLN A KING?.....	Anon	14
A BIT OF CHEER	Beauchamp	14
SO MANY	Stanton	14
IMMORTALITY	Knox	17
McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER	Creelman	17
PALM SUNDAY AND EASTER	Hale	17
THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC	Ryan	17
THE FOOL'S PRAYER	Sill	17
MY CREED	Kiser	17
COURAGE	Anon	19
THE MILITANT CHURCH	Dickie	19
AFTER FORTY YEARS	Nesbit	19
OUT OF THE DEPTHS	Wilcox	19
A HERO	Wilcox	19
THE MORAL WARFARE	Whittier	19
HEAVEN	Anon	20
THE LOST WORD	Van Dyke	20
A WORKMAN'S PRAYER	Stott	22
HOPE	Clough	22
FOR ALL THESE	Tompkins	23
THE GOSPEL OF LABOR	Van Dyke	23
THE GREAT GUEST COMES	Markham	24
THE SAINT AND THE SINNER	Bridges	24
FAILURE	Garrison	25
SAY SOMETHING GOOD	Gillilan	25
IF I CAN LIVE	Jackson	26
OTHERS CALL IT GOD	Carruth	28
THE ROSE OF CALVARY		28
GETHSEMANE		28
THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS	Eggleston	29
ROGER WILLIAMS	Butterworth	31
THE MAIDEN MARTYR		31

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